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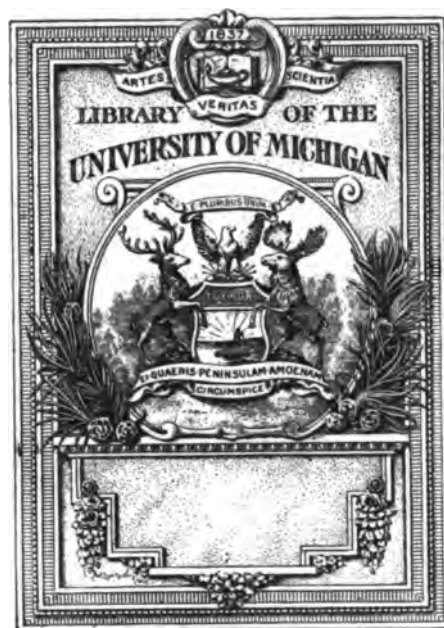
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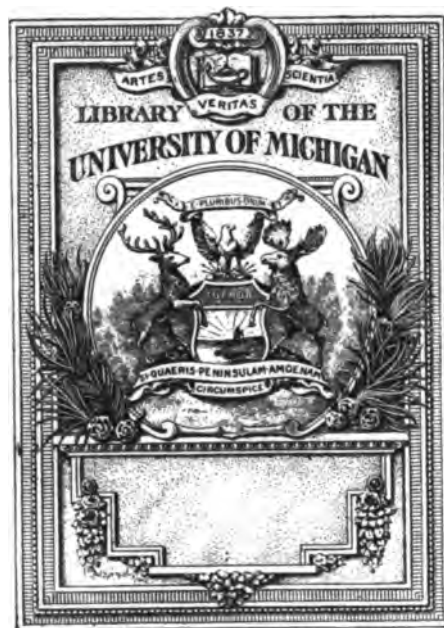
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**THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY**

**WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES**

VOL. XIII

JANUARY—JUNE, 1911

**WILLIAM ABBATT
410 EAST 32D STREET, NEW YORK
1911**

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DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA IN BOSTON HARBOR
December 16, 1773

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XIII

JANUARY, 1911

No. 1

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

OWING to the persistent refusal of American merchants to import tea, the East India Company obtained an act of Parliament empowering it to export tea to America without paying duty to England. This would enable the Company to sell at such low rates that they thought the colonists would purchase even with the tax of three-pence on the pound. When this news became known, all America was in a flame. The people were not to be duped by any such appeal to their cupidity.

They had taken their stand upon a principle and not until that was recognized would they withdraw their opposition. Nowhere was the feeling more intense on the subject than in Boston. Efforts failed to make the "tea commissioners" resign their appointment. Mass meetings were held in Faneuil Hall and the Old South meeting house where it was unanimously resolved, upon the motion of Samuel Adams, that the tea should be sent back, and that no duty should be paid on it. The tea-ship *Dartmouth* arrived first and was moored at Griffin's Wharf, near the foot of Pearl Street, and the other tea-ships, the *Eleanor* and the *Beaver* were moored near by the *Dartmouth*. Under the revenue laws, the ships could not be cleared in Boston with the tea on board, nor could they be entered in England, and, moreover on the twentieth day from their arrival they would be liable to seizure. Whatever was done, therefore must be done soon.

The patriot leaders were all sincerely anxious to have the tea returned to London peaceably, and they left nothing undone to accomplish

this object. The owner of the *Dartmouth* said he had no power to send his ship back with the tea. Governor Hutchinson had taken measures to prevent her sailing and the Collector of the port refused a clearance unless her teas were discharged. Thursday, December 16, 1773, came at last and Boston calmly prepared to meet the issue. The people in and around the Old South meeting house formed the largest gathering ever seen in Boston; addresses were made by Samuel Adams, Josiah Quincy, Jr., John Rowe and others. "Who knows," said Rowe, "how tea will mingle with salt water?" a suggestion which was received with loud applause.

The owner of the vessel reported that the Governor would not give a pass because his vessel was not duly qualified. Samuel Adams arose and said: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." Instantly a shout was heard outside; the war-whoop resounded, and a band of forty or fifty men, disguised as Indians rushed by the door down Milk Street to Griffin's Wharf, sprang aboard the tea-ships and emptied the contents of three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into the bay, without injury to any property or person. There was no confusion, no noisy riot, no infuriated mob.

The strange spectacle lasted about three hours, and then the people all went home and the town was as quiet as if nothing had happened.

"This is the most magnificent movement of all," said John Adams. "There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, in this last effort of the Patriots that I greatly admire."

WINSOR, *Memorial History of Boston*, Vol. III.

(For the use of the illustration we are indebted to the kindness of the Mass. Society, S. A. R.—ED.)

THE ISLES OF SHOALS

AN examination of the histories of the fisheries on the coast of North America from Newfoundland to Cape Cod, shows that from the beginning of the sixteenth century European vessels went almost yearly to catch fish there.

Early in the century the Portuguese, Biscayans and French had established fisheries on the coast.

Later England, Spain, Portugal and France were extensively engaged in them: there being at one time as many as three hundred vessels employed. More than one hundred English ships went to the New England coast to trade and fish.

Mr. L. B. Pearson, in his "History of Rye, N. H.," says: "It is inconceivable that at this time the Isles of Shoals, with their favorable location for fishing and their excellent facilities for curing the product, were neglected by all these adventurers; and particularly, when it was probably known that the cod of the Shoals was larger and of finer quality than that off the Banks of Newfoundland, and the dry air of the islands was favorable for curing them."

In 1524 Verrazano, a Florentine, made a voyage along the shore of America from Florida to Newfoundland, looking at the islands, bays and rivers. He is said to have touched at what is now Portsmouth, N. H.

In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold, an English voyager, commanded an expedition fitted out by the Earl of Southampton for planting a settlement in New England; sailed from Falmouth, England, reached Massachusetts Bay north of Cape Cod, and gave the cape its name from the codfish taken there.

It is probable that these navigators saw the islands, but because their purpose was to find a place for a settlement on the mainland, they neglected to mention them.

—A paper read before the Historical Society of Old Newbury, Newburyport, Mass.

In 1604-5 Samuel de Champlain, with De Monts, sailed for America to take possession of a grant given by Henry, King of France and Navarre. They passed the winter on an island in Passamaquoddy Bay. In the spring they sailed along the coast to find a more genial climate. Following the coast line on 15 June, 1605, they came off what is now known at Little Boar's Head in New Hampshire. In his journal Champlain says: "The sun set and we could find no harbor for the night, since the coast was flat and sandy; keeping off and heading south in order to find an anchorage; after proceeding about two leagues we observed a cape on the mainland South a quarter South East of us, some leagues distant. Two leagues to the East we saw three or four rather high islands and on the West a large Bay."

These "rather high islands" were the isles of Shoals yet unnamed. The cape on the main land was Cape Ann. The large bay was Merrimack Bay. This is the first recorded mention of the islands.

About the same time Captain George Weymouth sailed for New England to fix on an eligible site for a colonial plantation.

Here were two nations on the coast of New England at the same time and for the same purpose. Here was the opening of a contest and struggle for territorial possessions which was not to cease till every acre of soil belonging to the French had been transferred to the English by solemn compact.

These two, Weymouth and Champlain, seem not to have met at this time, but Champlain heard of Weymouth by the Indians. Weymouth sailed for England 26 June, 1605 O. S., and Champlain arrived off the Maine coast nine days later.

Five years after (1610) Sir Samuel Argall sailed from Jamestown for the Bermudas to get supplies for the starving colony of Virginia. He was driven North by a hurricane among the islands of Maine, and spent the whole summer in trading and fishing on the Maine coast. The account of his voyage as found in Purchas's "Pilgrims" puts it beyond a doubt, says Jenness, that he during that summer must have frequently made a harbor at the Shoals.

In 1614 Captain John Smith of famous memory, came out on a trading and fishing voyage. While the other members of his company were fishing Smith and eight sailors in a small boat examined the coast of New England as far as Cape Cod. This voyage of Smith was successful in trade and fishing. He took on the coast of Maine, probably at the Shoals and its vicinity, 47,000 fish and purchased from the natives one thousand beaver skins, one hundred each of otter and marten skins. The profits of his voyage reached \$7,000. He gives an account of this adventure in a letter to Bacon, and probably directed attention to the Shoals as favorable for trade and fishing.

Among the remarkable islands and mountains for landmarks Smith mentions Smith's Islands — which he touched and named — “a heape together, none near them, against Accomenticus.” Later he says: “Smith's Islands which are a many of barren rocks, the most overgrown with shrubs and sharp whins (furze); you can hardly pass them; without either grass or wood but three or four short scrubby old cedars.”

He also says: “What sport doth yield a more pleasing content and less hurt or charge than angling with a hook and crossing the sweete ayre from Ile to Ile over the silent sea.”

It is said that about this time Gorges and Mason made a voyage of discovery along the New England coast. There is no record of such a voyage, but whether they came or not, it is certain that they were deeply interested in the settlement of Maine and New Hampshire and gave generously for their success and support.

In 1622 Thomas Weston, at first the friend and later the rival of the Plymouth Colony, sent out a company of about sixty men to found a colony. Among those who came was Phineas Pratt. In his journal, or as he calls it, his declaration, he says: “We first arrived at Smith's Islands, first so called by Captain Smith att the time of his discovery of New England, afterwards called Islands of Shoals.” He went to Plymouth and afterward returned to the Shoals and records that “ships began to fish at ye Islands of Sholes.”

In 1623 Captain Christopher Levett, “an ancient traveller” by sea, having been appointed Governor-General of New England in the

men on land must have had habitations of some kind, so that Mr. Parsons estimates the inhabitants at six hundred, two hundred of whom lived on the shore. But these were not permanent settlers, remaining probably only during the fishing season.

It is also probable that some of the inhabitants were the workmen whom the Laconia Company had sent out to carry on their works, and when the company failed in its projects and was dissolved they remained and carried on fishing for themselves.

It may be that inhabitants came to the islands in the same way that William Pepperrell the elder did, who was one of the first merchant tradesmen in America. He was born near Plymouth and when a boy was apprenticed to the captain of a fishing schooner employed on the coast of New England. After he had finished his term of service and had earned a small sum, he sailed for the Isles of Shoals where he had been employed in fishing. When he arrived he went into a partnership with a Mr. Gibbons who came from England. They invested their money in fishing-boats and equipment, let them out on shares and took care of the curing of fish on Star Island and sold them to the merchants of European markets.

In 1901 the Maine Historical Society placed a bronze tablet on the cellar wall of what was William Peppperrell's house on Appledore.

William Pepperrell collected in his warehouses the wealth of the seas, beaver skins and furs and timber from the forests. He sent his vessels to England, to the West Indies, the Mediterranean and to the Southern Colony.

In probably the same way the brothers Cutt came and lived on the islands for a time; also the Kelly brothers and others who came and engaged in a remunerative and successful business.

The trade and commerce of the islands was for a long time large. Great quantities of fish were exported, both the fish taken and cured at the Shoals and those caught and cured elsewhere.

In return came from European ports valuable cargoes of wine, sugar and tobacco, which were sold from the warehouses to customers all along the coast from Cape Cod to Acadia.

planned to send Governor Cutt to England, was at the Shoals when she was seized as a pirate and carried to Boston.

Voyagers often embarked from the islands to the old world.

Thomas Morton of Clifford's Inn, Gent., better known as Tom Morton of Merry Mount, was arrested by Miles Standish and taken to Plymouth to be sent to England, but as there was no vessel about to sail he was sent to the Shoals, and after waiting some weeks sailed from there to England.

Thomas Gorges of York wrote Winthrop that he could not send him news from England because contrary winds hindered it from coming to the Shoals. The news of the execution of Charles I was not known in New England till brought by a Shoals vessel.

The islands named Smith's from John Smith the Admiral of New England, did not long retain his name but soon became known as the Isles of Shoals. The origin of this name has not been recorded.

Celia Thaxter, in her delightful book, "Among the Isles of Shoals," says: "They (the islands) are supposed to have been so called not because of the ragged reefs running out beneath the water in all directions, ready to wreck and destroy, but because of the shoaling or schooling of fish about them which in mackerel and herring season is remarkable."

The late C. W. Tuttle, one of the most exact antiquarians of New England, thinks that the name was suggested by their plurality. On Captain Smith's map he says eighteen distinct islands are laid down, a number that suggests the idea of a shoal of isles. Shoal being current in those days to signify a multitude, a throng or a crowd. Writers have chosen to write Isles of Shoals in place of Shoals of Isles, thereby concealing to some extent the origin of the name.

When and by whom the islands were inhabited is uncertain. Phineas Pratt in his declaration gives 1622 as the beginning of the fisheries there. Christopher Levett in an account of his visit in 1623 saw six ships engaged in fishing. He says the fishing ships carried about fifty men each, one-third of whom stopped on the land to cure the fish and the other two-thirds were cruising in their boats catching more. The

During the Revolution the inhabitants were by authority removed to the mainland, because they could aid the enemy and were not able to defend themselves. The exodus was general so that Belknap says that only forty-four persons remained.

But few ever returned to the islands after the war. The few who remained, having no restraint of minister or magistrate, fell into intemperate habits and immoral manners and became so degraded as to attract the attention of the neighboring people.

In 1799 the Society for Propagating the Gospel in North America sent them a missionary for three months. From his report and with the advice of the Hon. Dudley A. Tyng a subscription was raised and a stone church was erected on Star Island, otherwise Gosport.

About this time (1800) the Rev. Josiah Stevens went among them, the Society paying him \$300. Mr. Tyng raised money and collected articles in Newburyport and elsewhere to build and furnish a parsonage. It is a curious fact that Mr. Stevens asks of Mr. Tyng a pair of stocks and that he later used them, having been appointed Justice of the Peace. He did not live long at the Islands. After his death the inhabitants fell again into their degraded condition.

About 1800 public attention was drawn to the condition of the islands, and a student from Andover Seminary was sent to them. From his labors and reports it was evident that some organized effort was necessary in order to aid and instruct the people; and in 1822 a Society was formed in Newburyport under the name of "The Society for Propagating Religious Instruction in the Isles of Shoals," having the following officers:

President: Rev. S. P. Williams.
Vice-President: Rev. L. F. Dimmick.
Treasurer: Samuel Tenny.
Secretary: Rev. L. Withington.
Collector: Col. Jeremiah Coleman.

There were also four Directors.

Agents were appointed to obtain subscriptions in Salem, Portsmouth

and Newburyport. This Society kept up its organization till 1830, when its records end.

How the work was later carried on is, I think, to be found in the reports of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in North America down to 1869, when Mr. Hughes was the last of the long line of missionaries; and is also to be discovered in the interest and labors of Mrs. Jane Greenleaf, wife of Ebenezer Greenleaf and daughter of William Coombs, who was deeply interested in this work. For nearly thirty years she had the principal care of providing ministers and teachers, and voluntarily assumed the responsibility of raising funds for their support.

RUFUS EMERY.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

(To be Continued.)



NEWPORT UNDER THE BRITISH OCCUPATION.

ON a certain summer morning, long ago, in a farm house situated a half dozen miles to the northward of the spot upon which we are now assembled, sat a young officer in the uniform of a major-general, quietly eating his breakfast.

He was a man of commanding mien, with a graceful form, a handsome countenance and a massive head, raised high and rounded above his brow.

Presently a house-maid entered the room and excitedly exclaimed, "Sir, if you are not careful the enemy will have you." But the officer, unperturbed, coolly responded: "I think I will finish my breakfast, first;" and deliberately proceeded to complete the meal. Then only, did he go out, composedly, to join his troops. That day was the 29th of August, 1778—the day of the Battle of Rhode Island—and that calm young man was Nathanael Greene, the Quaker general from Potowomut, then commanding the right wing of General Sullivan's little army and destined to become the Liberator of the South, the friend of Washington and, next to that peerless man himself, the most august figure in the noble galaxy of the heroes of the American Revolution.

Like Von Moltke, on an immeasurably broader field, before the Franco-Prussian campaign of 1870, Greene had already reconnoitered the ground and located the enemy and made his own dispositions and was able, in the repose of genuine greatness, to move as if he were engaged in only the pleasant avocations of a summer's holiday.

Sullivan's force at first numbered some 10,000 men, now shrunken by the departure of those whose period of enlistment had expired, to about 6,000. Disappointed also, by the failure to co-operate with them of D'Estaing's crippled fleet, after the disastrous "French Storm," the three generals commanding the American forces on Rhode Island—Sullivan, Lafayette and Greene—what a shining constellation—were

—Address delivered before the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, at the State House, in Newport, July 4.

now attempting no more than to withdraw to the mainland in good order, abandoning, for the time, their late ambitious scheme of driving the British invader into the sea.

The duty assigned to Greene at this juncture was simply to hold the red coats in check until the plans for crossing the ferry had been perfected. Right nobly, too, did the young general fulfill the task, keeping the enemy at bay and winning such a victory that his action earned for Sullivan's army a congratulatory order from Washington.

Although the evacuation of Newport was postponed for still another tedious year, yet the taste of Yankee lead which the British obtained that day proved sharp enough to put them on their better behavior and keep them in bounds for the remainder of the period.

No doubt, likewise, this day's experience availed to speed the hour when they came to recognize that their position on the island had become untenable.

Indeed, there steals down from those far away days a whisper that had the bold counsel of Greene been heeded, the Queen City of the Sea might even at that hour, by one daring and impetuous coup, have been set free.

But, ever since our fellow townsman took such a stirring part in that August day of blood and fire, hard by your gates at Portsmouth have we dwellers over there on the Warwick shore felt that we, too, had a share in the three years' humiliation of Newport, as well as in her eventual glorious deliverance.

It is, then, cherishing the hope that this unwritten compact of a century and a quarter's standing between the two old towns may still find a gracious recognition in Newport, that I have been so presumptuous as to come over to-day from "the home of Greene," to try to retell, in merest outline, the more than "twice-told tale," as it has come down to us, of the British occupation of this island.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit." Perhaps, too, the old story may not be regarded as a theme entirely unfit to be reviewed on this day of immortal memories and in the presence of this illustrious, patriotic society.

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ON a certain summer morning, long ago, in a farm house situated a half dozen miles to the northward of the spot upon which we are now assembled, sat a young officer in the uniform of a major-general, quietly eating his breakfast.

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Presently a house-maid entered the room and excitedly exclaimed, "Sir, if you are not careful the enemy will have you." But the officer, unperturbed, coolly responded: "I think I will finish my breakfast, first;" and deliberately proceeded to complete the meal. Then only, did he go out, composedly, to join his troops. That day was the 29th of August, 1778—the day of the Battle of Rhode Island—and that calm young man was Nathanael Greene, the Quaker general from Potowomut, then commanding the right wing of General Sullivan's little army and destined to become the Liberator of the South, the friend of Washington and, next to that peerless man himself, the most august figure in the noble galaxy of the heroes of the American Revolution.

Like Von Moltke, on an immeasurably broader field, before the Franco-Prussian campaign of 1870, Greene had already reconnoitered the ground and located the enemy and made his own dispositions and was able, in the repose of genuine greatness, to move as if he were engaged in only the pleasant avocations of a summer's holiday.

Sullivan's force at first numbered some 10,000 men, now shrunk by the departure of those whose period of enlistment had expired, to about 6,000. Disappointed also, by the failure to co-operate with them of D'Estaing's crippled fleet, after the disastrous "French Storm," the three generals commanding the American forces on Rhode Island—Sullivan, Lafayette and Greene—what a shining constellation—were

—Address delivered before the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, at the State House, in Newport, July 4.

now attempting no more than to withdraw to the mainland in good order, abandoning, for the time, their late ambitious scheme of driving the British invader into the sea.

The duty assigned to Greene at this juncture was simply to hold the red coats in check until the plans for crossing the ferry had been perfected. Right nobly, too, did the young general fulfill the task, keeping the enemy at bay and winning such a victory that his action earned for Sullivan's army a congratulatory order from Washington.

Although the evacuation of Newport was postponed for still another tedious year, yet the taste of Yankee lead which the British obtained that day proved sharp enough to put them on their better behavior and keep them in bounds for the remainder of the period.

No doubt, likewise, this day's experience availed to speed the hour when they came to recognize that their position on the island had become untenable.

Indeed, there steals down from those far away days a whisper that had the bold counsel of Greene been heeded, the Queen City of the Sea might even at that hour, by one daring and impetuous coup, have been set free.

But, ever since our fellow townsman took such a stirring part in that August day of blood and fire, hard by your gates at Portsmouth have we dwellers over there on the Warwick shore felt that we, too, had a share in the three years' humiliation of Newport, as well as in her eventual glorious deliverance.

It is, then, cherishing the hope that this unwritten compact of a century and a quarter's standing between the two old towns may still find a gracious recognition in Newport, that I have been so presumptuous as to come over to-day from "the home of Greene," to try to retell, in merest outline, the more than "twice-told tale," as it has come down to us, of the British occupation of this island.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit." Perhaps, too, the old story may not be regarded as a theme entirely unfit to be reviewed on this day of immortal memories and in the presence of this illustrious, patriotic society.

There is no little danger lest the passing away of an eighth of a thousand years since the Declaration of Independence was promulgated and the moving events to which we have been alluding had their occurrence, may have tended somewhat to dim the clearness of their outlines and to rob them of their vivid coloring. It is hard to realize in our piping times of prosperity and peace, what it meant in those days, to a seaside town, to behold a large hostile fleet come sailing into port. It was no adventure of romance as it might seem perhaps, regarded through the misty glamour of more than six scores of years, to see your garden trampled, your orchard destroyed, your forest felled, your horses and cattle driven away, your dwelling, with all its contents, so little, perhaps, and yet so dear, committed to the flames. But this was just what happened to many and many an inhabitant of this island during those three dark years of stress and strain.

It was no summer idyl to the Newporter of that day, to behold his thriving business, the source of his children's bread and the support of his fireside, stricken by the paralysis of war.

How must the principles of Liberty have been diffused among the denizens of this sturdy town and ingrained in their very natures, to render them willing to undergo such sacrifices, as they did, and cheerfully face such dire disasters.

Once she sat as a queen upon the rim of yonder silver sea. "Her merchants were princes," her commercial and social predominance in the land were unchallenged and, anon, she became as a widow, with almost "none so poor as to do her reverence."

By comparison and contrast only is it possible to realize the extent of her fall. Let us try, then, first, to picture to ourselves, as vividly as we may, pre-revolutionary Newport, at the zenith of her fortunes. Suppose it to be a summer morning of a day, like this, in, let us say, 1770. We will fancy ourselves as starting for a stroll through the quaint old town, from this same State house, in which we now are gathered, but which was then called the Colony House, built some thirty years before. In those simple days, it was almost unrivalled in the land for grace of design, stateliness of aspect and the substantial character of its construction.

As we pass down the high flight of steps, upon the front of the building we are met at the outset by one of the chief features of the Newport of this period. There, on the north side of what is now the Mall, you notice a row of houses inhabited by the Jewish merchants who form such a characteristic of the life of this era and help, almost more than any other class, to render this town the renowned emporium of trade it is. Had we been here some seven years earlier than this we could have witnessed the august ceremonial when, with great pomp and magnificence, their Synagogue, up there beyond the Colony House, was dedicated to the God of Abraham.

On any Saturday, now, you can watch the representatives of sixty resident Hebrew families gathering in it for worship led by the Lopezes, the Touros, the Rivas, the Seixases, and the Levis, people of substance and distinction even before coming hither from Spain and Portugal from ten to twenty years before 1770.

By this time we have arrived upon our ramble at the tasteful Market house not yet Town Hall or City Hall, westward from the Colony House, at the head of Long Wharf, erected by the clever architect, Captain Peter Harrison, who built King's Chapel in Boston, and to whose skill and taste are due almost all the finest structures of the day in Newport — the rarely beautiful façade of the Redwood Library, up there on the hill; the synagogue, just mentioned, and many of the charming private dwellings of the town.

As we stand here on Thames street, much tempted are we to proceed northward and visit some of the houses of the well-to-do citizens, out that way and down on the Point, all gay with old-fashioned flowers and embowered in the foliage of rare trees, although it is, unhappily, too late, now, to see the most marvellous of them all, up towards Coddingtown's Cove, Godfrey Malbone's vast country house of stone, designed somewhat in the massive style of the Colony House and surrounded by its six hundred acres of land. But that was burned some four years since and its princely owner did not long survive his loss.

In view of all these fair estates, a courtly and noble visitor from France has exclaimed, with justice, "Other parts of America are beau-

tiful only by anticipation, but the prosperity of the island of Rhode Island is already complete."

Our present object, however, prompts us rather to turn our steps to the south and mingle with the throng perpetually marching up and down this bustling main artery of Newport life. Clergymen and merchants, artists and soldiers, sailors and mechanics, physicians and lawyers, fair women and laughing children make up the hurrying procession. There go by, arm in arm, the two Puritan pastors of the day, Dr. Ezra Stiles, dignified and urbane, a man of astonishing learning and a remarkable eloquence, long at the head of the Second Congregational parish, but soon to be president of Yale college, and Dr. Samuel Hopkins, just, this year, installed over the First church, a famous theologian and most impressive in his appearance, with his great stature and fine proportions, his full-bottomed wig and faultlessly correct costume of the period, small clothes and silver-buckled shoes.

What strange freak of fortune has brought together, even in cultured Newport, like a double star, these two among the most brilliant minds of the century?

Would, too, that we could meet this morning in the land of the living, Dr. Hopkins' predecessor, old "Father Clap," who so profoundly impressed George Whitefield and Dean Berkeley with the heavenly character of his countenance and the unrivalled venerableness of his bearing and who used to walk abroad in a black velvet cap and girdled gown, from whose ample pockets he dispensed cakes and books to the boys playing in the street, to win them from the vain sport of spinning tops.

Now we encounter Captain Philip Wilkinson, merchant, promenading with Mrs. Wilkinson, distinguished for her remarkable beauty. Jahleel Brenton's daughter, and Christopher Champlin, also in commercial business, with William Ellery by his side, destined to be, a half dozen years hence a signer of that document to whose reading we have just been listening.*

This polished gentleman we next are meeting is Dr. William

*The Declaration of Independence is always read at the annual meetings of the Society of the Cincinnati.

Hunter, a skillful Scottish physician and surgeon, who came to Newport near a score of years ago; and the ardent young athlete in his company, worthy of a Greek sculptor's chisel, is Isaac Senter, only seventeen years of age, who has repaired from New Hampshire to this gathering place of famous physicians to consult about studying medicine. His rare genius will ere long secure him a distinguished place in that band of patriotic army surgeons of which Peter Turner and Solomon Drown will also be honored members.

Next passes a knot of lawyers on their way to the Colony House, perhaps, — young Henry Marchant, just, at the age of twenty-nine, to be elected attorney-general, and James Honyman, advocate-general of the admiralty court, and Henry Bull, lately chief justice, carrying off the weight of more than four score years.

Note, too, yonder bright-eyed lad with the stamp of genius impressed upon his fair young brow. It is Gilbert Stuart, to become immortal as the painter of Washington, but now only a grammar school boy of fourteen, sent over from Narragansett to get his education.

Nor can we more than glance, in passing, at Abraham Redwood, Jr., a son of the founder of the library, with his bride, Parson Honyman's granddaughter Susannah, and Governor Samuel Ward, patriot, and George Rome, not patriot, although a prince of entertainers, over there at his famous country house in Narragansett, and Joseph Wanton, governor of the colony, and a member of a family of governors.

DANIEL GOODWIN.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

(To be Continued.)

OLD BERGEN'S QUARTER MILLENNIAL.

I—THE PROGRAMME.

THE most important celebration ever held in the State of New Jersey took place in Jersey City during the week of October 16 to 23rd, 1910, when the 250th anniversary of the founding of the town of Bergen, now a part of Jersey City, was commemorated. This occasion was also the anniversary of the establishment of the first permanent settlement, the first municipal government, the first school and first church within the limits of the present State of New Jersey.

The inception of this celebration was due to the Historical Society of Hudson County, which in March, 1909, appointed a committee to formulate a plan for the commemoration. This committee obtained the coöperation of the Mayor and civic authorities of Jersey City and of the various organizations and institutions interested; and the State legislature appropriated \$2,500 toward the necessary expenses. Various committees were appointed and a programme covering the entire period from October 16 to 23 was adopted.

This programme was followed during the celebration substantially as adopted and every feature was an unqualified success. The celebration began on Sunday, October 15th, when appropriate services were held in the Bergen Reformed Church commemorating the 250th anniversary of that church, the first in New Jersey. Dr. Cornelius Brett, who has been pastor of the church for the past thirty-five years and is an authority on local history, preached an historical sermon of great interest. In the afternoon the entire service, including sermon, hymns and psalms, was given in the Dutch language. Rev. Nicholas Boer preached the sermon on this occasion. Most of the other churches in the city observed the anniversary by special services and historical sermons.

On Monday evening religious services were held in the Bergen Re-

formed Church at which every denomination was represented, the pastors of all the various churches giving short historical addresses.

On Tuesday, October 18th, a congress of all the patriotic societies of New Jersey was held under the supervision of the Society of Colonial Wars. Governor Fort was the speaker of the occasion. In the evening a public meeting, at which the Mayor presided, was held to commemorate two hundred and fifty years of consecutive municipal life in the State, County and City. Many prominent speakers, including Francis J. Swayze of the New Jersey Supreme Court, Judge William H. Speer and Mayor Wittpenn delivered addresses.

Wednesday, October 19th was devoted to the school celebration in commemoration of two hundred and fifty years of consecutive education. Special exercises were held in every school in the city, and in most of the schools throughout the State. In the evening a public meeting was held under the auspices of the Board of Education in the auditorium of Public School No. 11, which stands on the site set aside for school purposes when the village of Bergen was founded and has been occupied by a school ever since.

On Thursday, October 20th, the Hudson County Historical Society gave a banquet which was preceded by a reception to the Governor and other prominent men who attended. School tableaux, drills and exercises were to have been given on Bergen Square, but were postponed because of the rain.

The programme for Friday, October 21st had been assigned to the Jersey City Board of Trade and proved to be one of the most popular features of the celebration. In the afternoon an industrial parade took place with decorated vehicles, floats, automobiles, etc. In the evening an elaborate display of fireworks was given in the Hudson County Park. On Saturday the military parade was held, over 6,000 troops participating, including United States Regulars, the 71st New York National Guard, the greater part of the New Jersey Militia and many other uniformed organizations.

On Sunday, the 23rd, closing religious exercises were held in the

Bergen Reformed Church. On the afternoon of the following Monday the school tableaux, drills, singing and other exercises, which were to have been held on the 20th, were given on Bergen Square to an audience numbering many thousands.

During the entire week an historical exhibition was held at the Public Library, under the auspices of the Hudson County Historical Society, with the coöperation of the Library officials. This exhibition contained the largest and most valuable collection of historical relics and curiosities ever brought together in Jersey City and was attended by several thousand persons.

This was not the only contribution the Public Library made to the celebration. The educational possibilities of such an occasion were recognized and much was done to assist the public, and the school teachers and pupils in the study of the history of the city and county. A forty-page pamphlet giving a careful history of the city from the earliest times, illustrated with reproductions of old prints and maps owned by the library, was prepared and several thousand copies were distributed. A copy was placed in the hands of every teacher in the city as a help in instructing the classes. In addition the library prepared and distributed two circulars, one giving a short synopsis of the history of Bergen and Jersey City; the other telling of the manners and customs of the early settlers. These were distributed in large numbers, every school pupil in the city receiving a copy of the historical sketch.

II—THE CELEBRATION.

The celebration was also of interest from the fact that Bergen was one of the few old towns in this country which was "made to order." The little village, built two hundred and fifty years ago, was laid out on a definite plan by the official surveyor of New Amsterdam. This plan has been preserved till the present time, and the little spot in the heart of the big city still remains in many ways the same as it was two and one half centuries ago. In the center is the public square, just as it was first laid out. On one of the corners of this square stands a handsome school building, on the identical site which was set aside for school purposes in 1660 and has been occupied by some sort of school

ever since. A block or two away is the Dutch church which was founded about the same time. Near by is the old cemetery, dating back to the earliest times of the settlement.

The territory now known as Jersey City was first made known to the civilized world by Henry Hudson. The epoch making voyage of the *Half-Moon* was in 1609 and on the 12th of September Hudson anchored near the shore of what is now Jersey City. The mate makes the following entry in the log book: "This is as pleasant a land as one may tread upon." It is unfortunate that subsequent travellers have not been so generous in their praise of this locality; if they had Jersey City might now have a better reputation for beauty and attractiveness.

Hudson's enthusiastic description of the newly discovered country created much interest in Holland, and the merchants hastened to fit out vessels to trade with the natives. These ventures were very successful and in 1621 the great armed monopoly known as the Dutch West India Company was chartered. As regards power and organization and ability to prevent competitors this company is only equalled by our present trusts and monopolies, of which it was a worthy prototype.

Wishing to improve its colonies and strengthen its powers the Company in 1629 devised the "Patroon" scheme and introduced a copy of the old feudal system into America. The Patroons were members of the company and were given great and peculiar powers. Any member of the company who should plant a colony of fifty persons was to be a "patroon," and the colonies might extend sixteen miles along one side and could extend back to a practically unlimited distance.

In 1630, Michael Pauw, a member of the Company, bought the greater part of what is now Hudson county and became a "patroon." He gave this territory the name of "Pavonia," — his own name (Peacock) Latinized. The compensation given the Indians for this land is described in the deed as a "quantity of merchandise." It is needless to say the remuneration was not large when it is remembered that a few years previous Peter Minuit bought all of Manhattan Island for the princely sum of \$26.00.

Pauw made little effort to improve his purchase, and jealousy and

dissatisfaction soon arose among the other members of the Company. After a few years he was compelled to return his holdings to the Company, who paid him a sum equal to \$10,400 in exchange for his rights.

There has always been a question as to the date of the first settlement in Jersey City. Some historians have drawn on their imagination and described how some of Hudson's sailors climbed the hills back of the river and built a village. Others have asserted that settlements were made in 1618. Irving in his *Knickerbocker History* gives a minute description of the settlement of Communipaw, and states that it was the first settlement planted on the Hudson and preceded those on Manhattan Island, or as he expresses it, "Communipaw was the egg from which New York was hatched."

None of these statements, however, have any historical foundation. Irving's account is of course wholly humorous, and was simply written to poke fun at the New York Knickerbocker aristocrats.

All that is known with certainty is that in 1633 one Michael Poulaz was living in a rude hut on a point of land called by the Indians "Ares-sick." This point of land was named after him "Paulus Hook" and is a part of what is now the down-town business section of Jersey City. In the same year a couple of houses were built by the company's orders, and soon after small farming settlements began to spring up in various parts of the county.

The founding of Bergen was due to events which were all too common in the early colonies. As the settlements grew friction between the Dutch and Indians increased. The bad judgment and want of tact shown by Kieft, the Governor General of New Netherland, did much to foment disturbance. Matters were growing serious when there occurred an instance of white treachery and cruelty which has scarcely ever been exceeded by the savages.

In February, 1643, a party of Indians numbering about a thousand fled from their enemies, the fierce Mohawks, and sought protection with the Dutch. While they were encamped in Pavonia, a party of soldiers under orders from Governor Kieft, crossed the river and falling on the unsuspecting Indians massacred a large number of them. This at once

precipitated a cruel and savage war. The Indians attacked the unprotected farms at Pavonia and turned the settlements into a desert waste. Those who escaped took refuge within the forts at New Amsterdam.

War continued for nearly two years before peace was restored and the settlers crept back and rebuilt their desolated "boweries."

For ten years peace was preserved, largely through the wisdom and tact of Peter Stuyvesant who had succeeded Kieft. But in 1655 an accident occurred which brought on another war. An Indian girl was shot while stealing some peaches from an orchard near the lower part of Broadway, New York. This was a signal for a general uprising of the Indians, and the settlements at Pavonia were again laid waste. This war was soon brought to a close, but the authorities refused to allow the farmers to return and rebuild their homes, unless they concentrated in a fortified village.

In 1660 some of the settlers agreed to do this, and the little town of Bergen was founded on the heights overlooking the marshes and hills which have since become the business section of Jersey City. The village was built in the form of a square, each side 800 feet long, with streets crossing each other at right angles in the center. Around the outside, palisades were erected. In the center of the town an open space was left as a public square. The land just outside the palisades was laid out in farm plots. These were cultivated by the people who had their homes inside the stockade, to which shelter they retired at nightfall taking their cattle with them.

Within this little village was built the first school and the first church in New Jersey. When the village was laid out a plot was set aside for school purposes and has been so used ever since. The first schoolmaster was Engelbert Steenhuisen, who was licensed October 6, 1662. He was also the "voorleezer" or clerk of the town. His duties were many and varied. Besides teaching school, he performed the functions of a minister, conducting the religious services, performing marriages and acting as undertaker. In those days church and school went hand in hand, and about 1664 a little log building was erected and used as a school and meeting house. In 1680 the first building exclusively for religious purposes

was built. It was a quaint little octagonal shaped building, with the roof sloping to a sharp point and surmounted by a weather vane. The windows were placed high above the ground, probably for protection in case of attack from the Indians. The pews were around the wall and were occupied by the men, the women sitting in chairs in the center of the church. The pulpit was high above the congregation. This was occupied by the preacher and just below was a small pew in which the "voorleezer" stood. He led the singing and when the minister was absent he conducted the services. The collection was taken up in little black velvet bags attached to long poles which were carried around by the church officers. At the bottom of each bag was a little bell to wake the congregation, so it is evident that the habit of sleeping during the sermon is not peculiar to modern times. These quaint customs were followed for many years.

Little is known of the first school. The hours were probably from one to four in the afternoon. School was kept open from September to June. The catechism, reading, writing, and spelling were taught and when the pupils were far enough advanced arithmetic was added. School books were scarce in the early days, probably non-existent; and the problems and lessons were usually kept on slips of paper or in blank books by the schoolmaster.

The village grew rapidly and within a year every lot within the stockade was taken and the authorities at New Amsterdam deemed the town of sufficient importance to be given a court and a local government. Three "schepens" or magistrates and a "schout" or sheriff were appointed. This marks the establishment of the first local government in New Jersey.

As the danger from the Indians decreased settlements were made outside the palisades, and the land cleared and houses built at various places throughout the colony.

On September 8, 1664, New Amsterdam was captured by the English and a few days later Bergen passed under the English rule. In 1673 it was recaptured by the Dutch, but they only held it for a short time, for on February 9, 1674, peace between Holland and England was established by the treaty of Westminster and New Jersey was restored to the English.

These changes seem to have made little difference to the easy-going Dutch farmers. They kept the even tenor of their way unaffected by the wars and political changes which were taking place around them.

People who are now living and acquainted with Jersey City with its 267,000 inhabitants, its busy factories and vast business enterprises, find it hard to realize the appearance of the place and customs of the people in colonial times. Practically all the territory between the Hudson River and the ridge of hills on which Bergen was built consisted of swamps and marshes. Here and there little sandy islands, partially cultivated as farms, could be seen rising above the wilderness of salt marshes. On these islands are now located the city of Hoboken and the downtown portion of Jersey City. On the hills east of the marshes was the little village of Bergen surrounded by a little cleared land used for farming. All the rest of the hill consisted of dense forests tenanted only by wild beasts and occasional bands of Indians.

Through the marshes and swamps flowed a number of streams. Some of these were large enough for good-sized sail boats and were used by the farmers to transport their farm products to the markets in New York. The roads were few and rough and dangerous. The usual modes of travel were on horseback or by private conveyances.

The people lived in the big hospitable looking Dutch farm houses. Their dress was much like that of their neighbors in New York, but probably not as extravagant. The women wore a cap of muslin or lace, a jacket of cloth or silk and a short quilted petticoat or skirt, which was of various materials and color according to the taste of the owner.

The men wore long-waisted coats with long and baggy knee breeches. These garments were of cloth, velvet or silk and were usually of bright colors. Black silk stockings with a big low crowned hat completed the costume.

The peaceful existence of the sturdy Dutch farmers was rudely interrupted by the outbreak of the Revolution. The strategic importance of Bergen was recognized as soon as the war began and fortifications were erected at Paulus Hook and other places. On September 15, 1776, the British captured New York City and in a few days the Americans evacu-

ated Paulus Hook. On October 5th Bergen was abandoned by the Americans and Washington began his retreat to the Delaware. The British held Bergen until the close of the war, but they were not permitted to retain undisturbed possession. The Americans attacked them at every favorable opportunity, carrying off supplies and cattle. The farmers, many of whom were Tories, suffered severely during these raids. The overwhelming numbers of the British, however, prevented any permanent occupation of the territory.

In 1779 occurred one of the most brilliant exploits of the War. On the 18th of August Major Henry Lee, with a handful of Americans made a forced march from Hackensack and attacked the British forts at Paulus Hook. The place was of great natural strength, the fortifications had been greatly strengthened, and were garrisoned by a large force of British soldiers, while just across the river in New York was stationed the main body of the British army. In spite of these obstacles Major Lee's little band captured the fort, and carried away 159 prisoners, his own loss being two killed and three wounded. The British retained possession of Paulus Hook until November 22, 1783. A few days later Washington passed through Bergen on his way to Mount Vernon.

In 1804 Jersey City was founded by three prominent lawyers, Anthony Dey, Richard Varick and Jacob Radcliffe. These men formed a company, bought up the old territory of Paulus Hook, had the land mapped and laid out and began the sale of lots. The town grew very slowly at first. New York claimed ownership over all the land under water up to the Jersey shore; there was a heavy mortgage on the property and there were other difficulties which retarded the city's growth. These obstacles were gradually overcome, new and more liberal charters were obtained and in 1838 Dudley S. Gregory was elected the first mayor of Jersey City. Mr. Gregory was a man of great public spirit and did much to insure the progress of the town.

Henceforth the city grew rapidly, its great natural advantages were recognized and attracted many business enterprises. The population increased and the territory of the city was enlarged. In 1851 the town of Van Vorst was added to it. In 1870 the old town of Bergen ceased to have a separate existence, and was consolidated with Jersey City. Three

years later the town of Greenville was added. With the addition of Greenville Jersey City attained its present limits. At the time of its foundation in 1804 the "City" consisted of two or three little sand hills with an area of one hundred and seventeen acres, two houses and a few barns and a population of not more than thirteen persons. What was once a few scattered farms surrounded by a dreary waste of swamps and marshes is now a flourishing city of 267,000 inhabitants.

EDMUND W. MILLER.

Free Public Library
JERSEY CITY.



GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT

I.—DEATHS OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS

QUIGLEY. Died at Genoa, Cayuga Co., N. Y., 5th inst, 1821, Capt. Thomas Quigley, aged 78, served in the French and Indian War also in the Revolution.

BURTSSELL. Died in the *Alms-House** in New York, Mr. William H. Burtzell, aged 59, served in the Revolution. (*Republics are ungrateful. ED.)

From the Buffalo *Patriot*, August 24, 1821.

MARTIN. Died at Albany, Mr. Thomas Martin, aged 89. Served in the French and Indian War.

August 28, 1821.

PECK. Died in Burlington, Otsego Co. on the 15th inst, Hon. Jedediah Peck in the 74th year of his age; served in Revolution.

STAATS. Died in Greenbush, N. Y., on the 22d ult. Col. Philip Staats. Served in the Revolution.

PECKHAM. Died in Wickford, R. I. Capt. Benjamin L. Peckham, aged 68. Served in the Revolution.

September 4, 1821.

SWAN. Died at Baltimore, Gen. John Swan, aged 72, served in the Revolution.

LACKEY. Died at Marblehead, Mass., Mr. Andrew Lackey, aged 66, served in the Revolution.

September 18, 1821.

PELTON. Died at Chatham, Conn. Mr. Benjamin Pelton, aged 68, served in the Revolution.

NICHOLS. Died in Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y., Mr. Josiah Nichols, aged 64, served in the Revolution.

CUTLER. Died in West Haven, Vt. Gen. John Cutler, aged 70, Served in the Revolution.

JOHNSON. Died in Andover, Mass. Capt. William Johnson, aged 76, served in the Revolution.

October 2, 1821.

HUNT. Died at Mt. Pleasant, Westchester Co., N. Y., Ward Hunt, aged 85, served in the Revolution.

WADE. Died near Salisbury, N. C. Mr. John Wade, aged 80, served in the Revolution.

DUNNELLS. Died in Portland, Me. Mr. Dunnells, aged 68, served in the Revolution.

October 9, 1821.

MOLTON. Died in East Sudbury, Mass. Capt. Caleb Molton aged 76, served in the Revolution.

October 16, 1821.

BURNS. Died in Newport, R. I. Mr. Walter Burns, aged 82. Served in the Revolution.

GROSS. Died in Hartwick, Mass. Major John Gross, aged 82, served in the Revolution.

STILMAN. Died in Saybrook, Conn., Mr. Samuel Stilman, aged 78, served in the Revolution.

SPENCER. Died in Lyme, Conn., Lieut. Ichabod Spencer aged 74, served in the Revolution.

HARTER. Died in Hamilton, Mass., Lieut. Samuel Harter, aged 88, served in the French and Indian war.

October 23, 1821.

GRAHAM. Died in Prince William Co., Va., Dr. William Graham aged 65, served in the Revolution.

HOWE. Died in Erie, Penn., Mr. William Howe, served in the Revolution.

October 30, 1821.

PENDLETON. Died at Hyde Park, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Nathaniel Pendleton, Esq., aged 63, served in the Revolution.

November 6, 1821.

KEY. Died in Washington City, Gen. John Ross Key,* served in the Revolution.

LEONARD. Died at Raynham, Mass. Mr. Seth Leonard aged 70, served in the Revolution.

November 20, 1821.

LEE. Died at Lyme, Conn., Mr. Ezra Lee** aged 72, served in the Revolution.

II.—GRAVES OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS MARKED

A good specimen of the painstaking efforts of the D. A. R. appears in a list sent us by Mrs. Emery, regent of the Ruth Heald Cragin Chapter of North Anson, Me.

Among the list are several of "that Band of Heroes," as John J. Henry describes them, who went with Arnold on his expedition to Quebec, and whose names have not hitherto been found on any of the few known records of that force. (The state meant is Maine, where not specified.)

	Born	Died
Allbee, Jonathan,	Pownalborough (now Dresden) Aug. 30, 1743	Lexington Aug. 21, 1844
Ayer, Moses,	England, Feb. 27, 1747	Solon, Feb. 28, 1823
Ball, John,	—	Concord, Sept. 3, 1823
Berry, Benjamin,	— 1762	Emden, March 29, 1860
Bacon, Josiah	— 1763	— April 27, 1838
Bray,	— 1764	Anson, —
Briggs, Samuel,	— 1754 A.	— Oct. 30, 1840
		(Buried at same place as Kirk)

* An ancestor of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner"?

** Could this have been the Ezra Lee who navigated Bushnell's torpedo boat *Turtle* at New York in 1776?

	Born	Died
Chase, Roger,	— Sept. 25, 1749 A.	Bingham, June 25, 1822
Colby, Benjamin, Sr.,	—	—
Cragin, Simeon,	Acton, Mass., Nov. 20, 1761	Embden, June 1, 1832
Danforth, David,	Arundel, — 1749	Madison, March 13, 1827
Dinsmore, Thomas, Chester (now Auburn) N. H.	— 1748	Anson, Jan. 7, 1832
Everett, Josiah, Jr.,	Dedham, Mass., March 18, 1760	New Portland March 16, 1848
Filker, Michael,	—	Tombstone inscription illegible
Fling, Morris,	unknown	No. Anson, Nov. 30, 1797
Foss, Isaiah,	Barrington, N. H., — 1756	Concord, April 18, 1850
Gilman, Peter,	Exeter, N. H., — 1754	Norridgewock, Oct. 3, 1834
Heald, Amos,	— 1743	Anson, June 17, 1836
Hilton, Ebenezer,	Wiscasset, Oct. 23, 1753	No. Anson, Oct. 27, 1846
Hilton, John (Lieut.),	Wiscasset, May 11, 1756	No. Anson, Dec. 31, 1835
Hilton, William	Wiscasset, Aug. 15, 1759	Solon, July 14, 1846
Hutchens, Samuel,	Chelmsford, Mass., Sept. 3, 1749	Embden, June 1, 1832
Kirk, Joseph,	— A.	Died on the way and buried at present Pleasant Ridge Plantation Oct. — 1775
Leathhead, Robert,	— 1759	Anson, —
McFadden, Thomas (Lieut.),	Arrowsick, Oct. 17, 1740	Embden, Nov. 18, 1840
Moor, Goffe,	Derryfield, N. H., Dec. 4, 1760	Madison, Sept. 28, 1850
Moor, John (Major),	Naticott (now Litchfield), N. H., Nov. 28, 1731	No. Anson — 1809
Paine, John,	Georgetown, — 1720	No. Anson, — 1790
Paine, William,	Woolwich, Nov. — 1760	No. Anson, Oct. 14, 1846
Parker, Josiah, Jr. (Captain),	Groton, Mass., Oct. 18, 1764	New Portland, June 22, 1857
Richardson, Eben,	— A.	New Portland, —
Russell, Joseph,	— 1763	Bingham, — 1855
Russell, Solomon,	Groton, Mass., — 1763	Concord, Dec. 8, 1857
Savage, Jacob,	Woolwich, — 1759	No. Anson, March 17, 1826
Sawyer, Luke,	Templeton, Mass., A. — 1760	— July 5, 1841 (Buried in Stark)
Simmons, Samuel,	— 1754	— Sept. 16, 1835

	Born	Died
Twitchell, Moses, Jr.,	— 1758	New Portland, July 13, 1839
Walker, Joseph,	Woolwich, Nov. 3, 1761	Emden, Feb. 25, 1818
Wilson, John,	Townsend, Mass., Oct. 16, 1761	Emden, June 30, 1842

A. indicates one of Arnold's men.

The great age sometimes attained by soldiers has several instances in this list. Allbee was 101, Berry 98, McFadden over 100.

The graves of all the number have been suitably marked by the D. A. R. except Major Moor's, whose descendants erected an elaborate monument to his memory.



MINOR TOPICS

INTERPRETING THE BATTLE HYMN

There is a reasonable question of interpretation of the stanzas of the "Battle Hymn," which Mrs. Howe's death has revived; and from one nonagenarian veteran I have received a request to explain one of them. To this I have responded as follows: "You desire me (all unworthy as I am) to give a plain, mild, prose interpretation of the following stanza of Mrs. Howe's 'Battle Hymn,' in terms which can be appreciated by the humble mind:

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

"In Mrs. Howe's first draft, which lies before me, no quotation marks are used. I have therefore stopped the quotation at the end of the first line of the gospel; which I take to be that of the God invoked by Jesus when he said, 'The kingdom of God shall be taken from you (Jews) and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.' In the first draft the first line reads: 'I have read a burning gospel, writ in fiery rows of steel,' which, of course, did not accurately describe the burnished steel gun barrels which she saw carried by the Union soldiers: Making this change I then interpret: 'I have read in the weapons of this holy war against slavery and for the Union (the muskets and bayonets carried by our soldiers) a gospel as in words of fire, thus: 'As ye deal with those who despise me, their God, in despising my black children, buying and selling God's images carved in ebony, even so my grace shall deal with you, giving you the victory if you fight for me and my poor black children.' Hearing this I said or sung: 'Let the hero born of the line of Mother Eve, who was told to bruise the head of the old serpent, Satan, now crush this child of that serpent with his iron heel — that is, put down the champions of slavery; and do this because God is marching on to the emancipation of all slaves; that is, he is the God of the living and not of the dead — and slavery is a live issue.'"

Is this intelligible? If she had any one hero in mind probably it was John Brown in whose honor and commemoration the musical men of Fletcher Webster's regiment, headed by a first sergeant, now living at Oshkosh in Wisconsin with the rank of captain in a Wisconsin regiment (Howard Jenkins) arranged a camp-meeting tune to suit marching and fitted to that music the original words of the John Brown song. I heard these men (a quartet) sing this song for the first time on the mainland — with the chorus loudly borne by the soldiers as they marched, under Colonel Webster's command, from Long wharf in Boston up State street and past the old State House (marching over the site of the Boston massacre of 1770). They passed along to the Old Colony Station to take the Fall River train for New York. Captain Jenkins told me, two years ago when I dined in his company at Oshkosh, that his quartet sung the song in the Astor House as their regiment was halted in Broadway, before taking the train for Washington, where they joined the army of the Potomac, and taught the song to other regiments near them. This was in August, 1861, the first year of the war. The song was contagious, and was taken up in Boston by a hundred voices. Mrs. Howe had heard it there, had thereby caught the tune, as Governor Andrew had, and was able to sing it in Washington. The soldiers, as they recognized it, took up the strain, and gave it forth with military effect. It kept Mrs. Howe from sleep that night, until she had framed new words to the air, with its resounding chorus. I have several times heard her sing it, during and since the war — on one occasion at the request of Auberon Herbert (an eccentric Englishman, brother of the Earl of Carnarvon), at Dr. Howe's house, 32 Mt. Vernon street, Boston, where I was dining with the doctor and Mr. Herbert. It did not get at once into the army ranks, where the original John Brown song seems to have been preferred to it. But it was sung with musical effect, amid much enthusiasm, by Miss Fanny Reed, a vocalist of Lowell, and it was introduced into the Libby Prison by Chaplain McCabe, a prisoner, who found it very consoling to his disheartened fellow-captives. After the war it became gradually more a favorite than the original song, with the rather crude words to which Colonel Webster's quartet had fitted the noble tune.

F. B. SANBORN.

SPRINGFIELD Republican.

NOTES BY THE WAY

RECENT AMERICAN GOLD COIN DISCOVERIES

A number of the rarest American gold coins came to the surface in 1909, chief among them a new variety of the \$5 gold pieces made by a private assayer, Christopher Bechtler, at Rutherfordton, N. C., in 1831.* This private mint was the first of its kind in this country and was conducted from 1831 until long after the establishment of the United States branch mint at Charlotte, N. C. The Government authorities were well aware of the existence of the private coining plant, and the Director of the Mint referred to it in his reports, but no steps were taken to interrupt the operations of Bechtler.

The coin is a good deal larger than the ordinary United States \$5 gold piece and the design is in no way similar to that borne by the Government coins. On the obverse, around the border, is the inscription "C. Bechtler, Assayer." In the field the letters forming a circle are the words "Rutherford County." On the reverse in the field is a large Arabic figure "5," below which is the word dollars, and still further below "20 Carats." Around the border is "North Carolina Gold."

It is almost identical in design with what has hitherto been regarded as the rarest of the Bechtler \$5 pieces — the piece that weighs 150 grams. The difference lies in the omission of the inscription "150 Gr." which appears on the other variety. It is supposed that this \$5 piece was the first of the denomination to have been issued by Bechtler, and fills out a series of \$2.50 and \$5 pieces issued by the private mint. There are two varieties of the \$2.50 piece which show the same difference. One has the line "75 Grs." under the stamp of fineness. On the other of the same design the weight is omitted.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the new coin, but being unique, so far as known, it is thought to be worth a good deal more than the other variety, of which eighteen specimens are recorded, one of which several years ago brought the record premium of \$785.

Another coin discovery was that of a ten-dollar piece issued in Geor-

* See article A Private Mint in N. C., in *MAGAZINE* for October, 1906.

gia in 1830, being the very first gold coin to be passed as money that was made in this country outside of the Government Mint. This coin, which was taken over the counter of a drug store in Macon, Ga., a month or so ago, was issued by Templeton Reid, an assayer, in Lumpkin County, Georgia, near the gold mines. On the obverse of the coin is the inscription around the border "Templeton Reid, Assayer." In the field in two lines are the words "Ten Dollars." On the reverse around the border are the words "Georgia Gold," while in the field is the date, "1830."

The only known specimen of this ten-dollar piece was in the collection of a prominent Chicago collector, and even the Philadelphia Mint coin cabinet did not contain a specimen. The coin was bought by a Macon coin collector for \$150, and he almost immediately sold it to the same Chicago collector who owns the first-named specimen. The price is said to have been \$1250.

A third variety to come to notice was a five-dollar gold piece dated 1851, made by the banking house of Dunbar & Co., at San Francisco. Edward C. Dunbar, senior member of the firm, was a New Yorker who cut a prominent figure in California affairs in the pioneer days. He afterward came East and organized the Continental Bank Note Company, later merged into the American Bank Note Company. Although many thousands of dollars' worth of these five dollar pieces were issued by Dunbar & Co. in 1851, yet this recently discovered coin was the second to be found. It is similar in design to the regular United States half eagle, but the inscription on the coronet worn by Liberty on the obverse of the coin reads "Dunbar & Co." instead of "Liberty."

It was purchased a short time ago by a Nassau street coin dealer for \$15, and he later sold it to a Chicago collector for \$500.

There are many different varieties of the octagonal fifty-dollar gold "slugs," so called. One collector of Pittsburg has made a specialty of these pieces and is said to have accumulated over a hundred. It had been thought that all the varieties were known, but a new one made its appearance at the Zabriskie sale, which was held in Philadelphia last June. This piece sold for \$1,000.

This piece, which is thought to be the best preserved of the kind extant, showed a defiant eagle on the obverse supporting a United States shield. Around the border reads "Augustus Humbert, United States Assayer of Gold, California." Around the eagle reads "United States of America Fifty Dollars." Above the eagle is a label which bears the fineness of the gold contained by the piece, "887 Thous." On the reverse is a regular engine-turned design with a small targetlike center. The coin was originally owned by Augustus Humbert, formerly a watch-case maker on Nassau street, who in 1850 was appointed United States Assayer at the assaying establishment of Moffat & Co., at San Francisco, when the latter firm got the assaying contract from the Secretary of the Treasury.

At the same sale was offered an unusual variety of twenty-dollar piece, issued by Moffat & Co. This coin brought \$360. The design of the rare \$20 is similar to the others of the same denomination that were issued by the United States Assay Office of California at San Francisco in 1851, but the date of 1852 had been cut over that of 1851.

In the summer of 1851 the United States Assay Office steadily turned out \$50 pieces, some days producing \$100,000 worth of the octagonal lumps of gold. Many of the coins which had been made by the private mints and which were discontinued upon the opening of the semi-official establishment found their way to Moffat & Co. were remelted and soon reappeared as \$50 pieces. An urgent need was soon felt for coins of a less denomination than \$50, and Augustus Humbert asked the Secretary of the Treasury for permission to strike coins of \$10 and \$20. This permission the Secretary withheld for a long time, but on December 9, 1851, acting Secretary of the Treasury Hodge sent a letter to Humbert granting permission to stamp ingots of gold of the denomination of \$10 and \$20. Humbert had dies made, when he received another letter from the Treasury Department, dated December 10, instructing him to suspend any action under authority of the previous letter, as a bill had been introduced to Congress in connection with a regular mint and assay office at San Francisco.

Final instructions empowering the Assay office to make \$10 and \$20 pieces did not reach San Francisco until the latter part of January, 1852,

and it is supposed that the 1851 dies were altered to accommodate current needs by cutting a "2" over the "1" in the date. The issue of these pieces must have been extremely limited, as the Assay Office at once had dies prepared with a perfect date.

The coin was dated 1849 and had the inscription of "Pelican Co." on the obverse, with a large star in the center of the field, with the date "1849" below. On the reverse side in the field was "21 Carats," while around the border was "California 2½ Dollars." There is no mention of such a company having done business in California, but it is thought by some that this piece had its origin in North Carolina at the Bechtler mint. It is said that an employee of the Bechtler mint in 1849 made a set of dies for a series of coins of the usual United States denominations with the intention of going to California and engaging in private coinage. No other information regarding his subsequent operations can be found, but from the resemblance of the design of this Pelican Company piece to that of the coins made at the Bechtler mint it is thought it may have been struck from one of the dies in question.

E. H. ADAMS.

NEW YORK SUN.

THE D. A. R. IN CONNECTICUT

The committee on patriotic education of the D. A. R. in Connecticut, has entered upon a new line of work, and with great enthusiasm. Realizing the difficulty of reaching the foreign population, because of their inability to read American or English literature, the committee has had a simple and comprehensive book published in Italian. It is most attractive, illustrated with pictures of the President, and of George Washington, and it contains much valuable information in regard to our country. It has attracted a great deal of attention, and has been reviewed by a score of Italian papers, always with favorable comment.

THE HOWLAND HOUSE, PLYMOUTH, MASS.

The Howland kin assembled for their annual reunion at the ancient homestead, Plymouth, August 4, 1910. The house was erected in 1666, before Pilgrim John Howland passed away. It is the purpose of the descendants to preserve this house and make it a shrine in the Pilgrim

town. John Howland came on the Mayflower, and soon married Elizabeth Tilley, also of the Mayflower, a dozen or more years younger than himself, even while she was in her teens. They had four sons and six daughters. These four sons in turn reared large and vigorous families, and these six daughters married men by names of Gorham, Chipman, Dickerson, Brown, Cushman and Smith. The sons and daughters of the third generation intermarried with like sturdy men and women and the Howland kin may well vie with the descendants of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins in number, vigor, and longevity.

John Alden and John Howland were often associated in the affairs of the colony and church. Their wives, Priscilla Mullins and Elizabeth Tilley, were girls together in the cabin of the Mayflower. These young Pilgrim maids may well have their praises sung. Romance and hardship attended their lives, and the descendants as sands on the seashore, or as stars in the firmament, have reason for their veneration. The homestead of the Howlands will ever recall the seasons of privations, of the threatened invasion of the Narragansetts and make real the beginning days of our nation.

Historian Davis of Plymouth says of the homestead: "No house is more nearly associated with the Pilgrims than this. Owned and occupied, as it was undoubtedly by Jabez Howland, before the death of his father and mother, it is fair to presume that its floors have been trodden by those two passengers of the Mayflower, and that its walls have listened to their voices. Let this ancient structure be added to the list of Pilgrim memorials, and hereafter share with the Rock our veneration and respect." Those of the Howland name and kin make a large company, and those unable to be present will yet rejoice in the goodly and enthusiastic company who gather at Plymouth, who will walk its streets, breathe the air of its splendid landscape and feel the thrill of those long since gone from its ways and society.

ANSON TITUS

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

A committee headed by the Mayor of Southampton, England, is engaged in an effort to commemorate the three-hundreth anniversary of

the sailing of the *Mayflower* from that place by the erection of an elaborate monument, for which American as well as English gifts are solicited. The honorary secretary of the committee is Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw. American donations may at present be sent to Mr. H. A. Cushing, secretary of the New England Society, 43 Cedar Street, New York. The amount still required is £2,000.

ARMY NURSES' MONUMENT

Mrs. Mabel H. Gooding of Somerville, Mass., department president of the Massachusetts Daughters of Veterans, recently gave a strong indorsement to the movement of the Daughters for a monument to be erected to the memory of the army nurses. She said that a site for the monument, which is to be designed by Bela Pratt, has been asked from the Park Commission. It is desired to place the memorial on the new Riverbank Parkway opposite Dartmouth street, Boston. The Commission has not acted upon the application.

CALIFORNIA'S UNEXPLORED CAVES

In the vicinity of Tulare Lake, California, about forty extinct volcanoes have been found, many already being covered with thick vegetation, and beneath the bed of lava given off by them in the past numerous interesting caverns have recently been discovered and explored. One is said to be two hundred feet long, fifty feet wide and forty feet high. Another has been reported discovered which is miles long; it has been named the Mammoth Cave of California. One recently explored is said to contain two stories, the temperature in the under one being so low that icicles two yards long depended from the ceiling. Large caves have various origins. Many have once been solid ground, covered with heavy clay and limestone rock; the lower ground is washed away by underground waters, a roof and floor being left. Other caves are the result of air or other gases getting into the molten lava, expanding with the heat and blowing themselves into lava bubbles, leaving hollows and caverns when the lava has cooled and hardened, just as air bubbles may be seen to do in molten tar.

Pathfinder.

WILD TURKEYS IN PENNSYLVANIA

Three years ago Dr. Kalbfus of Harrisburg planted two wild turkey hens in what are known as "The Flats," in Adams County. At that time there was one wild turkey gobbler in the vicinity, and he had been seen by a number of people. The birds were unmolested and they have multiplied to such an extent that recently a flock of six big wild turkeys was seen in the game preserves at Mount Alto, Franklin County, about fifteen miles from "The Flats," and there are indications that there will be more.

PHILADELPHIA Record.

THE "MODOC WAR" RECALLED

Brig.-Gen. Marion P. Maus, commanding the Department of the Columbia, and Capt. Elliott J. Dent, Corps of Engineers, chief engineer on Gen. Maus's staff, visited old Fort Klamath, Oregon, last week, to ascertain the advisability of recommending the place for a permanent manœuvre camp. Col. James Jackson, U. S. A., retired inspector-general of the Oregon National Guard, also accompanied Gen. Maus. Col. Jackson was no stranger to the place. On the night of November 28, 1872, Col. Jackson, then a captain in the First Cavalry, led Troop B from Fort Klamath, a ride of nearly fifty miles, to what is known as Stone Bridge, near the mouth of Lost River where it empties into Tule Lake, and the next morning his troops fought the insurgent Capt. Jack and his band of Modoc Indians. Captain Jackson received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel for his gallantry in that action. Col. Jackson also holds a medal of honor which he received for bravery in an action against Indians at Camas Meadows, Idaho, on August 20, 1877. While under a heavy fire from the Indians in that action, he secured the body of a soldier of his command who had been killed, and with the aid of one or two men conveyed it to a place of safety.

Evening Post, N. Y.

FORT WALLA WALLA ABANDONED

The flag at Fort Walla Walla, Wash., was lowered for the last time on Monday evening, September 26. Witnessing ceremonies were Joseph McEvoy, Lewis McMorris, Michael Kenny, J. J. Rohn, and Dr.

John Tempany, who were members of the First Dragoons at the time the flag was first raised at the fort fifty-three years ago. The First Dragoons later became the First Cavalry, and this organization was the last to occupy the grounds. Dr. Tempany is still in the service, being veterinarian of the Ninth Cavalry. Color-Sergeant John Kremer and Corporal J. B. Smith hauled down the colors in the presence of Lieut-Col. William Shunk, Major John H. Gardner, and Capt. John D. L. Hartman, First Cavalry, and Capt. De Rosey C. Cabell, Twelfth Cavalry.

BODIES OF LUNDY'S LANE DEAD REINTERRED

The remains of nine unknown American soldiers were uncovered a short time ago during excavations for the base of a monument in Drummond Hill Cemetery, which forms a large part of the battlefield of Lundy's Lane, near Drummondville, Ontario, Canada. The soldiers were killed at the battle of Lundy's Lane on July 25, 1814. Their remains were taken charge of by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, and placed temporarily in the vault of the battle monument near the entrance to the cemetery.

By arrangement with the Frontier Landmarks Association of Buffalo they were reinterred by the side of Capt. A. F. Hull, Ninth United States Regiment of Infantry, and other members of that regiment.

Major Edwin P. Pendleton, Twenty-ninth United States Infantry, commandant at Fort Porter, near Buffalo, represented the War Department at the services and a number of officers from Fort Porter and Fort Niagara also were present.

Capt. Hull was appointed a captain in the Twenty-third Infantry on April 14, 1812, and then as a captain in the Ninth Infantry on July 6, 1812. The Ninth Regiment was raised in Massachusetts and though a part of the regular army was accredited to that State.

The battle of Lundy's Lane was fought on July 25, 1814, between 5,000 American soldiers under Gen. Jacob Brown, and 3,000 British under Sir George Drummond. The latter occupied high ground on each side of Lundy's Lane, when he was attacked by the Americans. The fighting lasted far into the night, when a final assault was repulsed and

the Americans retired to Chippewa with a loss of 858. The British lost 878.

Gen. Brown was at one time secretary to Alexander Hamilton, while that officer was acting general in chief of the army raised to fight the French. When Gen. Brown returned to this city after the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, the corporation of the city of New York voted him the freedom of the city. He also received the thanks of Congress on November 3, 1814, and a gold medal.

Evening Post, N. Y.

MARKING PATRIOTS' GRAVES

Since early summer the Massachusetts Society of Sons of the American Revolution, through Henry A. May of Roxbury, has been making careful research through various old-time burying grounds in Boston, to locate the final resting places of Revolutionary soldiers, that these may be fittingly honored with the bronze marker adopted by the society for this purpose. Mr. May has achieved unexpectedly good results from his visits to these old cemeteries, and has located the burial places of almost a hundred soldiers of the Revolutionary War. The graves he has identified are as follows: In the Old Granary Burying Ground, 15; Copp's Hill, 22; Central (Boston Common), 15; Eustis Street, Roxbury, 16; Phipps Street in Charlestown, 11; Dorchester South, 6; Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain, 6; Westerly Ground in West Roxbury, 5; Walter Street, West Roxbury, 1, a total of 97 graves. These are to be designated with the bronze markers as rapidly as possible. When those in the Eustis Street Cemetery are marked, the members of Roxbury Chapter, S. A. R., will be invited to be present, although there will be no formal exercises. Herbert Wood Kimball, secretary-registrar of the society, who will have charge of the work, has prepared a brief record of the services performed by each soldier to be thus honored, and as the markers are placed in position he will read this account. The society marked, just before Memorial Day of this year, the graves of eighty-five Revolutionary soldiers buried in the North Dorchester Burying Ground. These graves formed a part of one hundred such burial places of Revolutionary soldiers sought out and identified by Henry Clapp Kendall. Others in this cemetery previously had been marked.

Transcript, Boston.

THE OLD BURNHAM TAVERN

Title to the old Burnham Tavern in Machias, Me., recently has been conveyed to Hannah Weston Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, for its headquarters. It dates from 1770. Interior repairs have been made, with the old-time look preserved. The house contains much ancient furniture and the old piano is said to be one of the oldest in the country. The lawn is being graded and other improvements made which add much to the attractiveness of the place.

YET ONE MORE SOCIETY

A new claimant for interest on the part of those who are members of patriotic and hereditary societies is the American Society of Colonial Families, descendants of Colonial parentage "organized, federated for mutual service and good citizenship, nation-wide, popular, patriotic and educational." Its purpose in part is a revival of Colonial principles among men and women whose ancestors founded and created the Republic. The motive of forming such a society is set forth as follows:

"This is an age of cosmopolitan fraternity. Coöperation is its key-word and marks the next great step in evolutionary progress. The family is the primordial unit of the State. Devotion to home life and freedom led our fathers to this new world. Their early fellowships cemented the Colonies and made independence possible. Their descendants are charged with an imperative mission; its reality is obscured for lack of the coöperative spirit. To revive old-time sentiment, to organize into family groups, and to unite in a national federation for worthy purposes is the object of the Colonial Society."

It is the purpose of the society to have a headquarters in Boston, with a bureau of information, a depository for historic data, records and relics; also a registry of historians and genealogists, a veritable clearing house for all Colonial descendants throughout the country. It is proposed to publish a periodical of the most modern, inspiring type, historical, rather than genealogical, in character, to be primarily "a channel of communication between members and devoted to the richest field undeveloped in literature — the family, its significance, in sentiment, State and story. It is to consider also the more personal touch and the living voice, to promote an evangelism appealing to love of home and native

land with the fostering and multiplying of family associations and reunions. The interchange of sociality to effect a unified activity among a people lineaged from a renowned ancestry," is one of the society's objects.

In this Society of Colonial Families, all worthy men and women of Colonial descent are eligible to membership and all such are earnestly solicited to identify themselves early with this society and so "lend a hand in a great concerted enterprise to arouse the new generations to a sensible appreciation of their national birthright." The object is to be inclusive, rather than exclusive, and to develop the spirit of unity East, West, North and South. The promoters say of it: "We are one people, made up of Puritan and Cavalier, Huguenot and Catholic—the best of every nation, designed to become the greatest of all nations." The temporary officers are: President, William A. Randall; treasurer, Ernest A. Washburn; secretary, George A. Smith, 6 Beacon street, Boston.

Transcript, Boston.

Pretty soon we may expect to see the "Colonial Dames" advertising "No connection with a Boston Society of a Similar name." [Ed.]

PEWS OF THE PATRIOTS

The number of "Pews of the Patriots" at the Washington Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge, has been completed by that dedicated to Col. John Nixon, a gift of his great-granddaughter. When, on July 5, 1776, Congress resolved that the Declaration of Independence should be publicly read in the State House yard three days later, Col. Nixon was chosen to perform the duty. This pew, like the others, is of quartered oak, richly carved. A brass plate bears the Nixon arms and the following inscription: "To the glory of God and in memory of Colonel John Nixon, 1733-December 21-1808, who first publicly read the Declaration of Independence, July 8, 1776, commanded the Third Battalion, Philadelphia Associators, in the Battle of Princeton, shared the sufferings at Valley Forge and served this country as soldier, statesman and financier. This pew is the gift of his great-granddaughter, Ellen Waln Harrison, 1909." There has been recently loaned to the museum attached to the chapel Gen. Washington's headquarters flag, which has been appropriately placed within his tent.

The Churchman, N. Y.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXII—*Concluded*

HE determined, therefore, not to venture descending into the lower country till he could strike it at least as far east as Schenectady. But how, if he concluded to make this long circuit through the woods, could he find his way amid the wild forests he must traverse? Was this lonely Indian girl, who was little more than a child, to be his only guide, and, if so, how were they to procure subsistence in a journey through the wilderness, where the path was so toilsome that many days must elapse before he could accomplish the distance which, upon an ordinary road, can be traversed in one? Max abruptly broke off these unsatisfactory reflections by asking his companion whither she was now guiding him. The reply of "The Dew" told him that much might be gained by admitting her into his counsels. The foresight of the Indian maid had anticipated at least the most serious of the difficulties which embarrassed her companion. She was leading him to the Garoga lakes, where her tribesmen had once had a fishing camp, in which they might at least find a shelter from the elements, and where Greyslaer could readily obtain subsistence for himself until "The Dew" could make her way to the settlements and gain some tidings of his friends, or, at least, procure him some more eligible guide than herself from the lower castle of the Mohawks; a small band of that tribe, under their leader Hendrick, being friendly to the patriot cause. Greyslaer hoped, however, that if he could once secure a retreat, where, for a few days, he should be safe from pursuit, he might find means to communicate with his faithful and cherished follower, old Balt, if, indeed, the stout old forester had not perished in the fray in which he himself was taken prisoner.

These anxious reflections upon the chances of the future served for a while to turn his thoughts from a more bitter channel. But the recollection of the scene in which Alida had been torn from his side now recurred with all its horrors.

It is a hard thing to love vainly. It is a hard thing for the young

heart, that has given its first generous burst of affection to another, to be flung back upon itself, shocked, borne down, blasted upon the very threshold of existence. The growth of the sentiment in some minds—in those which love most deeply—is often the first emotion that has ever compelled them to look into their own souls; that has ever made them fully aware of the sentient and spiritual essence which they bear within this earthly tabernacle. And to surrender that sentiment, seems like parting with the vital spirit that animates them. Such surrenderment of their early dreams is, however, the fate of thousands; for love—young love—like the Bird of Lightning in the Iroquois fable, which bears the flame from Heaven to teach men only where first the purifying element had birth, seems, like the lightning, to fulfill his mission, reckless where'er his burning wings may sweep, so that his mysterious errand be accomplished.

But Greyslaer's was no common tale of misplaced hopes and unrequited attachment. *He* could not fling from him the image of Alida as an idle vision of his dreaming boyhood. Her sorrows had become his own; and the love which might have perished from hopelessness seemed born anew from sympathy; ay, though he were doomed hereafter to have neither part nor lot in aught else belonging to her, save this share in her sorrows only, yet such community of grief was so dear to him, that the world had now no prize for which Greyslaer would have bartered his gloomy heritage of woe. Alas! what a joyless and barren destiny did he thus embrace! Flinging his fresh and blossoming youth, like a worthless weed, away; grafting upon his ripening manhood a shoot of bitterness, that must dwarf its energies and wither its fruit of promise.

The shrill burst of the Indian warwhoop startled Greyslaer from the stern revery with which we have ventured to blend our own reflections while detailing its general character. The wild cry seemed to come from beneath his very feet. He recoiled a step, and gazed eagerly down the rocky defile he was descending. The sumach and sassafras grew thick and heavy, imbowering the broken path below. The Indian girl was nowhere to be seen. He turned and threw a hurried glance along the sides of the glen, where ledges of rock here and there cut the foliage horizontally before him. He caught a glimpse, as of the figure of the

light-footed maiden scaling the walls of the glen, and retreating from him. He advanced a pace to see if it were indeed she who was thus flying from him at his utmost need. On the instant, a tomahawk, hurled through the air and cleaving the light branches near, buried itself in a maple-tree beside him. Quick as light, Max seized the weapon, and plucked it from the bark in which it quivered. But, instantaneous as was the movement, it did not avail him; for, as he was in the act of wheeling round to confront the peril in the direction whence the hatchet came, he was grappled in the arms of a sinewy Indian. Down they both went together, the Indian uppermost; and so completely did he seem to have Greyslaer at advantage, that he leisurely addressed him while partly raising himself to draw his knife:

"My broder thought it time to leave the camp when Isaac come, eh, my broder? Aha!" And, as the miscreant spoke, he made a motion across the skull of his prostrate prisoner, as if he felt tempted to go through the ceremony of scalping while life, yet vigorous in his veins, should give a zest to the cruelty.

But Max was not the man to be sportively handled in a death encounter. His dark eye followed the gleaming weapon, as the barbarian flourished it above his head, with a glance as keen as that of the hawk-eyed Indian. He had fallen with one arm under him, and happily, it was that which held the tomahawk, which thus escaped the notice of his foe. It was for the moment pinioned to the ground, not less by the weight of his own body than by that of the savage; and the force with which he had been hurled to the earth so paralyzed the strength of Greyslaer, that he did not at first attempt to extricate his hand. But now, throwing back his head, as if he shrunk from the knife that was offered at it, he suddenly arched his back so as to lift the savage and himself together; and, slipping his arm from under him as the other bore him down again by throwing his full weight of his person lengthwise upon him he dealt a side blow with the hatchet which nearly crushed the skull of the Indian. The fellow relaxed his grip of Greyslaer's throat in an instant, and rolled over, and lay as if stricken to death upon the spot, while, breathless and disordered, young Max regained his feet.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MARCH OF THE CAPTIVE

UPON examining the features of the Indian, which were of a singularly brutal cast, Greyslaer felt convinced that he had beheld them before, but where or when it was impossible for him to say.

Bending near to scrutinize them more closely, he observed that life still remained; for the eyes, which were shut, had their lids, not smoothly drooping as when closed in death, but knit and screwed together as when suddenly closed in a paroxysm of rage or pain. They opened now, as a heavy gasp broke from the bosom of the savage. Max instantly possessed himself of the scalping-knife which lay near, and held it, like a dagger of *misericorde*, at the throat of his reviving foe. The slightest thrust would have rid him at once of all farther difficulty; but it was not in his heart to slaughter a living man thus laid at his mercy, and he shouted to the girl to bring him a withe that he might bind his prisoner. The Dew replied not to his call. But he heard a quick trampling near, which he mistook for her approach.

He looked in the direction whence the sound of footsteps came, but the leafy covert was so thick in that direction that he could descry nothing. He listened anxiously; they came nearer, but there was no reply to his repeated calls. The footsteps paused a moment. He leaned forward to peer beneath the heavy branches; and in the same moment that an armed Indian darted from the covert before him, the shadow of another, who was approaching from behind, was cast athwart him. He had not time to spring to his feet before he was again a captive and defenceless.

The two last-comers were soon joined by others, who quickly made a rude litter of boughs for their wounded tribesman, and the whole party then took their way through the woods with their captive. They did not, however, carry their prisoner back to the squaw camp, as he first expected they would, when, under the circumstances, he anticipated the usual wretched doom of an Indian prisoner. But, moving along leisurely until

they came to a level and marshy piece of ground, they paused for a moment, and seemed in doubt what next to do, when one, who had aided in carrying the wounded man, gave his place to another, and approached to him who seemed to act as leader of the party. He murmured something, which, from the low tones in which the Indians usually pitch their voices, Greyslaer could not overhear.

"Wahss!" (go!) was the brief reply to his communication.

The man beckoned to two others, and the three, plunging into a copse near by, appeared the next moment, each with a birchen canoe upon his shoulders. Crossing the trail they had been travelling, the whole party entered a thicket of alders, where a thread of water, scarce three inches deep, crept noiselessly along. The others carefully parted the bushes so that the canoemen could let down their shallops into this slender rill, which was so narrow that the water was wholly hidden when a canoe was placed on its surface.

The wounded man was assigned to the forward canoe, and Max, with his arms still pinioned behind him, placed in the centre. The whole party were then again soon in motion. The runnel was too narrow for the use of paddles, and for some time they propelled themselves forward merely by the aid of the bushes which overreached their heads.

At last they came to a spot where the swamp around them, being confined between two hills, poured its oozing springs more completely into a single current. The water, running deeper and swifter, cut its way down through the black mould until a channel of yellow pebbles was revealed beneath it. The alders were separated more widely from each other, and grew more in scattered clumps, which sometimes formed green islets, circled with a fringe of scarlet, wherever their red roots were washed and polished by the flowing waters.

Now the stream would sweep amid tussocks of long waving grass, crowned here and there by a broad branching elm, whose branches dipped in the tide, that whirled in deepening eddies where its projecting roots overhung the water. Now it rippled for a few yards over a pebbly bottom, and then turned by a spit of yellow sand—thick trodden with the tracks of deer, of wolves, and not unfrequently with those of bears and panthers

—it would slide round a point of land black with the shade of lofty pines. A frith of long wild grass, growing evenly as a fresh-mowed meadow, and embayed among the thousand points of a tamarack swamp, received now the spreading river. And now, again, it was circumscribed once more into a deep, black, formal-looking pool, circled with water lilies; and henceforth, around many a beetling crag, thick sheathed with laurel and the clustering hemlock, and beneath the shadows of many a tall mountain rising from forests of bass-wood and maple, it marched proudly onward till it expanded into a magnificent lake.

Coasting along the shores of this lake for a mile or two, they came to an Indian hunter's camp, which, as it seemed, belonged to a man who furnished the canoes. The place was offensive from the smell of dead animals, such as minks, otters, and musquashes, whose carcasses, stripped of their skins, were suspended from the boughs of trees around the cabin as food for the Indian dogs. But the Indians, notwithstanding their proverbial keenness of scent, seemed nowise molested by this unsavoury atmosphere.*

Leaving their wounded tribesman under the care of this worthy, who laid claim to some skill as a medicine-man, the rest of the party started again with their captive on the following day, and, crossing several mountain ridges, and winding their way among innumerable ponds and lakes, halted near a beautiful sheet of water, which still bears the name of Indian Lake, from its having been a sacred place of resort to the Iroquois.

*A sporting friend, the companion of the author in more than one excursion among these mountain wilds, seeing some Indians with whom he hunted busied in removing these objects of annoyance from the camp as the party approached it, was wholly at a loss to conceive the motive of placing them where they were found, until the sudden appearance of two half-famished dogs revealed the mystery; for it is the custom of a hunter, when leaving his dogs to protect his camp in his absence, to hang the food prepared for them at different heights, so that the animal might not devour all his stores at once, but have to leap higher for it as he grows leaner.

These dogs, as one might have supposed from their fatigued appearance, had been off somewhere pursuing the chase for their own amusement. But, upon this being suggested to the old Indian hunter, who spoke a few words of broken English, and was more communicative than most of his race, he was indignant at the idea of an Indian dog deserting his charge. He pointed to a mountain peak at the other end of the lake, and assured our friend that they had been watching for him from its summit, when they saw his boat upon the water and hurried homeward.

The outlet of this lake, though it is buried in a region of lofty and sterile mountains, winds through natural pastures of deep grass* imbowered with enormous elms, forming a soft and open sylvan landscape which is in the most delicious contrast to the thick and rugged forests which frown from the adjacent hills. This was the seat of the mysterious KENTICOYS, or solemn meetings of the Mohawks, when, at the opening and closing year, the different tribes of the Iroquois retired, each to some such forest-temple, to worship the Supreme Being, whose power was alike acknowledged by all.

The prisoner, though treated at this sacred season with a degree of mildness and forbearance that was new to him as a trait of Indian character, was only allowed to approach the threshold of the valley, where a guardian was appointed him until the solemn days were over.

The garden-like plain was spread out below the eminence upon which stood the shanty which was his temporary prison-house; and Greyslaer could from time to time discern some plumed band defiling from the hills and losing themselves among the far-reaching groves, to which the Indians repaired from every side. But of the form of their ceremonial or the nature of their worship he could discern nothing. Nor has any white man been able to learn more of these periodical gatherings of the Iroquois, save only their name and their object.†

It was two days after these unknown rites were consummated that Greyslaer found himself ascending a rugged mountain under the care of his captors, who still withheld all harsh treatment, while warily watching him as if they only held him in trust as the captive of some one more powerful than themselves. It could scarcely be the wounded Isaac, however; for, since his first seizure, Max had been studiously kept out of the sight of that ferocious Indian, whose bloody-minded disposition frequently showed itself during the delirium of fever under which he was left at the hunter's cabin.

*Called "flys" or "vlies" by our hunters.

†It is curious to remark, however, how, with the spread of Christianity and civilization along our Indian borders, this custom of retiring away from the haunts of men to worship God among primeval woods, grew up among our frontiers-men; while some might even discover an analogy between the rude but not irreligious feeling which first suggested the ancient *Kenticoys* of the Iroquois, and the policy which still keeps alive the practice of "camp-meetings" among a numerous and not unenlightened sect of Christians.—See *Flint's Valley of the Mississippi*.

Whatever disposition it was ultimately intended to make of the prisoner, his life seemed in little danger during the march; but a measure adopted by his captors as he now reached the highest pinnacle of the mountain appeared to indicate that its crisis was at hand. They led him to the edge of a lofty precipice, which commanded a view almost completely around the compass, and motioned to him to cast his eyes above and below him.

It was the hour of autumn sunset, when the golden air seems to glorify every object on which it rests. Never did it bathe in molten light a lovelier landscape of mountain peaks, interminable to the eye; interlaced by lakes so numerous that, as these last reflect the tints of the glowing sky, the mountains themselves seem, in their autumn livery, like rainbow masses floating in liquid ether. The heart of Greyslaer thrilled within him at the sight; and not the least painful part of the death that seemed to hover near was the thought of closing his eyes for ever upon such a world of glorious beauty. But his struggles to prevent them from bandaging his eyes were vain, for his hands were bound behind him; and now he stood blinded and helpless above the gulf into which each moment he expected to be hurled!

Suddenly he felt a rude hand upon either shoulder, and he gasped the prayer which he believed to be his last—but the next moment the two Indians who had fixed their gripe upon him only turned their captive round several times, fast held between them, and led him away from the precipice. He became then conscious of gradually descending. Again he felt that his path led upward over innumerable obstacles, which his guides patiently aided him in surmounting. Once more, again, he was convinced that he was descending, though his path-way wound so hither and thither that it was impossible to say how steep the slope might be.

At last he heard the sound of water faintly dashing upon the shore. His guides halted and removed the bandage from his eyes. He looked up, and found himself upon the edge of a small lake or mountain tarn, deep set at the bottom of a rocky bowl or hollow less than a mile in diameter, circled around by naked crags and splintered pinnacles of rock, some straggling copse-wood or blasted tree here and there alone relieving the utter barrenness of the scene, which at once conveyed the idea of the extinct crater of a volcano.

This heart-chilling sterility was, however, somewhat redeemed, when, after circling the lake for a short distance, the Indians came to a few acres of well-wooded land in a recess of the circular valley. Here Greyslaer again heard the voices of women and children from a camp of safety, and resigned himself to the monotony of captivity in a strong-hold from which there seemed no escape.

It were bootless to relate the varied sufferings of Max Greyslaer during his long winter of captivity in that dreary mountain, which Indians call "The Thunder's Nest:" * to tell how he passed weeks of nearly utter starvation, when fortune failed the two or three Indian hunters upon whose success the whole community depended for subsistence: how eagerly he caught at the relief to his monotonous existence, when his captors ordered him also to turn out and hunt the bear, the lynx, and the panther, the only animals which are found among those high mountain fastnesses in the winter season, while the Iroquois themselves pursued on snow-shoes the moose and red deer in the valleys below: to tell of the harsh treatment he received when, weary and faint, with limbs half frozen and lacerated from toiling through the frozen snow-crust, he returned from a fruitless hunt: of the capricious gleams of kindness of which he was the object when his address and prowess in the chase awakened alike the admiration and the jealousy of those who watched his every motion while pursuing it with him. But now the spring, which has been long in reaching this highland region, has, while thickening the forest around, brought with it the hope of escape, amid some of those green-wood coverts. It is true that he is no longer permitted to wander as far as when the woods were bare. But if he can break his thralldom for an hour, there is one at hand with both the will and the ability to guide him from the wilderness.

There has been an accession of numbers to the Indian camp, bringing rumors that Brant and his warriors have all left the lower country. And The Spreading Dew, who came in with the rest, has even communicated to Greyslaer that Sir John Johnson and his loyalist retainers, both Indian and white, have withdrawn from the Valley of the Mohawk and fled to Canada. The patriots must be in the ascendency! Why is Max Greyslaer not there to share the triumph of his friends?

*Crane Mountain is its present unmeaning name.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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Entered as Second-class matter, March 1, 1905, at the Postoffice at New York, N. Y.,
according to Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

8700



**LINCOLN AT GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS
CITY POINT, VA.**

*From original pencil drawing by Pierre Morand, taken from a sketch made by
Albert Hunt at City Point, March 27, 1865*

NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED

(Probably the last portrait made, only two weeks before his death)

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CONSPIRACY AGAINST LINCOLN

IN January, 1865, I went to Washington to settle my Army accounts, and was offered the appointment as aide to General Hancock, but as unhealed wounds prevented, I took instead an appointment in the office of the Commissary General of Prisoners, then in the second story of a house corner of F and 20th Streets, west of the White House and War Department.

Of the several clerks employed it will be necessary to mention but one—Louis J. Weichman. As it was through him I became connected with the matters to be mentioned, and as he was the chief witness against the Lincoln conspirators, a slight description of him may be well. He was of Pennsylvania German stock, about twenty-eight years old, tall and broad-shouldered, well-educated, speaking several languages, and had been intended for the Catholic priesthood, though he never actually entered it, but had taught school in Washington. Physically and intellectually he was a giant, but in bravery I should call him a dwarf.

He boarded at 604 H street, with Mrs. Surratt, one of whose sons (Isaac) was in the rebel army, and the other, John, with his sister Annie, whom Weichman admired, lived at home. About the twentieth of February Weichman appeared very much upset and asked me to meet him privately in a small room called the supply room, where stationery, &c., was kept. His face wore a look of misery and fear, and perspiration ran down his cheeks. I thought he had gone crazy when he told he had been carrying a terrible secret, which so weighed on him that he must confide it to me, but only under a solemn pledge of secrecy.

Naturally I refused to do anything of the sort, and not until the next day did I agree to keep his confidence, provided I could safely do so. Then he came out with his story: "I have often told you that Mrs. Surratt's is a rendezvous for Southerners and rebel sympathizers, who come and go at all times, day and night. Information is gathered and

given out, and only well-known disloyal people are welcome there; in fact they suspect me, and only the old-time friendship between John and I makes it possible for me to stay. For some time I have been aware that something unusual is going on. There have been long secret meetings in John's room. Mrs. Surratt, John Wilkes Booth and some others are always there, and I am sure some of them are connected with the rebel government and are here under false names. I found arms—pistols and daggers—and a false mustache, in the room, and John quarrelled with me the other day for commenting on Booth's frequent visits, and made me swear not to reveal anything I knew or might hereafter learn. I can't stand it any longer, and I know you will stand by me now I have told you.

Continuing, he said, "John told me they were engaged in running cotton from the South into our lines, as a blind; that they had planned to kidnap Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet, take them over the Potomac into rebel territory, and thus force the North to compromise with the South. If they could not effect an advantageous compromise, they would hold them for a large ransom; in either case there was big money in it. The time set was Inauguration Day, March 4, as then there would be so many strangers in the city that people's attention would be diverted, and this would give them a better chance to operate.

They had arranged with rebels across the Potomac to have men and horses ready there, to get the captives to Richmond as quickly as possible. John Surratt had shown him letters alleged to be from persons in the rebel government—but he would not show the signatures. He said all arrangements, every detail, had been made, and they only waited for March 4th; there was not the slightest chance of failure, and now the time was drawing near to act, if act they do.

He ended by saying, "Now, Major, you know my trouble, and I feel you can and will help me; but you must be discreet, don't speak to me on the street, as I am watched and by those who would swear my life away to help the South. So, I thought "this is Weichman's trouble; and I am sorry for him."

His story stunned and amazed me. I could not believe the plotters would be so foolhardy as to attempt the kidnapping of the President and

Cabinet, and yet I realized how bitter and desperate was the disloyal element in Washington, and Weichman was sure the plan was just as he had outlined it. We discussed it thoroughly, and I found he was in the dark about many of its details, or at least unable to answer many of my questions. The interview resulted in my agreeing to think the matter over, and try to think of some way to defeat the plot, and yet protect him. Looking back, I realize much more strongly than at the time—when I was but twenty-four years old—what a large contract I had undertaken.

I got away from the office and to my room as soon as I could. There I went over the plan in detail, and decided that the only thing to do was to interview Secretary Stanton. Though he was no favorite with the soldiers, who considered him overbearing and cold-blooded, all felt that he was a man of sound judgment as well as iron will; in other words one who could be depended on in a pinch—as I certainly was.

At the trial of the conspirators Weichman truly said "Major Gleason advised me to talk 'secesh' with those fellows, to enlist their sympathy, find out what they were about and, in case they went South, go to General C. C. Augur—then Provost Marshal in Washington—get horses for him (Gleason) and myself, so we could go South with them and find out just what they intended doing; but he (Weichman) had replied that that would never do, they were too sharp;" and that I then said the only thing to do was to see Mr. Stanton.

Nothing came of my three interviews with Weichman, except to strengthen my conviction of the seriousness of the situation, and the extreme fear he had of the suspected persons. He was in a complete "funk."

My room-mate was Lieutenant Joshua W. Sharp, an Assistant Provost Marshal on General Augur's staff; a quiet, level-headed fellow—and a level head was just what was needed at that time. I called on him and told him Weichman's story. He listened carefully, and we discussed the whole plan. He said it was nonsense—no one would be foolish enough to attempt the abduction, either of the President alone or of the Cabinet—that Weichman was being fooled, etc.

But I finally convinced him there might be something in it, and we

agreed to notify the authorities. This he was to do, as he could easily do it in the line of his duty. He was to shield Weichman all he could—as I told Weichman himself the next morning, completely unnerving him. He protested that if the action became known neither of us would be safe for an hour. I told him he had just that day to give the information himself, or I would do it the next. I then saw Sharp and arranged how to act if Weichman failed.

To escape from the horde of visitors who thought it their bounden duty to impose their presence on the President for no earthly reason but curiosity, Mr. Lincoln had been in the habit of spending his nights at the Soldiers' Home, three miles out of the city. Rooms were kept there for him, which he occupied when he could escape from urgent public business, and during the warm weather he spent most of his nights there, going late in the afternoon or early in the evening.

He had been many times urged by his friends to have a cavalry guard, sufficient to insure his safety, but he would not consent, and only an orderly or two went as escort.

This was his custom at the time this plot was conceived. It was known to every one in Washington and suggested the plot itself. Sharp arranged to get word to Secretary Stanton of as much of the story as was necessary to secure his assistance; for it was no easy matter to get an audience with the great Secretary of War. It was more difficult than to see the President himself, nor was it certain he would hear your story after you got there. He was—well, rather explosive in his language, a trifle imperious and overbearing in temper, and not a lovable man to meet socially. It was necessary to reach him through official or semi-official channels. This was done and he ordered two companies of cavalry to follow the President's carriage.

The first evening of their duty they had gone but a short distance when he noticed his following, stopped the carriage and sent word to the officer in command to report to him. Asking why he was there and who sent him, the reply was "Secretary Stanton." The President said Stanton was too officious; that "he has been trying to have a guard go with me for some time, and I have refused." Then, with one of his quizzical

smiles, he asked "Why, Captain, what do you suppose anyone wants of me? I am not at all afraid; however, if Mr. Stanton has sent you I suppose you must go, but it is giving you a lot of extra work for nothing. I will see Mr. Stanton in the morning."

During the night he evidently thought the matter over and concluded Mr. Stanton's "officiousness" was due to his intense anxiety—so the guard was continued during the President's life.

The next day, as I reached the office I met Weichman, looking happy. He said he had told U. S. Enrolling Officer McDavitt (an old acquaintance of his) who in turn had notified the authorities; but for some reason the conspirators had flown—the French woman who carried mail through the lines, to Canada; Surratt to Richmond, Booth to Frederick, Maryland, where he had engaged to play a short engagement; and that the authorities were on the alert, though not fully believing his story.

At a late date it came out that Weichman had been perfectly right—the attempt at kidnapping was to have been made on March 4th; that the relays of horses and men were to be placed, south of the Potomac—all as he had stated.

But at that time, especially when March 4th passed without anything happening, we began to think we had been badly fooled, or that the whole scheme had been abandoned. We began to be very busy in our office, and on Friday, April 14th, I went to Camp Parole, Maryland, with a list of exchanged Union prisoners. The commanding officer there was General S. E. Chamberlain, formerly of my regiment, who asked me to remain as his guest for the afternoon and assist in raising a flag on a staff just erected. I did so, returning to Washington later, reaching my room at 8 P. M. Being very tired I was abed by ten o'clock. My cousin, Dr. A. R. Gleason, an assistant surgeon at the Campbell General Hospital, had arranged with me to go to Ford's Theater that night; but as I was so late in returning he went alone, leaving a ticket for me and a note to join him at the theater; but I felt too tired to go. So near did I come to being a witness of the horrible event of which I was so soon to hear.

I had but just got to sleep when someone pounded on my door and woke me. I recognized Sharp's voice saying "Get up and let me in,

quick." I got out of bed, turned up the light and opened the door, when he and several others rushed in. I saw by their white, scared faces that something serious had happened, and Sharp exclaimed, "Major, Lincoln is murdered, Seward dead or dying, and the other members of the Cabinet assaulted, how badly I don't know. You and I can help in this matter better than anybody, so get into your clothes and come with me to General Augur's headquarters as quick as you can." I did.

When we reached Pennsylvania Avenue we found it crowded by a shouting mob, swearing vengeance on the unknown assassin. I heard several men named, but I don't recollect that Booth was among them. It took a long time to reach General Augur's, and when we arrived we found everybody excited, and confusion reigning. If there was any cool-headed man there he was not in sight—nor is it to be wondered at, the shock was so great the mind was dazed and numb.

I went at once into a small room where several officers were holding some sort of conference, told them all I knew about the persons suspected, and advised the arrest of Weichman and everyone found at the Surratt house, which should be searched at once. I also asked for a cavalry squad to go with me to the Surratt place in Maryland, as I thought the assassin would escape that way.

But they thought I could be of more assistance in Washington than in pursuit of Booth, who by that time was known to be the assassin. Sometime towards morning I was allowed to go back to my room, and early in the morning I went to the office, where I found confusion, no work doing and all discussing the calamity. Asking for Weichman I was told he had not been there; but at about ten he came, in the custody of a cavalry officer, to borrow a pair of shoes—as his were low-cut so we could go with a cavalry detail into Charles County, Maryland, to the Surratt farm—"Booth had gone across the bridge east from Washington and they hoped to catch him before he escaped into the enemy's lines."

So the authorities had lost twelve hours and then decided to do exactly what they had refused me the night before. The identical plan I proposed was now adopted—but much valuable time had been lost.

On Tuesday, the 18th, I was summoned before a Court of Inquiry

at General Ingram's headquarters, and gave my testimony. Weichman was arrested and sent to the Old Capitol prison. I had a long talk with him, and told him to tell the truth and nothing else. He promised to, and did; it was through his evidence alone that the conviction of the conspirators was secured.

How Booth escaped, how he was tracked, found, and killed—all these are matters of familiar history—as also how John Surratt escaped to Canada, thence to Italy, where he joined the Papal Zouaves, was detected, arrested, brought back, tried, but acquitted. He settled in Baltimore and practiced law there until his death.

Weichman was long in the employ of the Government and died in Anderson, Indiana, June 5, 1902.

D. H. L. GLEASON.

NATICK, MASS.



WASHINGTON

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

First in war,
And, what's more,
First in peace—
May his fame increase!—
And, again,
First in the hearts of his countrymen.
Considerable first, you bet—
About as first as they get.
But, you may recall,
He deserved it all.
Say,
Licking the British was no child's play.
It wasn't just saying "Whoa!"
Those redcoats, if you want to know,
Had guns
And tons
Of ammunition and yards of braid,
For fighting was their trade.
But George
He sauntered down to Valley Forge
And crossed the Delaware
And fluttered here and there
Till they were ready to quit
And acknowledged him it.
He called their bluff,
And they were glad enough
To drop the thing and flit,
With quite enough of it.
Yes, George was some
Pumpkins and a crumb
Or two of cake.
He kept the British awake
And standing on their ear
While they were here.
He never told a lie;
But, my,
How he did wink
At his men and make the British think
He was miles away
Just when mischief was to pay!
He came out of the woods
With the goods,
Made a few spurts,
And King George got his deserts.
Some George was he!
Look in the book and see.

Preston Co. Journal.

THE RUNE STONE OF KENSINGTON, MINNESOTA

ABOUT twelve years ago, in November, 1898, a farmer named Olof Ohman, an emigrant from Sweden, found on his farm, three miles northeast from the village of Kensington, in Douglas county, western Minnesota, a very remarkable inscribed stone, purporting to be a record made more than five centuries ago by an exploring party from Scandinavia. The record is in runes, similar to those that were the earliest means of writing and inscription in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Northern Britain.

Like the letters of our alphabet, the runes of the ancient northern inscriptions are phonetic, each representing a sound of the spoken language. The Kensington record is therefore readily changed from its runes to letters, giving Swedish words, which differ from that language of to-day in nearly the same degree as many of the words of Chaucer have been transformed in our modern English usage. The translation of the Kensington Rune Stone is as follows, for the nine lines on the face of the stone:

Eight Goths [Swedes] and twenty-two Norwegians on an exploring journey from Vineland very far west. We had a camp by two skerries [rocks in the water] one day's journey north from this stone. We were out fishing one day. When we returned home, we found ten men red with blood and dead. A V M [Ave, Virgo Maria], save us from evil.

On the edge of the stone an inscription in three lines reads thus:

Have ten of our party by the sea to look after our ships, fourteen days' journey from this island. Year 1362.

The discovery of this stone was made by the farmer and one of his sons, a lad of ten or twelve years, while they were at work clearing off a tract of poplar woods, cutting the trees down and grubbing out the stumps, to bring the land under cultivation. Beneath the stump of a poplar which had a diameter of about ten inches at the ground, tapering to a trunk of half that diameter at the height of eighteen inches or two feet, the stone lay covered by about six inches of the surface soil, in which the tree had sent one of its main roots over the top of the stone and down beside its edge, while another large root descended at its op-

posite edge, both roots being flattened by their growth against the stone. The size of the tree was similar to that of other poplars recently cut near the same place, which are ascertained by their rings of annual growth to be from thirty to forty years old. It thus appears, according to the combined testimony of Mr. Ohman and the tree, that the stone had lain where it was found at least since 1870 or 1860, when the first immigrant settlers came to that region. The inscription indicates that it had reposed there five hundred years before the date implied by the poplar tree.

All the surrounding country consists of glacial and modified drift at the surface, having no outcrop of the underlying bedrocks within a distance of twenty-five miles. Much of the drift is amassed in morainic hills and ridges of irregular contour, with occasional or frequent boulders. One of the drift boulders, severed at a jointage plane probably during its transportation in the lower part of the slowly moving ice-sheet, furnished this tablet-like stone so well prepared to receive its engraved runes. It was on a morainic tract that rises in hills or wide swells 50 to 55 feet above the marshy ground which adjoins this tract on all sides, the stone being at the height of 44 feet above the marsh. Five to six centuries ago the inclosing marsh may have been a shallow lake, making the higher tract really an island then, as it is called by the rune inscription.

Among the boulders of the vicinity several varieties of graywacke, brought from northern Minnesota and parts of Canada farther north, are represented, one of which forms this rune stone, of dark color, fine-grained, and as hard and enduring as any granite. Its durability is well proved by distinct glacial markings on its reverse side opposite to the principal inscription, showing that surface to have remained without decay or loss by weathering since the end of the Ice Age, or, more correctly, since the part of the continental ice-sheet covering western Minnesota was finally melted away. From investigations of the post-glacial erosion of the Falls of St. Anthony and of Niagara by Winchell, Gilbert, Wright, and others, this time is estimated as about 7,000 to 10,000 years ago. Striae or scratches of glaciation on the back side of the rune stone are thus at least a dozen to twenty times as old as the purported age of the runes on its face and edge.

The stone is three feet long, fifteen inches wide, and five inches thick; and its weight is about 230 pounds. Its inscribed face is flat and quite smooth, being a natural plane of jointage such as is frequent in nearly all stone quarries; and the inscribed edge is a part of a transverse joint division, perhaps somewhat further prepared for its record by rude bush-hammering.

A small part of the face of the stone has a thin incrustation of calcite, in which some of the runes are cut; and their preservation without effacement by weathering shows that the stone had lain imbedded in the ground during nearly all the time since it was inscribed, if it is a record of the fourteenth century. Marble gravestones after fifty years of exposure to the weather show as much effacing effect on their inscriptions as these runes cut in the calcite, which is the same as marble in its material and resistance to weathering. If the rune stone was set up as a monument by the explorers, it was doubtless soon examined by the Indians, some of whom had killed and scalped ten men of this party; and, in fear of its disastrous avenging influence, they may have overturned and buried it with the inscribed face downward, as Mr. Ohman found it.

Soon after its discovery in 1898, this stone was sent to Prof. O. J. Breda, of the University of Minnesota, and Prof. George O. Curme, of Northwestern University, who pronounced it a fraud of recent date, perpetrated by some Scandinavian settler or visitor for deception of scientists. With this adverse verdict, the stone was returned to Mr. Ohman, and for several years it lay neglected in his dooryard.

New interest in the Kensington stone and its inscriptions, and a gradual vindication of their probable truth, after many further opposing criticisms and discussions by runologists in this country and Europe, have come through the work of Hjalmar Rued Holand of Ephraim, Wisconsin, who in 1898, the year of the discovery of this rune stone, was graduated at the University of Wisconsin. A year later he received the A. M. degree there for postgraduate studies. In his subsequent researches on the history of Norwegian immigration to the United States, resulting in a volume of 603 pages, published in 1908, Mr. Holand has visited nearly all places having a considerable number of Norse settlers in the Northwest, including their communities in Douglas county,

Minnesota. During these travels, in August, 1907, he learned from Mr. Ohman the circumstances of his finding the rune stone, and obtained it for further investigations, being persuaded that it is what its inscriptions claim. Some deficiencies of the previous translations have been filled by Mr. Holand's comparisons with other runic texts. The numerals especially he has shown to be like those that came into use in Sweden about 600 years ago, being the numeral characters of medieval almanacs, written in the decimal system.

Lectures by Mr. Holand, with exhibition of the stone, have been given before the Minnesota Historical Society in December, 1909, and before the historical societies of Chicago and of Wisconsin in February, 1910; and the stone has been deposited in the museum of the first named society in the fireproof New Capitol of Minnesota.

The most full presentation of objections to the authenticity of the Kensington inscription is by Prof. George T. Flom, of the University of Illinois, in a pamphlet of 43 pages, published in June, 1910, by the Illinois State Historical Society. From certain words on the stone that are regarded as exclusively of modern origin and use, from several verbs lacking the medieval inflectional forms, and from several runes unknown in ancient inscriptions but found in relatively modern inscriptions of the district of Dalarne in Sweden, Professor Flom supposes the Kensington runic record a forgery by some immigrant acquainted with the modern use of runes in Dalarne.

Later a very complete defense has been made in a report of 66 pages by the Museum Committee of the Minnesota Historical Society, published in December, 1910. It is based chiefly on the investigations of one of the members of the committee, Prof. N. H. Winchell, who during thirty years, 1872 to 1902, was the state geologist, and who now is the state archaeologist, engaged in the publication of a quarto volume for this society, on the Indian tribes and mounds of Minnesota. The numerous objections urged by Professor Flom and others against some of the words and runes in the inscription as only of modern usage, are answered in detail by this report, though probably not so convincingly as to be the final contribution in the discussion.

Rumors implicating Mr. Ohman and a former preacher named Fogelblad, who had studied at the University of Upsala, as guilty of forgery of the inscription, have been thoroughly investigated by Mr. Holand and proved to be entirely without justifiable foundation. No clue remains to indicate that any person now or formerly living in Kensington, or ever visiting there, possessed the intimate knowledge of the ancient language and runes that would make such a skillful fraud possible.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, regards the invocation to the Virgin Mary as an evidence of the genuineness of the inscription, since it was in harmony with the religious thought of the Norsemen in the later part of the Middle Ages, but could not be attributed to the present Lutheran Scandinavians, nor would it be likely to be placed in a modern forgery.

The "two skerries," or rocks surrounded by water, have been identified on a projecting point of the western shore of Pelican lake, about twenty miles north, called "one day's journey," from where the rune stone was found. They are exceptionally large drift boulders, now on the low shore of gravel and sand; but Professor Winchell holds the opinion that this lake, like many others in western Minnesota, has been reduced from a higher level of some centuries ago, when the two boulders were skerries in the edge of the water.

"Fourteen days' journey," estimated in the inscription as the distance to the sea, may well have been intended to note the time needed for a return downstream, by the way of the Red river, Lake Winnipeg, and the Nelson river, to the southwest shore of Hudson bay. This probable route of the expedition has been ably discussed by Prof. Andrew Fossum, of St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn. Light boats or canoes could make the return in two weeks, aided by the current of the rivers. A longer time, however, would be required for the upward journey, with delays for fishing, hunting, and gathering berries, to provide food for so large a company.

The main general objection to the Kensington inscription is the great distance inland; for the Norsemen had colonies in Greenland from 985

A. D. through the ensuing five centuries, with expeditions thence to Vineland, identified as Nova Scotia or perhaps eastern Massachusetts, so that we could somewhat readily accept a runic record if it were found near our northeastern coast. But no insuperable argument can be based on the distance from the coast, as is shown by the practicability of the journey upstream from Hudson bay being made, including all probable delays, in one month.

The lack of a European record of this expedition may be perhaps accounted for by the failure of any of the inland explorers to return to their ships. Official memoranda have been found, according to Mr. Holand, showing that the Scandinavian home government in the year 1355 sent out a vessel with a commission to aid the Christian colonies in Greenland, and that it returned in 1364; but no details of the regions visited appear to be extant. May not the survivors of the Minnesota exploring party, instead of returning to Hudson bay and thence to Greenland and to their homes in Norway and Sweden, have become merged with the Mandan Indians on the Missouri river? The Mandans, as described by Catlin and other travelers, had apparently an intermixture of European blood, giving to many members of the tribe a light complexion and blue eyes.

Other stones bearing runic inscriptions seem probably to have been found by Verendrye, in his expeditions of 1737-43, crossing the country from Lake Winnipeg southwestward to the Missouri river near the sites of Bismarck and Mandan. Verendrye and his party found stone pillars on which were inscribed characters that could not be read but were supposed to be of Tartarian origin, and a part of such a stone, inscribed on both sides, was sent to Paris. The account of this is given by Peter Kalm, the Swedish botanist, who traveled in America in 1748-51. His description in the third volume of his *Travels* (London edition, 1771, pages 124-128) makes it wellnigh certain that the inscribed stone "sent to France, to the secretary of state, the Count of Maurepas," was not of Indian workmanship. If that stone can be now found in some museum of Paris, its inscriptions may remove all doubts of the Kensington rune stone as a true record of the year 1362.

Unless such confirmation can be obtained, the discussion is expected to be continued and perhaps decided by carrying the stone to Europe next summer, in accordance with a recommendation from Professor Bothne of the University of Minnesota, for its examination by the most expert Scandinavian runologists, linguists, and historians. But even at that highest tribunal differences of opinions may be nearly like those expressed in this country by the many scholars who have studied and written on this perplexing and fascinating subject. If the stone record is indeed true, as the Minnesota report maintains, this state not only leads in its number of Scandinavian immigrants, but was the earliest to which they came, except that the New England coast was probably visited much earlier by Leif Erikson and others, coming from Greenland and calling the newly found country Vineland.

WARREN UPHAM.

ST. PAUL, MINN.



THE ISLES OF SHOALS

(Concluded)

AMONG the missionaries and teachers sent to the islands by the Newburyport Society there is one worthy of special mention: Miss Hannah Peabody, who went in 1823 as instructor to the islands, and spent some time living there. She was very successful in her work. One of her objects was to instruct the people in useful and industrial works and teach them the simple elements of education. On Sundays she read to as many as would come to hear. She visited the people and took special care and oversight of the children, sometimes taking them to her home to keep them from bad parental influence. When the girls were not in school she taught them carding, weaving and netting. One year she reports one hundred and thirty-eight yards of cloth, four hundred and sixteen skeins of yarn, spun by the girls of her school, and sixty by a poor woman; also thirty-three skeins of twine, one hundred and eighteen yards of netting and chip for twenty hats. The cloth was used to furnish garments for the children of the school, some given to the poor on the islands, and some sold in Portsmouth and Newburyport. This report is a record of her zeal, self-denial and fidelity.

The history of the Shoals gives a long list of the ministers and teachers who have at various times lived and worked among them. Before they came under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay there were three clergymen of the Church of England, Rev. Joseph Hull, Rev. Richard Gibson and Rev. Robert Jordan.

Rev. Joseph Hull was a graduate of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, and Rector of Northleigh, Devon. He gathered a company, sailed to Massachusetts Bay in 1635, and arrived at Weymouth the same year. He was a preacher of some celebrity. About twenty families came with him. He was their minister till 1639 when on account of some difficulty he resigned. After this he was at the Shoals. Cotton Mather speaks of him as being in the first class of New England ministers. Mr. Jen-

ness speaks of him as settled at Agamenticus and visiting the islands, occasionally officiating in a chapel on Smutty Nose.

Rev. Richard Gibson was educated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and came in 1637 as a missionary to a colony on Saco River. He preached at Strawberry Bank (now Portsmouth) and at the Shoals. He was arrested by Massachusetts Bay authorities and convicted, but not punished, as he was about to leave the country. His ministry was one of perfect peace. He was an accomplished scholar, a popular preacher and highly esteemed as a gospel minister. C. F. Adams speaks of him as one who was willing to lay aside his books in order to minister the Sacraments to the fishermen of the Isles.

Rev. Robert Jordan was born in England and came to Maine in 1640 as chaplain to Richmond Island when twenty-eight years of age, and served as minister at the Island and vicinity for about thirty years. After the departure of Rev. Richard Gibson, Jordan continued services at the Shoals.

In 1657 he was arrested by the General Court for opposition to Massachusetts and in 1660 he was forbidden to preach. He was made freeman in 1658. He married Sarah, daughter of John Winter, a leading man at Richmond Island, and became one of the great landed proprietors of the colony and exercised a powerful influence in its affairs. He occupied a large space in the affairs of his town and the Province, was an active, enterprising man placed by education above the mass of the people with whom he connected himself. He came as a religious teacher, but turned his attention to secular things, but though he was prominent in these, never forgot his office as missionary, but whenever occasion offered gave his services to all who needed them.

The next minister was Rev. John Brock, who was born in England in 1620 and came across the seas in 1637; entered Harvard College in 1643; graduated in 1646; spent five years at Dedham, till 1648; taught school at Rowley and went to the Shoals about 1650. He was ordained in Reading 13 November, 1662, and the day after married his predecessor's widow. He was an expert in the Indian language and was recommended as missionary to the Indians in Maine. Cotton Mather calls him "the issue and honor of Harvard College."

Rev. Samuel Belcher succeeded Mr. Brock. He was a native of Ipswich, born in 1640; graduated at Harvard College in 1659, and remained on the Islands till 1672, when he retired by reason of ill health. About 1696 he removed to Newbury-Newtown where he was ordained 10 November, 1698. He served for a while at the little meeting house on the Plains and later at the new house on Pipe-Stave Hill. He is said to have had an excellent gift of preaching. In 1707 he preached before "His Excellency the Governor and Council of Representatives of the Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England." He retired from Newbury to Ipswich, where he died 10 March, 1714-15. During his stay at the Shoals the inhabitants removed from Hog Island (Appledore) to Star Island and erected a new meeting-house there.

Mr. Daniel Greenleaf succeeded Mr. Belcher. He was the first minister at the new house on Star Island. The General Assembly of Massachusetts voted him fourteen pounds for his support providing the New Hampshire General Assembly paid six pounds. From these votes it is evident that the inhabitants of Star Island were quite indifferent to religious concerns.

Mr. Greenleaf was succeeded by Joshua Moody, son of Daniel and Elizabeth Allen Moody and grandson of Caleb Moody of Newbury. He was chosen minister of the Shoals in 1706 and left there in 1733; he taught school in Hampton and Newburyport.

It is related of Mr. Moody that when (during a New England storm in Ipswich Bay in which a fishing shallop was lost with all on board) he wished to awaken his hearers, he described in strong words the dangers and asked them what they would do in like danger, an old sailor replied: "I should h'ist the fores'l and scud away to Squam."

Rev. John Tuck was one of the first settlers of Hampton. He was the first minister regularly ordained to the congregation on the Islands. He was a physician as well as pastor, and his tombstone records that he was "a useful physician both to the bodies and souls of his people." During his pastorate the islanders showed more thrift and sobriety than before. He attended to their material interests as well as their spiritual welfare.

The salary was at one time the largest then paid in New England. He was ordained at the Shoals 26 July, 1732. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Fitch of Portsmouth from the text: "I will make you fishers of men." "Father Moody" of York, son of Caleb Moody, made the prayer "that as the church was founded on the rocks, the gates of hell might never prevail against it."

Mr. Tuck was buried on Star Island. His grave was discovered by Hon. Dudley A. Tyng and by his effort a table monument placed over it. He died in 1773, having served more than forty years.

Rev. Mr. Shaw succeeded him and officiated till the dispersion of the inhabitants at the outbreak of the Revolution. Those who remained were few and poor, unable to support a teacher, and soon lost the disposition to do so. They neglected to choose officers, had no schools, disregarded the Lord's Day, and degenerated into a state of heathenism. They pulled down the meeting-house and burnt it.

After the Revolution there were no ministers or teachers till the close of the century, when, as I have said, the degraded condition of the few inhabitants attracted the attention of people on the main land and missionaries were sent to them, down to 1857. These teachers labored earnestly and faithfully under hard, trying and depressing conditions.

One of them, Reuben Moody, Jr., was there for a few months in 1822. He left a journal of his work, from which I make some quotations.

Mr. Moody seems to have had a very hard time during his stay at the Islands. At his arrival the inhabitants were anxious for him to begin a school. He told them that he was ready to open one as soon as he had wood and a room. One of them came and invited him to view a room which he had provided with wood and seats. He told Mr. Moody that the reason he wanted the school was because his children made such a disturbance at home that he could not sleep in the day time. Mr. Moody says in his journal: "My school presents a singular appearance; in the morning as soon as they see me with my brand of fire and key they all leave their plays and run, and when I am building the fire they flock around me and squat down on the hearth like papposes,

as ragged and nasty most of them." Under another date he writes: "William C. sent me word he did not want me to strike his child over the head as some of the children told him I did yesterday. 'Tis true, with a short stick I rapped his head."

Again he writes: "Had to leave my school today to drive a scholar into it who was hiding under the rocks and walls. Several people were looking on but I did not administer correction till I had entered the porch and they have nothing to talk about. After this she refused to read and procured another whipping. My scholars have the worst of tempers and will refuse to read if corrected ever so slightly. I find there is no way to deal with them but to make them stand in the greatest fear of me."

Mr. Moody's experience as a minister was as unsatisfactory as in teaching. His first service was attended by a small number, at his second a less number. He at this time began religious instruction. He found some children who could say the Lord's prayer and some small questions, but when he asked what became of wicked children when they died he says "I could obtain no answer. Of this they appeared ignorant."

Later he notes six hearers in morning, ten in the evening. He reports: "Last evening I held a meeting but there was much disturbance." His meetings were often disturbed by persons asking theological questions and disputing the statements of the preacher. He encountered a very great hindrance in his work in the intemperate habits of the people; he says: "Parents will allow their children to go almost naked and without food in order to satisfy the craving for drink." He notices one very notable instance: "One poor person's bill for one month amounted to four gallons he has carried home and 175 gills drank at the house of a person for whom he fishes, and at this rate for three months six hundred gallons of rum has been drunk, which is more than a quart a day."

At this time Mr. Eley, who had spent some time on the islands, reports to the Society that he has not the least hope that the benevolent intentions of the Society can ever be thoroughly accomplished till the use of ardent spirits is restrained.

In 1855 Rev. J. Mason thus describes what he did while in the islands: Repairing and caring for the public buildings, making the fires of Sunday and for the day schools, sweeping the floors, ringing the bell, hoisting the Bethel flag, making coffins, filing saws and repairing clocks; his wife working on dresses and garments for the people.

The Rev. Mr. Tuck had a parsonage to live in which after his death was taken down and removed to the main land. Later another was built. Miss Hannah Peabody lived in it and carried on her work for the improvement of the people.

The prosperity of the inhabitants of the Shoals seems to have been an efficient cause of their deterioration in social life and morals.

Jocelyn speaks of the merchant "returning from his voyage to Europe, having disposed of his commodity, comes in with a bark laden with wine, brandy and rum and tobacco; coming ashore he gives them a taster or two, which so charms them that for no persuasions will they go to sea for 2 or 3 days, sometimes for a whole week; till they are wearied with drinking, taking ashore 2 or 3 hogsheads of wine and rum to drink when the merchant is gone. Their expenses for drink put them in debt for the necessities of life, and result in the loss of land and homes and reduce them into absolute poverty."

F. B. Sanborn in his *History of New Hampshire* says: "The first business carried on along the N. H. coast being fish catching and curing, a class of seamen as thirsty as the proverbial fish itself, frequented the islands and seaboard towns."

As I have shown, the Shoals seem to have been in various ways provided with ministers and teachers and to have had during a large part of their history a place for public worship. It is a tradition that the first edifice was on Hog or Appledore Island and built of brick; by the removal of the inhabitants to Star Island it went to ruin and all traces have disappeared. The second was on Smutty Nose, in which Mr. Belcher officiated.

The third was on Star Island, built of timbers from the wrecks of Spanish ships. This house was burnt by a riotous company of the islanders.

The fourth was built by collections made by Hon. Dudley Tyng and was of stone. It was in 1826 injured by fire, repaired and is now standing.

The French and Indians made no attack on the islands, as they were repulsed by the Colonial forces before they reached the islands; but it is a tradition that Betty Moody escaped the Indians by hiding among the rocks.

Eminent authors have thus described the Shoals: Mrs. Thaxter says that they "though sad, stern, bleak and unpromising, are enchanted islands having power to soothe the hurry, worry and fret of life." Champlain, looking at them from Boar's Head saw them as three or four rather prominent islands. Captain John Smith describes them as a number of barren rocks overgrown with shrubs, without grass or woods. Christopher Levett says he could not see one good timber tree nor ground enough for a garden. Jenness tells us of their commercial value and their social and civil condition, and presents them to invalids and pleasure seekers as salubrious islets, an unrivalled summer resort.

Our own Lowell thus in a few words describes them:

A heap of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags
That wait and groan for a ship to be lost.

RUFUS EMERY.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

NEWPORT UNDER THE BRITISH OCCUPATION

(Concluded)

HERE emerges from Honyman's lane (not for many a year yet to be called Church street), the highly respected rector of Trinity church, the Rev. Marmaduke Browne, son of the Rev. Arthur Browne, the original of "the rector" in the "Wayside Inn," and fated himself to survive but a few months longer. You can see the church up the lane, with a royal crown upon the summit of the spire, much as it will appear when a century and a third more shall have circled by.

Here, on the southeastern corner, stands the old Honyman house, and this young lady upon the steps is Penelope Honyman, a granddaughter of the former rector and to become the unfortunate wife of the Rev. George Bisset, now curate of the parish.

This rarely handsome woman alighting from one of the carriages filling the street is Mrs. Dr. Hunter, Godfrey Malbone's youngest daughter, stopping for a chat with Miss Penelope. The young girl by her side is Peggie Malbone, daughter of Francis, fated to marry the grandson of a marquis and great-grandson of a duke, and to pass her life in England.

Nor may we overlook the obsequious servant who helps the ladies down, for he is no less a personage than "Quako Honyman," whose woolly head is to win him a niche in history as the animated battering ram which will, ere long, serve to break through the door of Gen. Prescott's bedroom out there in Portsmouth, and thus assure his famous capture.

As now we turn from Thames street to survey the water front of the town our eyes are caught by some of the signs upon the stone houses we pass: "Gibbs & Channing," "Henry Collins," "Grant & Vernon," "E. F. Malbone," "Stephen Ayrault," and "John & William Tweedy," these last the largest importers of drugs in the American colonies.

What a busy scene is now arresting our attention. A mile of ample

wharves stretches from "Robinson's" on the Point, to "Overing's" on the extreme south, crowded with vessels, lading or unlading, and filled high with merchandise, far beyond the capacity of the warehouses to receive. Sometimes a craft is forced to go the whole length of the range before finding an empty berth in which to discharge.

From one hundred to two hundred vessels engaged in the foreign trade hail from this port, to say nothing of three hundred or four hundred coasters. To Jonathan Nichols, who had his wharf near his house, upon the Point, later known as the "Hunter house," used to belong, before his death, a few years since, not less than sixteen sail. Aaron Lopez — this is his wharf where we are standing, nearly opposite the foot of Honyman's lane — has thirty vessels of his own today. People will tell you, too, with perhaps a pardonable exaggeration, that as many as two thousand two hundred seamen are now engaged in Newport trade. A line of packets runs hence to London. It may be we have chanced to make our visit on the famous record day when a West Indiaman is said to have arrived in Newport harbor on an average every fifty minutes from sunrise to sunset, eighteen in all.

There is gathered a group of purchasers from Connecticut who stopped first at Providence, but not finding in that great market what they needed, have come down here to be sure of it.

Some of those coasters there are unloading the local produce of New Haven and New York and will shortly reload, for those same ports, with molasses and other kinds of foreign merchandise, for not yet has even the ambitious little city at the mouth of the Hudson, although a bit larger than Newport, gotten enough upon her feet to import all the commodities she requires, while still aspiring, some day, to outrival the Rhode Island town in commerce.

Now look at the other side of the picture. We pass on, a half dozen years, to a day, at the beginning of the winter of 1776.

A great hostile fleet has entered Newport harbor and is just about to occupy the town, with, at least, 7,000 soldiers, many of them Hessian mercenaries, with their brutal ways.

Not of course, up to the striking of this fateful hour, has the ebbing of the prosperous tide, which we have just been watching at its flood, waited to begin. As soon as bad blood was first stirred in earnest between the motherland and her American children, the exposed position of Newport caused a haunting dread to take possession of her thoughtful citizens. Much of the trade of the young mart had been carried on with England and shortly began to dwindle. As early as 1774 it is asserted that the commerce of the port had materially diminished. Soon the great Jewish merchants, with their preternatural instinct for presaging the prospects of trade, began, like birds of ill omen, to take their departure. For months British ships of war have been infesting the shores of the island and lying in Newport harbor, under the pretence of enforcing the revenue laws. Their menacing attitude soon threw the inhabitants into the profoundest agitation and distress. Some time since a large number abandoned the town. Great herds of cattle were gathered from the farms and driven to the ferry to swim to the mainland.

Nearly all the merchants of highest standing have sought a refuge in the interior. The capital has been removed from Newport to Providence, or the "Hornet's Nest," as the enemy are pleased to call it.

Up to this point the movement has been gradual and deliberate.

But now, as Sir Peter Parker and his ships, swarming with Redcoats, come in from the sea, panic takes the place of circumspection. The little American force hitherto protecting the island, althogether inadequate to cope with the new conditions, simply withdraws.

Great is the consternation among the deserted inhabitants, imagination picturing a repetition of the scenes of Lexington and Bunker Hill. The enemy shows the same savage temper which it has exhibited everywhere. Every available vehicle has been put in requisition to carry the terrified women and children out upon the island, and up to Howland's Ferry, at its northern end.

Before the beginning of the decline of population, Newport is believed to have numbered 11,000 or 12,000 inhabitants.

Now, after the hegira of so many of her citizens, with the enemy

still lingering upon the ships, much less than a half of that number — perhaps not more than a third — remains in her deserted and silent streets. With the recollection, fresh in our minds, of the multitude which used to fill her thoroughfares with animation and make her now abandoned piers resound with the cheerful noise of commerce, how natural is it to exclaim concerning her, in her present condition: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!" Nor will the perpetual tramp, tramp, of the invading army tomorrow be a welcome substitute for the old pleasant sounds.

As soon as the British landed, they began the plunder of the island. Everything which had been left behind by the fugitives, sheep, grain, hay, fowls, and the few horses and cows disappeared as in a transformation scene, except that the change was to nothing pleasant, but only to empty barns and hungry granaries. The barrack officer, too, went on his unwelcome rounds and quartered in each commodious building, from ten to forty soldiers. There were no longer any homes in Newport, but only houses.

Even the churches were not held sacred, but summoned to shelter their quota, likewise, of armed men. When Dr. Hopkins returned to his parish in 1780, the pulpit, pews and other fixtures in his church had been totally demolished, and the indentations where the soldiers had struck the muzzles of their guns were plainly visible upon the woodwork. This Colony house, in like manner, was turned into a hospital and left, as to its interior, in a ruinous condition.

As time went on and fuel became scarcer (the cold of that winter proving exceptionally bitter), the forests, which had been found clothing the island, upon its discovery and had always formed a cardinal element of its charm, were cut down by the shivering soldiers, never, to this day, to be restored.

Even the rarely inviting orchards planted around farm houses and gentlemen's seats shared this desecration.

Partly perhaps through wantonness, and partly for the sake of procuring firewood, countless houses too were destroyed, it being estimated that there were left standing in the town from five hundred to nine

hundred fewer buildings in 1779 than existed in 1776. In a single day, when the French fleet was hovering near, the British burned, upon the west road, beginning two miles from the town, every house for a mile and for half that distance upon the east road. The day came when even the timber of the wharves was seized to warm the unwelcome guests and to cook their food.

Almost the only object in Newport which received respectful consideration was Trinity church, its minister adhering to the royal cause.

At the close of the period of the occupation the site of this once fairest of towns presented a scene of desolation. Newport was but a shadow of her former self. A commission appointed by the General Assembly reported that the losses of private property, which could be estimated in money amounted to nearly £125,000 in silver. No ledger, however, has ever been manufactured ample enough to permit the accountant to enter upon its pages the damage done at this period to the peerless social life of the town, the blotting out of the original sylvan beauty of the island and the annihilation of that flourishing commerce which lay at the foundation of this nearly perfect form of human life.

Nor can we avoid having pressed upon our attention at this period the inquiry — What purpose had the British government in view in occupying the island of Rhode Island, and how far were they successful in accomplishing their object?

What had they to show, at the end of it all, to balance their vast expenditure and the spreading of terror and misery over one of their lately loyal colonies?

No doubt the first motive for landing an army at the entrance of Narragansett bay was the invasion of the heart of New England. So the General Assemblies of both Rhode Island and Connecticut regarded it, in their formal resolutions upon the movement passed within two or three weeks of its accomplishment.

When we have regard to the present surpassing beauty of this fairest summer capital by the sea, it is scarcely possible wholly to regret the arrest of its former commercial predominance.

To the visitor at Newport, at this season of the year, it appears no misnomer to hear it styled the "Eden of America."

No doubt there were economic laws, affecting the situation, which need not now be taken into consideration, but had trade gained and kept its hold on the lower portion of this island, as on a similar one we wot of, and had it filled it with buildings, "whose tops may reach unto heaven," and had the upper part been laid out in parallel avenues, with an endless number of cross streets, filled with stone houses of a sombre hue, stretching up to Bristol Ferry where then could you have looked to find "the paradise of America"?

Does it sound like a paradox to speak in a still higher sense, of the debt which Newport owes to the Revolutionary era? But she does owe such a debt. It was through that cruel baptism of fire that she was transformed from something common into something rich and rare.

Is it nothing to be changed from a mere prosperous mart of trade into a city of romance, whose atmosphere has the glow of poetry, and whose spaces are peopled with historic memories and shadows of the mighty past?

Is it nothing for men and women to have had offered to them the opportunity of being transmuted from common clay into the stuff that heroes are made of?

Is it nothing for a town to have been given the right to keep, like another Venice, a Golden Book, writ full of names of those who have deserved well of the republic?

So, in the midst of all your perfect life, citizens of Newport, forget not to tell your children and your grandchildren of the days when deeds were done, on this spot, more lasting than granite, more gleaming than marble and purer than the triumphs of the gardener's art. Whatever else, here, grows dim and fades, let it not be the memory of your patriot sires.

DANIEL GOODWIN.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

SOME NOTES ON THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN SCIENCE

(Concluded)

WE have tried to vary somewhat the numerous departments of science which have been treated and at the same time keep within strict chronological arrangement, and thus far have sketched with some care and attention the several leaders of important branches of science in this country, from Dr. Duponceau — 1760 — to Dana, born in 1813. In doing this there have been brought together many names of men who have excelled in certain departments, though all for the general advancement and good of the country, and unquestioned leaders in their respective callings.

During the year last mentioned there was born an explorer of some note and a man important in many ways, yet hardly to be termed great in any single achievement.

We refer to John Charles Frémont, who passed away in 1890, five years before Professor Dana. He had a remarkable career, and although many writers give him little credit for what he really did we are convinced that his work was of enough importance to warrant placing his name in the list as of one who deserves recognition.

Born of good French family, in Savannah, Georgia, he was well educated, though left an orphan at an early age. He graduated from Charleston College, South Carolina, and early taught mathematics, afterward turning his attention to engineering and becoming assistant to Nicollet in his exploration of the Mississippi Valley.

Most of his best work however lay to the west of the Louisiana territory, and in 1842 he was appointed to explore the South Pass, which he did with considerable honor to himself. A year later he led a second expedition to the heart of the Rockies, reaching the head-

waters of the Colorado, the Salt Lake, and eventually ascending the Columbia.

Undoubtedly his most important trip was that of 1845-46, during which he participated in the Mexican War, leading the California settlers in an uprising which resulted eventually in the freedom of northern California and further, in his own election as governor of the territory. He has been called the "Pathfinder," and it is as such that he has the right to be included here; two more expeditions of note, one along the upper Rio Grande in 1848, and another in 1853, are to his credit, the last being of importance as it located passes through the mountains on lines of latitude 38° and 39° which meant much to the later flow of colonization.

There is little doubt but that a great deal of the work of this man had been anticipated, though it brought him into much prominence at the time and secured for him the first Republican nomination for the Presidency of 1856.

However, on the whole, he did much good work, exploring considerable new territory and showing no small amount of courage and endurance as well as good management, all of which were sufficient to make his name a memorable one in the annals of the West.

At about this time we seem to come upon an era of government exploration, reconnaissances and surveys, which gave to us the present established routes and indicated the lines of future railways and sites of many of our present frontier posts. The Far West was slowly becoming better known, though even before Frémont there was a literature of the subject beginning with the hackwork of Carver in 1778 and ending for our purpose with that classic of the period.—Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*.

The life of Frémont is closely connected with that of Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, whose daughter he married. While not in the strict sense a man of science, and in view of the fact that many have written of him in terms by no means complimentary, we are constrained to believe that he has in many instances been unjustly and harshly criti-

cised, much of which has probably been brought about through his political ventures of which however, we make no pretense of knowledge.

To turn from a man who was much before the public, to one who cared less for prominence than for seclusion and study, is somewhat more in the line of this work, and in Lewis H. Morgan we have such a character.

This writer, somewhat inappropriately called "the father of American anthropology," was born in Aurora, Cayuga County, New York, November 21, 1818, and died in 1881 at Rochester. He early became, by adoption, a member of the Seneca tribe of Indians and devoted the better part of a quiet but studious life to the study of the aborigines, both in the locality and in the southwestern part of our country. During the period in which Morgan labored little that could be called accurate knowledge had been gathered, either from the point of anthropology or archæology, though numerous books had been published, propounding theories, and many observations had been made, notably by Schoolcraft and later by Catlin; the former pretending to be infallible, though the work of the latter claims nothing more than to be an extended series of notes on what had been witnessed and known to be true. Indeed Morgan, writing in 1881, near the close of his life, characterises the work of Catlin as being a valuable contribution to American ethnology, and if the one claims the right to be the first among anthropologists, we must, as previously mentioned, ascribe to the earlier student the title of "Father of American Ethnology."

One of the earliest and best books by Morgan was his celebrated *League of the Ho De No Sau Nee*, or Iroquois, and it is a pleasure to note that it has been reprinted and now obtainable, though for some years the original edition was exceedingly scarce and difficult to procure.

The volume has been termed the first thoroughly scientific work on the subject ever published, containing much of vast importance to the student and highly attractive to the general reader. This volume and his *Study of the House and House Life of the American Aborigines* form an almost complete treatise on the habits and customs of the first Americans, and show the author to be a profound student and scholar.

Another volume which stands by itself, is his book on the American Beaver published in 1868, and treating the subject as it had never been taken up before—or since. Though the trade in the skin of this little animal formed such an important factor in early American commerce, little if anything was known by the general public as to his haunts and habits, except what could be gleaned from the work of some cultured trader or trapper, and a man with the combined faculties was no more common in the halcyon days of the early West than is he at the present time in the backwoods of Canada. Morgan's work therefore remains a classic of its kind and is now difficult to procure.

Though not voluminous, this writer did considerable work, a notable contribution being his *Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity*, which was published in 1871 by the Smithsonian and throws much light on an important subject; were it practicable to do so a uniform edition of his various writings would be an admirable addition to the library of the student of American life and manners, and fill a niche that at the present time is unoccupied. Morgan lived and worked almost before his countrymen, as a whole, had awakened to the fact that the time would come when all knowledge of a similar character would have to be gleaned from the researches of others, and the first-hand investigations which he made will always be highly esteemed.

Three other names claim our attention for some slight space and by the inclusion of these we bring the subject almost to the beginning of the last half of the nineteenth century.

The first of these is Captain James B. Eads, of engineering fame, born in 1820; the second, Spencer Fullerton Baird, 1823; and the third Dr. Elliot Coues, 1842. The sketches of these men are in themselves short, and by making mention of them we properly bring to a close the period referred to at the beginning of this second article.

The man who supplied the Government with its first and most useful armored steamboats; who built the St. Louis Bridge, and who made navigable one of the shallowest mouths of the Mississippi, is indeed worthy of a place among the leaders of American science.

James Buchanan Eads was born May 23, 1820, at Lawrenceburg,

Indiana; as a child showed great aptness in the use of mechanical instruments and at ten years of age revelled in a small workshop built for him by his father, where he constructed models of known and unknown contrivances, though it is said that his greatest delight at this time was to take to pieces and put together again the family clock and amuse himself with other and similar pleasures.

While still a youth disaster overtook the family and young Eads was forced to do his share toward procuring the daily bread. In 1839 he obtained a position as purser on a Mississippi steamboat, and under such conditions studied with the utmost care the wonderful river which was afterward to be greatly improved by him and concerning which he probably knew more than any one man. From 1845 until the opening of the Rebellion, Captain Eads turned most of his attention to matters pertaining to the problems of navigation, making, in 1856, a proposition to Congress to keep the channels of the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio and Arkansas Rivers clear of snags, wrecks etc., for a term of years. Though the nation was considerably impressed with the suggestion, and it acted to ultimate good at a later date, it was not passed on at the time. Probably the most important service rendered by Eads however was his supervision of the building of the river fleet of iron-clads, and the work which they did is best recorded in the history of the campaigns of Generals Grant and Halleck, in fact it is doubtful if the capture of Mobile would have been effected by Farragut had it not been for this class of vessel. Early in 1861 his advice was requested and promptly given. Referring to the work which he did, Boynton in his *History of the Navy* says: "One individual put into construction and pushed to completion within a hundred days a powerful squadron of eight steamers * * * The fact that such a work was done is nobler praise than any that can be bestowed by words." In the construction of the steel arch bridge at St. Louis from 1867 to 1874, Mr. Eads had to deal with problems which had not before confronted any engineer, yet the work was successfully accomplished and stands to-day a monument to his name. His final triumph as concerned the jetties of the Mississippi added further laurels to fame already won, and in this connection he clearly outlined, in 1874-78 one of the most magnificent

plans which hydraulic engineering has ever undertaken and which is equalled to-day only by the Panama problem.

Captain Eads died in 1887. Six years previous to that he had been awarded the Albert Medal of the British Society of Arts, in token of its appreciation of the service he had rendered to engineering—being the first American upon whom this honor had been conferred. There is no doubt but that he will always be looked upon with the highest esteem and admiration by his countrymen.

Some time back we mentioned as of one of the Secretaries of the Smithsonian Institution, the name of Spencer F. Baird. Here was a man who probably did more in the broad field of science than any individual previously mentioned, and who was not only honored by being made a member of nearly every American scientific society but also either foreign or corresponding member of most of the important scientific societies of England, France, Germany, Austria and Spain, and a member of the Council of the American National Academy of Sciences.

He was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1823, and graduated from Dickinson College in 1840. The love of out-door life came to him naturally and was greatly stimulated by an early acquaintance with Audubon, formed in 1838. For four years he held the professorship of Natural History at the college which had educated him, and it was only a short time before his resignation from this position that he began his first important work—that of translating and editing the *Iconographic Encyclopedia*.

At this time he accepted the post of assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, holding this position until the death of Professor Henry, at which time he became Secretary, retaining this important office until death, in 1887.

In his writings Professor Baird covered many branches of Natural History though his most elaborate original memories are the *Catalogue of North American Serpents*, and the *Mammals of North America*. Possibly his most important work was done while at the head of the

United States Fish Commission, which was created in 1871, and it is interesting to note that the Emperor of Germany presented to him the "erster Ehrenpreis" of the Internationale Fischerei Ausstellung, held at Berlin, in 1880, and that a year previous he had been awarded the gold medal of the Société d' Acclimation of France, for the excellence of his work in this line. Baird, even as a young and comparatively unknown man was highly appreciated, as is proven by the associations which he formed and the connections which were made with the scientists of the day as Bachman and Wilson, as well as Audubon above mentioned. In his later work he was at times assisted by such men as Girard, Gill, LeConte, Cooper and others, and his treatises on mammalogy and ornithology were the first in the United States to be truly exhaustive and final. He was one of a group of men whose work was of national importance and who from their headquarters, so as to speak, in Washington, did much to propagate the good work which had been so materially assisted by the beneficence of Smithson.

Another man, the last to be named among this collection, whose best work was done while connected with the government, was Elliott Coues, a naturalist of the highest repute and a man to whom we owe much, not only for his original work, but for the many elucidations which he has made on the work of others.

Dr. Coues was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, September 9th, 1842, and was a graduate of the Columbian University at Washington, (class of 1861), from which institution he received at different times the degrees of A. M., M. D., and Ph.D. As an army surgeon he served through the war of the Rebellion, not retiring from the ranks till 1881, though during the period he acted as professor of Zoölogy and Comparative Anatomy at Norwich University, Vermont, from 1873 to 1876. He was naturalist for the United States Boundary Commission of 1875, and collaborated with the Smithsonian Institution as his work at this time was of the highest importance, forming a part of the Official Survey Reports published by the Government.

In 1877 Professor Coues was elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and was without doubt the highest authority upon

the exploration of the West during the nineteenth century, and every student of the subject owes him a debt of gratitude. The excellent work done by him in connection with the Lewis and Clark *Journals* is of the utmost value; his notes and introduction being most exhaustive and commendable. This statement also applies to his edition of the Pike expedition, as well as the *Journals* of Alexander Henry and David Thompson, the latter account being probably of more importance to the northwest than any since the publication of the Mackenzie voyage of 1801. The *American Explorer Series* which includes the Diary of Francesco Garcés; the Journal of Jacob Fowler, and the Narrative of Charles Larpenteur, were also edited by Dr. Coues, who possessed an extraordinary amount of accurate and minute knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, gained from actual travel and personal observation, and as a naturalist he added largely to what was already known regarding the flora and fauna. His personal work in the field was as brilliant and accomplished as that which was undertaken in connection with bibliography. Until recently his list of the various editions of Lewis and Clark has been considered definitive, though now in the lately-published and newly-edited *Journals*, which were done from the manuscripts possessed by the American Philosophical Society, Mr. V. H. Paltsits has added much which escaped the early recorder.

Dr. Coues' death occurred in Washington in 1889. He had been for some time working in connection with the Bureau of American Ethnology, though not an officer of that institution, and his loss was felt not only by his comrades but by the scientific world in general and American Natural History in particular.

Thus we bring to a close these few scattered, and it is hoped not uninteresting remarks, on a subject which is not only a broad one, but which deals with many phases and features in the development of the New World. We have tried to show what science has done, to a certain extent, toward successfully bringing about many important events and how it has assisted in the various industries which go to make up a complete whole.

WILLIAM HARVEY MINER.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

LINCOLN AND THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH CORPS

NO persons rushed with more patriotic fervor to the field of Mars than did the boys of the telegraph. It was my fortune to be made manager of the military telegraph office in the War Department early in the struggle, and it is therefore with confidence I speak of the organization and efficiency of the Military Telegraph Corps of the United States Army.

On the 27th of April, 1861, on the order of Secretary Cameron, David Strouse, David Homer Bates, Samuel Brown and Richard O'Brien, four of the best and most reliable operators on the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's telegraph line, arrived in Washington, and formed the germ out of which grew the best disciplined, the most wonderfully accurate, reliable and intelligent army telegraph corps ever known to the world. They were soon followed by others until over twelve hundred young men enrolled themselves in the corps and rendered services such as had never before been performed for any government. They were from sixteen to twenty-two, boys in years and stature but giants in loyalty and the amount of work they did for their country. A better-natured, more intelligent or harder working band did not exist in the army. They were ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice, and if necessary work day and night without rest, uncomplainingly.

Ofttimes they were sent where the sky was the only roof, a stump their only office, the ground their "downy couch."

With a handful of hard bread and a canteen of water, they would open and work an office on the picket line, to keep the commanding general in touch with his advanced forces, or to herald the first advance of the enemy. When retreat became necessary it was their place to remain behind and to announce that the rear guard had passed the danger line between it and the pursuing foe.

All the movements of the army, all the confidence of the com-

—Read before the United Service Club of Philadelphia.

manders, were entrusted to these boys, yet not one ever betrayed that knowledge and confidence in the most remote degree.

The military telegraph eventually assumed colossal proportions, extending to every part of the Union where a Union soldier could be found. Its delicate yet potent power was felt and appreciated by every department of the Government. The system was elaborate and complete—15,389 miles of wire and over six millions of military telegrams during the war, within the lines of the army.

The boys didn't plan campaigns or fight battles, but amidst the fiercest roar of conflict they were to be found coolly advising the commanding general of the battle's progress. When the army was in motion they were wherever duty was to be performed; when in repose, a thousand general officers had them at their elbows.

The corps was the very nerves of the army during the war, and was so considered by all those that came in contact with it, yet it was not, and has not been, recognized as an integral part of that army.

Its services were great, its sacrifices many. From Yorktown to Appomattox, almost every field, every march, numbered one of the telegraph boys among the fallen. A hundred nameless graves throughout the battlefields of the Union attest their devotion—yet the Government never so much as thanked them for their services. Of the twelve hundred, there are not two hundred left—those who did not die in action succumbed shortly after the war from wounds, or the effect of exposure and imprisonment.

Here let me say of the dead:

Not a funeral note was sounded as they were buried; not a flower is cast on their graves as Memorial Day returns; and of the survivors: They are not admitted to any of the various organizations of those who fought for the Union, and I am so far the only one invited to participate in any of the ceremonies or entertainments of such a society.

A few of the officers were commissioned and in consequence are borne upon the rolls of honor, but the rank and file, who performed the principal duties, although obliged to take an oath of allegiance and of

secrecy, not being technically sworn into the service, were disbanded without a word of thanks or a scrap of paper showing that they had honorably discharged their trying duties.

Secretary Stanton said, in one of his reports to Congress: "The military telegraph has been of inestimable value to the service, and no corps has surpassed it."

Though Congress has often been appealed to, to right the wrong and enroll the corps, the wrong remains unrighted.

One there was, had life been spared him, that would have seen justice done us—but the corps, like humanity in general, suffered when Abraham Lincoln died. It was through my connection with the corps that I knew Mr. Lincoln, and so I group a glimpse of him with one of it.

I first saw him in Harrisburg as he emerged from the Jones House, in the judicious act of flanking any hostile movement in Baltimore, as he proceeded to Washington. As a military telegrapher I came in contact with him many times daily, and often late at night. He was always on terms of easy familiarity with the operators, and so my acquaintance with him was formed.

I soon saw a man before me with a kind heart and charitable disposition, who had a duty to perform that he intended performing with conscientious exactitude. In the many telegrams he wrote or dictated, and in the conversations with Mr. Seward, who usually came with him to the telegraph office, he displayed a wonderful knowledge of the country, its resources and requirements, as well as an intuition of the needs and wants of the people.

In the autumn of 1861 there were many fires in Washington, and among the many great annoyances of irrelevant subjects thrust upon him in those trying times, were the constant offers from everywhere, to form fire brigades, as a component part of the army, for the protection of the Capital. He bore it all as a part of the responsibility resting on him; yet at last was compelled to rebuke it from sheer lack of time to give it any attention.

A committee of Philadelphia citizens eloquently urged the matter,

but valuable time was wasting, and Mr. Lincoln was forced to bring the conference to a close, which he did by gravely saying, and as if he had just awakened to the true import of the visit, "Ah! Yes, gentlemen, but it is a mistake to suppose that I am at the head of the Fire Department of Washington. I am simply the President of the United States." The quiet irony had its effect—the committee departed.

The personal familiarity of Mr. Lincoln, shown in his intercourse with the war telegraphers, already spoken of, cannot be better illustrated than by relating a few personal encounters with him:

September 26, 1861, was an appointed day for humiliation, fasting and prayer, and was generally observed throughout the North. We operators were extra vigilant at our posts; our boy George was engaged in preparing a "Daniels' battery" when, shortly after noon, Mr. Lincoln came in. Spying George, he accosted him with "Well, sonny, mixing the juices, eh?" Then taking a seat in a large arm-chair and adjusting his spectacles, he became aware that we were very busy. A smile broke over his face as he saluted us with "Gentlemen, this is Fast Day, and I am pleased to observe that you are working as *fast* as you can; the proclamation was mine, and that is my interpretation of its bearing upon you."

Then changing the subject he said, "Now we will have a little talk with Governor Morton, at Indianapolis. I want to give him a lesson in geography. Bowling Green affair I set him all right upon; now I will tell him something about Muldraugh Hill. Morton is a good fellow, but at times he is the skeeredest man I know of."

It was customary for Mr. Lincoln to make frequent calls at our office, either for direct telegraphic communication, or to get what he called news.

One day in September, 1861, he called with Mr. Seward, and saying pleasantly "Good morning, what news?" I replied, "Good news—because none;" whereupon he rejoined "Ah, my young friend, that rule don't always hold good, for a fisherman don't consider it good luck when he can't get a bite!"

Once, also with Mr. Seward, he entered. They seemed to have es-

caped from some great bore, and the President appeared greatly relieved as he sank into an arm-chair, saying, "By jings, Governor, we are here!" Mr. Seward turned to him, and in a manner of semi-reproof said: "Mr. President, where did you learn that inelegant expression?" Without replying Mr. Lincoln turned to us and said: "Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you; 'by jings' is swearing, for my good old mother taught me that anything that had a *by* before it is swearing. I won't do so any more."

Abraham Lincoln will live in the true history of his times as one who was unflinching in his devotion to duty, unswerving in fidelity and one who tried to live a manly life within the bounds of his comprehension of manhood's aims and duties.

WILLIAM B. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA.

TWO LETTERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(These two, on so widely different subjects, are alike as witnesses to Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart. What other Chief Magistrate, of any nation, would have been equally ready in the midst of his harassing responsibilities, to allow the mother of a rebel prisoner to visit her son, and to help an unknown soldier to secure employment?)

Executive Mansion, Washington, Oct. 9, 1863.

Hon. Secretary of War:

Sir—Mrs. Thomas G. Clemsin is a daughter of the late Hon. John C. Calhoun, and is now residing near Bladensburg in Maryland. She understands that her son, Calhoun Clemsin, is now a prisoner of War to us at "Johnson's Island;" and she asks the privilege merely of visiting him. With your approbation, I consent for her to go—

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

A short note, Dec. 9, 1864:

I shall be glad if any Department or Bureau can give employment to this discharged soldier.—A. LINCOLN.

1107 M

THE REAL VICTIM OF BOOTH

Abraham Lincoln would never agree that Andrew Johnson should be relegated to an obscurity so dark compared with the illumination of his own fame.

The tragedy which removed Lincoln made Johnson President; and there will always be those who will maintain that Johnson, not Lincoln, was the real victim of Booth's pistol shot. Booth never calculated on such a result, if he calculated on anything. Lincoln's ideas of the correct policy of reconstruction, so far as they were pre-figured by his words and acts in the days when the war was manifestly drawing to a close, were not the ideas of the dominant spirit in Congress. Perhaps Lincoln, "master of men," as he has been called, might have escaped the bitter experience to which his successor was doomed. We cannot tell. Johnson, who was not a master of men, could not escape. He had no power to quell or even to allay the storm which broke about him. He was no match for the radicals in Congress, led by such astute men as Thaddeus Stevens, Benjamin F. Butler, and John A. Logan. He lacked one essential element of greatness—the power of self control—and the rupture between him and the party which had placed him in office became one of the most deplorable episodes in American political history. The popularity he had enjoyed vanished, and he became the object of angry and violent partisanship, relinquishing the office of President with scarce a voice to bid him a respectful farewell.

It is even now too early to estimate with exact justice the merits of the controversy over reconstruction in which Andrew Johnson and Congress—or more accurately, the Republican majority in Congress—became involved. As time goes on, however, there is manifest a continually growing tendency to judge of him less harshly, and to speak of him as unfortunate rather than as wrong. He suffers, perhaps to an extent unjustly, when placed in comparison with Lincoln, whose work he was forced to take up when he was clearly unequal to the task. It was an evil hour for him when this responsibility was laid upon his shoulders. Happier would he have been had he not climbed so high. On this centennial day of his birth it is best that we should remember him as the to his country, and recall his steady progress onward. What happened poor boy, eager for an education, eager to rise, eager to be of service to him at the last cannot obliterate that inspiring sight.—*New Bedford Standard*.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXIV

THE FORESTERS

THERE were preparations for a hunter's carousal in the heart of the forest. The scene of their revel was a sunny glade, where a dozen idlers were lounging away the noontide beneath the dappled boughs. A fire had been kindled upon a flat rock near by, and from the rivulet that gurgled around its base, the neck of a black bottle protruded, where it had been anchored to cool in the running water. A fresh-killed buck lay as if just thrown upon the sod in the midst of the woodland crew, who stirred themselves from the shade as the hunter who had flung the carcass from his strong shoulders turned to lean his rifle against the fretted trunk of a walnut-tree that spread its branches near.

"Why, Kit Lansingh, my boy, you are no slouch of a woodman to carry a yearling of such a heft as that," cried our old friend Balt, lifting the deer by its antlers partly from the ground. "You must have struck the crittur, too, a smart distance from here, for none of us have heard the crack of your rifle to-day."

"Somebody may, though you have not, Uncle Balt; for, let me tell you, boys, there's other folks in the woods besides us chaps here."

The hunters started up and were now all attention—for the signs of strangers in the forest is ever a source of keen interest to the woodsman, who, when the frontier is in arms, never ventures to strike the game of which he is in search without remembering that he himself may be, at that very moment, the human quarry of some more dangerous hunters that hovers near.

"Nay, Conyer, go on cutting up the carcass. I've left no trail to guide a Redskin to this spot," said the hunter, disembarassing himself of his powder-horn and shooting-pouch, which he hung upon a wild plum-bush near by. "We can sit down to dinner without any of Brant's people

coming to take pot-luck with us; for I've scoured every rod of ground within miles of the camp. But the Redskins are out, nevertheless, I tell ye."

"Where, Kit, where? How know you?" simultaneously cried a dozen voices.

"Why, you see, it must be at least four hours ago since I struck that yearling, which was down in the Whooping Hollow by Cawaynoot Pond."

"Cawaynoot Pond!" ejaculated a hunter. "What, that little bog-bordered lake, with the island that floats loose upon it like a toast in a tankard?"

"Go on, go on, Kit," cried another. "We all know the Whooping Hollow; but you were a bold fellow to strike a deer there."

"Yes, I stirred him first in the marsh at this end of Cawaynoot, and that's a fact. But, instead of taking the water there, he puts out westward, and clips it right over toward the river, till he brought me in sight of the Potash Kettle."

"Senongewah—'The Great Upturned Pot'—the Abregynes call it," ejaculated Balt; "I know the mounting."

"Well," pursued Lansingh, "the buck doesn't keep on toward the river, but hooks it right round the rim of the Kettle, and back again toward the east. It was, in course, long afore I could git a shot; and following hard on his trail along a hillside overgrown with short sprangly bushes, I saw, by the way in which they were trampled down, that a white man must have passed that way before me."

"A white man?" cried several voices, with increasing interest.

"Yes, a white man; and that within no very great time, anyhow."

"How knew you that, Kit?" asked Balt.

"Why, I cleared the bushes aside, looked down and there, as plain as my Bible, I saw the print of his shoe in the moss."

"Which, in course, would not hold a foot-print long if it was fresh and springy. Kit is right, boys," said Balt.

"And that wasn't all, uncle. I saw a shoe-print in the fresh moss, with that of a small Injun moccasin treading right in his footsteps. (A little salt, Teunis; now let the gravy of that other slice drip on my corn-cake till I'm ready for it—so fashion.)"

"A moccasin? Go on, go on, Kit," cried an eager young hunter.

"Let a man eat in whiles, won't you lads?" said Lansingh, who seemed disposed to make the most of his narrative; "well, I went on, followed my deer till I got a shot at him from behind a cranberry bush in the Whooping Hollow, and just as he was bending his knees to take the water near the very spot where I first started him (it was natural, you know, Uncle Balt, for the crittur to go back where he belonged—a drop of that liquor, if you please), he caught my bullet in the back of his neck, gave a splurge, and was done for.

"So, after pulling him out of the water, I hangs up the carcass out of reach of the wolves, and goes back to look after the white man's trail.

"It kept along the hillside only a short distance, and then struck suddenly off atween two rocks and among some dogbriers, where I nearly lost it, right over the ridge; on the opposite side of which it led right back in the direction from which I had first traced it. Now, says I to myself, says I, it's after all only some fool of a fellow that has lost himself in these woods, which are about the easiest to travel a human crittur could have, seeing that the hills are so many landmarks all around. Let him go to the old boy, says I, for a dunderhead as he is. No, again says I, here's an Injun moccasin right in his track, and perhaps it's some unfortunate who's been driven to take to the bush by the troubles of the times, and not come here to make a fool of himself for pastime; so Kit Lansingh, streak it ahead, man, and look after your fellow-crittur."

"I'd a disowned ye for my sister's son had ye done otherwise," interrupted Balt.

"Well," pursued the hunter, "I did go ahead, and that though it took me myself out of my way, Uncle Balt. I followed the scent for miles toward the east, till I thought it would take me clean out to Lake George. But at last I saw what paid me for my trouble; for, in crossing

a bit of pine barren, I came upon a raal Indian trail, and no mistake about it—where a dozen men or more had streaked it through the sand after my shoe and moccasin.”

“Tormented lightning!” cried Balt, rubbing his hands in much excitement; “go on, go on, Kit; d’ye say a dozen Injuns?”

“Yes, uncle, not a Copperskin less; and let me tell you now that this discovery discomboberated me considerably. Why, says I to myself, says I, why should a dozen Redskins be led away thus after one poor wanderer, when they might see already, from the double trail, that he is a doomed man, from the moccasin tread that is still fresh in his footfalls; here’s something new, now, to study in Injun nature, and I’ll see the end of it. So, with that, I ups and ons.

“And now I soon saw, by the way in which the white man’s track doubled and doubled again, crossing and recrossing that of the Injuns in one eternal everlasting snarl, that the fellow could not be cutting such carlicues for nothing. He knows what he’s about. He’s a chap that understands himself, says I; and I began to have respect for him.

“By this time, though I ought to have said it afore, the trail had led west again; yes, indeed, clean across the river, which I forded in following it, and then up and away over the ridge on the opposite side, striking clean over to the Sacondaga. I mistrusted that it would cross that river, too, as it had the other branch; but no, it follows down to the meeting of the waters, or *Tiosaronda*,* as the Abregynes call it. There, where the falls of the main river roar through the rocky chasm as it hurries along like mad to join the other fork. And here, says I, the game will either be up with Shoeties, or he will give Moccasin the slip altogether. And raally, boys, I defy the best woodsman among ye—I defy the devil, or Uncle Balt himself—to find any leavings of that white man around the place. You may see there the woods trampled all round by Injuns. You may see where they have slipped down the bank, and where they’ve clomb up again. You may follow their trail backward and forward along either fork of the stream for a mile, and you may see where they all united again, and trudged off as if to take up the back

*Now Luzerne.

track once more afresh, and so make a new thing of it; but how or whither that white man cleared himself, you cannot find out!"

"That flogs natur!" cried a hunter. "And saw ye no other trace of the critturs anywhere, Kit? Not a hair's ashes of them?"

"Yes! but not thereabouts; and now, boys, I'm about to tell you the curiosest part o' the hull business. For you must know, that, if I had not left my deer where I did, the snarl might have remained without any farther clew. But as, after giving up the chase, I made back-tracks up the river, recrossed, and struck out again for Whooping Hollow to bring the venison on here to camp, what should I discover but the self-same track of the white man right in the heart of the hollow. I did not look to see whether the floating island was near shore, or if he had stepped aboard and floated off on it; but, 'my friend,' says I to him—I mean, says I to myself—'my friend,' says I, 'had I seen your first track in the Whooping Hollow, and on the very shores of Cawaynoot, you would never have led me sich a Jack-a-lantern chase as this. I'm not a gentleman that keeps company with the Striped Huntsman or Red-heeled Rob, as the Scotch settlers call ye; and, if we *are* ever to make acquaintance, your own parlor in the Whooping Hollow is not exactly the place I would choose for an introduction. With that I cut out in quick order from the hollow, and made clean tracks for camp. And that, boys, is the hull o' my story; and now let's have something to drink."

The woodsmen all listened with deep attention to this long rigmarole narrative as it was slowly detailed by the young hunter. By some it was received merely as an idle tale of wonder, such as those who love the marvellous may often hear from the simple-minded rangers of our forest borders. It was but one of the thousand stories told about the Whooping Hollow, whose mysteries none could, and few cared to solve. (For though the wild, whooping sound, from which in former times, the hollow took its name, is now never heard, save in echo to a human voice, the floating island is still pointed out to the traveller as his road winds around the basin at the bottom of which reposes the little lake of Cawaynoot.*) Others, again, regarded the story of Christian's adventures as

*Cawaynoot is the term for "island" in the Mohawk tongue. The lake is now generally called "Adam's Pond," from the name of a settler upon its banks.

affording positive evidence of the neighborhood of Indians; and though "The Striped Huntsman," as he was called, might be at the bottom of the business, yet it was evident that a considerable band of mortals like themselves had been equally, with young Lansingh, misled by his deviltries and lured into their immediate neighborhood. This last was, in fact, the view which old Balt took of the matter

"Not," said the honest woodsman, "that the crittur whom folks call 'The Striped Huntsman' be ither a good sperrit or a bad sperrit, or whether or no there be any sperrit at all about the matter! Nother do I pretend to say, with some people, that the Striped Huntsman is only some roguish half-breed or outlawed Injun Medicine-man, who has pitched upon this unsettled part of the patent between the Scotch and German clearings and the Mohawk hunting grounds, as the very corner of the airth from which it was the business of no one in partikler to oust him, whatever shines he might cut up on his own hook. No, I leave it to the dominie, whose business it is to settle sich matters. (Pity the good man couldn't catch some droppings o' eloquence from yonder preaching brook to lifen his sarmints!) But I tell ye, boys, that if it be raally the track of the crittur which lies fresh in our neighborhood, it's not such an unlikely sperrit after all; for why may we not captivate some of the Redskins that it has coaxed towards us, and thus, mayhap, git tidings of the poor lost capting?"

"Oh, Balt," said a hunter, "you are for ever thinking of poor Capten Max, whose bones must be long since cold."

"And for what else, Rhynier Peterson, did we come off on this tramp, if it was not that all of us had some thought of the capting? And born heathens we'd a' been had we not come to look after him," added Balt, indignantly.

"Yes; but, Balt," said another, "though we all of us followed you willingly enough at first, yet haven't we all determined long ago that it was a wildgoose chase you were leading us after? Here, now, we've been fifty miles above here, poking about among mountains so big, that, if the summer ever manages to climb them, it is only to rest herself for a week or so, when she slants down the other side, and leaves the snow right

off to settle in her place. The old 'North,' too, haven't we followed up the river to where it dodges about, trying to hide its raal head in a hundred lakes? These lakes, moresomeover, haven't we slapped through them into five times as many more, and made portages up to the leetlest tricklings of some of them? To be sure we have; and what good has it done us, all this trampoosing and paddling hither and thither in this eternal wilderness? We are now within ten miles of Lake George, and less than half that distance of the mouth of the Sacondaga, and my say is, either to strike over at once to Fort William Henry, or to cross the river below the forks, and make the best of our way to Saratoga."

"And that's my say too," said a gray-headed hunter who had not yet spoken. "It's a fool's errand looking farther for the captain. I don't myself altogether believe that young Max is completely done for in this life; for we found traces enough of him in the deserted squaw camp last autumn; and if the Injuns kept him alive so long, he may yet wear his scalp in safety. But it all comes to the same thing if Brant has carried him off to Canada, where he'll be sure to keep him till these wars are over."

"What! you too, Hank Williams!" replied Balt, with a look of keen reproach at the last speaker; "you, who were the first to offer to take to the woods with me, and keep there till, dead or alive, we found the capting! Well, boys, I don't want to git riled with ye when, mayhap, we are jist upon the pint of a fight, where a man wants all his coolness; but I tell ye one thing, I came out here after young Max, and, dead or alive, I don't go in without him. You may drop off one by one, or go away the hull biling on ye together, ye may; but old Balt will not leave these woods till he gits fairly upon his trail; and, once upon it, he'll follow it up, if he has to streak it again clean through the mountains to Canada. So, now we understand each other, let's eat our dinner without no more words said about the matter, but go and look after these Injuns as soon as may be."

"Why, uncle," said Christian Lansingh, as the rest of the party now addressed themselves silently to the rude meal before them, "I've never thought for a moment of giving up the chase as long as you thought it well to go ahead."

"I know'd it, boy, I know'd it; the son of old Christian and my nephew is not the chap to be skeered from his promise by some nigger nurse's gammon about the Striped Huntsman and sich fooleries."

"Oh, our friends don't stickle about the matter we have now in hand," said another young hunter, modestly; "but, you know, Balt, some of them have left their homes and——"

"Their *hums*? And who in all natur wants a better hum nor this? Here are walls that rise straight upward higher than any you see in housen, keeping the wind away, yet letting you stop about where you choose without getting out o' doors—for these walls follow you, as it were, and close around you wherever you move; and as for them as wants a fireside, why, aint the woods right full of clean hearth-stones and cosy nestling-places? A *hum*? Tormented lightning! is it a soft bed ye want there, lads? Why, isn't yonder mossy tussock as fresh and springy as e'er a pillow your good woman could shake up for ye—there, I mean, where that whoof of vine-leaves, close as an Injun mat, spreads over to keep alike the sun and dew away? Lads, lads, I'm ashamed on ye to talk o' housen in a place like this, where the very light from heaven looks young and new—you may laugh, Bill, but it does, I say—the light of God looks bright, and fresh, and tender here, as if it might a' been twin-born with the young Summer this very year—see only—jist see for yourselves how it scatters down through the green thatch of yonder boughs, which lift each moment as if some live and pleasant thing dropped from them on the sod below!"

"It is of those they have left at home," rejoined the young hunter, the moment that Balt, pausing to catch breath, allowed him to put in a word; "our friends have left wives and families at home, whom they must look after in times like these; but here's half a dozen of us useless lads, who will keep the woods with you until you yourself shall say that we have made a clean thing of it."

The doughty Balt semed to wince a little under the first of these remarks; for he was compelled to admit the force of it. He did not reply, however, save by patting the speaker on the shoulders, and nodding to him kindly as he buried his face in the flagon from which the whole of

the company drank in succession. The rest of the meal was despatched in silence, and the party then made their preparations for proceeding to the spot where Christian Lansingh had last seen the mysterious foot-prints.

Leaving Balt and his crew of foresters to make a cautious and weary reconnoissance of this enchanted ground, let us give our attention to the two wanderers, whom the reader may soon have cause to suspect were the real flesh and blood actors in this game of woodland magic.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be Continued.)

REASON OF THE DELAY

Our subscribers are entitled to an explanation of the long delay in issuing our January number. It was due primarily to the burning of our printers' establishment, with the whole of the January edition, which would otherwise have been sent to the bindery the next day and been mailed to our subscribers two days thereafter.

The fire, of course, set everything back, and when the number was at last reprinted, wrapped and sent to the postoffice, it was refused by the officials because a small label, conveying the information given above, had been pasted on each number. We were consequently obliged to have all returned, to have the offending label covered with brown paper before the MAGAZINE could finally be started on its way. To such petty annoyances does the Postoffice Department in "the land of the free," subject the publishers of periodicals.

BOOK REVIEW

THE CAMPAIGN OF CHANCELLORSVILLE. A Strategic and Tactical Study. By John Bigelow, Jr., Major U. S. Army, retired. With Maps and Plans. 8vo. XVI + 528 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press and London: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press, 1910.

A treatise on military science and tactics as illustrated by a great campaign of the Civil War.

"My object in describing the campaign," the author states, "has been not only to tell what was done, but also to show how it was done, to present a characteristic or typical view of the conditions and methods of troop-leading that obtained during our Civil War."

About sixteen years ago the author selected this theme for his course of lectures for his classes in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and this volume is the outgrowth of that work.

In this campaign the author found a greater variety of military problems and experiences and a more rapid succession of critical situations than in any other campaign in which an army of the United States had taken part. The richness of its military lessons has enabled the author to give a minute and scientific description of the campaign—a campaign hitherto only imperfectly apprehended and described.

The work is divided into two parts—the period of preparation and the period of operation. It is a masterly treatment of the campaign from the time when Hooker was appointed commander of the Army of the Potomac to the time when Lee initiated the campaign of Gettysburg.

To those who desire to make a critical study of military history the volume is authoritative and exhaustive. For military schools and institutions where military tactics form a part of the curriculum, the volume will be of especial interest as an authoritative study of strategical situations and tactical movements in warfare.

So long as militarism is necessary to preserve the rights of nations, so long will a class of citizens in every nation have occasion to study critically the great campaigns of history as a preparation for emergencies which may arise at any time.

For such a study this volume is admirably suited. Many maps illustrate clearly the topography of the country about Chancellorsville. A good bibliography is found. A copious index renders accessible instantly every fact mentioned in the volume.

One thousand copies on good paper with excellent press-work have been produced. Throughout the volume valuable foot-notes are found.

As the history of a single campaign the volume has few peers in the book-world—certainly fewer superiors of its kind.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XIII

MARCH, 1911

No. 3

SOCIAL FORCES IN AMERICAN HISTORY

THE transformations through which the United States is passing in our own day are so profound, so far-reaching, that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that we are witnessing the birth of a new nation in America. The revolution in the social and economic structure of this country during the past two decades is comparable to what occurred when independence was declared and the Constitution was formed, or to the changes wrought by the era which began half a century ago, the era of Civil War and Reconstruction.

These changes have been long in preparation and are, in part, the result of world-wide forces of reorganization incident to the age of steam production and large-scale industry, and, in part, the result of the closing of the period of the colonization of the West. They have been prophesied, and the course of the movement partly described, by students of American development; but after all, it is with a shock that the people of the United States are coming to realize that the fundamental forces which have shaped their society up to the present are disappearing. Twenty years ago, as I have before had occasion to point out, the Superintendent of the Census declared that the frontier line, which its maps had depicted for decade after decade of the westward march of the nation, could no longer be described. To-day we must add that the age of free competition of individuals for the unpossessed resources of the nation is nearing its end. It is taking less than a generation to write the chapter which began with the disappearance of the line of the frontier — the last chapter in the history of the colonization of the United States, the conclusion to the annals of its pioneer democracy.

—Extract from the annual address of the president of the American Historical Association, at Indianapolis, December 28, 1910.

It is a wonderful chapter, this final rush of American energy upon the remaining wilderness. Even the bare statistics become eloquent of a new era. They no longer derive their significance from the exhibit of vast portions of the public domain transferred to agriculture, of wildernesses equal to European nations changed decade after decade into the farm area of the United States. It is true there was added to the farms of the nation between 1870 and 1880 a territory equal to that of France, and between 1880 and 1900 a territory equal to the European area of France, Germany, England, and Wales combined. The records for 1910 are not yet available, but whatever they reveal they will not be so full of meaning as the figures which tell of upleaping wealth and organization and concentration of industrial power in the East in the last decade. As the final provinces of the Western empire have been subdued to the purposes of civilization and have yielded their spoils, as the spheres of operation of the great industrial corporations have extended, with the extension of American settlement, production and wealth have increased beyond all precedent.

The total deposits in all national banks have more than trebled in the present decade; the money in circulation has doubled since 1890. The flood of gold makes it difficult to gauge the full meaning of the incredible increase in values, for in the decade ending with 1909 over 41,600,000 ounces of gold were mined in the United States alone. Over four million ounces have been produced every year since 1905, whereas, between 1880 and 1894 no year showed a production of two million ounces. As a result of this swelling stream of gold, aided by a variety of other causes, prices have risen until their height has become one of the most marked features and influential factors in American life, producing social readjustments and contributing effectively to party revolutions.

But if we avoid those statistics which require analysis because of the changing standard of value, we still find that the decade occupies an exceptional place in American history. More coal was mined in the United States in the ten years after 1897 than in all the life of the nation before that time.¹ Fifty years ago we mined less than fifteen million long tons of coal. In 1907 we mined nearly 429,000,000. At the present rate it is estimated that the supply of coal would be exhausted

¹ Van Hise, *Conservation of Natural Resources*, pp. 23, 24.

at a date no farther in the future than the formation of the Constitution is in the past. Iron and coal are the measures of industrial power. The nation has produced three times as much iron ore in the past two decades as in all its previous history; the production of the past ten years was more than double that of the prior decade. Pig-iron production is admitted to be an excellent barometer of manufacture and of transportation. Never until 1898 had this reached an annual total of ten million long tons. But in the five years beginning with 1904 it averaged over twice that. By 1907 the United States had surpassed Great Britain, Germany, and France combined in the production of pig-iron and steel together, and in the same decade a single great corporation has established its domination over the iron mines and steel manufacture of the United States. It is more than a mere accident that the United States Steel Corporation with its stocks and bonds aggregating \$1,400,000,000 was organized at the beginning of the present decade. The former wilderness about Lake Superior has, principally in the past two decades, established its position as overwhelmingly the preponderant source of iron ore, present and prospective, in the United States — a treasury from which Pittsburgh has drawn wealth and extended its unparalleled industrial empire in these years. The tremendous energies thus liberated at this center of industrial power in the United States revolutionized methods of manufacture in general, and in many indirect ways profoundly influenced the life of the nation.

Railroad statistics tell the same story of unprecedented development, the formation of a new industrial society. The number of passengers carried one mile more than doubled between 1890 and 1908; freight carried one mile has nearly trebled in the same period and has doubled in the past decade. Agricultural products tell a different story. The corn crop has only risen from about two billion bushels in 1891 to two and seven-tenths billions in 1909; wheat from six hundred and eleven million bushels in 1891 to only seven hundred and thirty-seven million in 1909, and cotton from about nine million bales in 1891 to ten and three-tenths millions bales in 1909. Population has increased in the United States proper from about sixty-two and one-half-millions in 1890 to seventy-five and one half millions in 1900 and to about ninety millions in 1910.

It is clear from these statistics that the ratio of the nation's increased production of immediate wealth by the enormously increased exploitation of its remaining natural resources vastly exceeds the ratio of increase of population and still more strikingly exceeds the ratio of increase of agricultural products. Already population is pressing upon the food supply while capital consolidates in billion-dollar organizations. The "Triumphant Democracy" whose achievements the iron-master celebrated has reached a stature even more imposing than he could have foreseen; but still less did he perceive the changes in democracy itself and the conditions of its life which have accompanied this material growth.

Having colonized the Far West, having mastered its internal resources, the nation turned at the conclusion of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century to deal with the Far East, to engage in the world-politics of the Pacific Ocean. Having brought to its logical conclusion its long continued expansion into the lands of the old Spanish empire by the successful outcome of the recent war, the United States became the mistress of the Philippines at the same time that it came into possession of the Hawaiian Islands, and the controlling influence in the Gulf of Mexico. It provided early in the present decade for connecting its Atlantic and Pacific coasts by the Isthmian Canal, and became an imperial republic with dependencies and protectorates — admittedly a new world-power, with a voice potential in the problems of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

This extension of power and undertaking of grave responsibilities in new fields, this entry into the sisterhood of world states, was no unrelated event. It was, indeed, in some respects the logical outcome of the nation's march to the Pacific, the sequence to the era in which it was engaged in occupying the free lands and exploiting the resources of the West. When it had achieved this position among the nations of the earth, the United States found itself confronted, also, with the need of constitutional readjustment, arising from the relations of federal government and territorial acquisitions. It was obliged to reconsider questions of the rights of man and traditional American ideals of liberty and democracy, in view of the task of government of other races politically inexperienced and undeveloped.

When we turn to consider the effect upon American society and domestic policy in these two decades of transition we are met with palpable evidences of the invasion of the old pioneer democratic order. Obvious among them is the effect of unprecedented immigration to supply the mobile army of cheap labor for the centers of industrial life. In the past ten years, beginning with 1900, over eight million immigrants have arrived. The newcomers of the eight years since 1900 would, according to a writer in 1908, "repopulate all the five older New England States as they stand to-day; or, if properly disseminated over the newer parts of the country they would serve to populate no less than nineteen states of the union as they stand." In 1907 "there were one and one-quarter million arrivals. This number would entirely populate both New Hampshire and Maine, two of our oldest states." "The arrivals of this one year would found a state with more inhabitants than any one of twenty-one of our other existing commonwealths which could be named." Not only has the addition to the population from Europe been thus extraordinary, it has come in increasing measure from southern and eastern Europe. For the year 1907, Professor Ripley,² whom I am quoting, has redistributed the incomers on the basis of physical type and finds that one-quarter of them were of the Mediterranean race, one-quarter of the Slavic race, one-eighth Jewish, and only one-sixth of the Alpine, and one-sixth of the Teutonic. In 1882 Germans had come to the amount of 250,000; in 1907 they were replaced by 330,000 South Italians. Thus it is evident that the ethnic elements of the United States have undergone startling changes; and instead of spreading over the nation these immigrants have concentrated especially in the cities and great industrial centers in the past decade. The composition of the labor class and its relation to wages and to the native American employer have been deeply influenced thereby; the element of sympathy with labor has been unfavorably affected by the pressure of great numbers of immigrants of alien nationality and of lower standards of life.

The familiar facts of the massing of population in the cities and contemporaneous increase of urban power, and of the massing of capital and production in fewer and vastly greater economic units especially attest the revolution. "It is a proposition too plain to require elucidation."

² *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1908, CII. 745.

tion," wrote Richard Rush, Secretary of the Treasury, in his report of 1827, "that the creation of capital is retarded rather than accelerated by the diffusion of a thin population over a great surface of soil." Thirty years earlier Albert Gallatin declared in Congress that "if the cause of the happiness of this country were examined into, it would be found to arise as much from the great plenty of land in proportion to the inhabitants which their citizens enjoyed as from the wisdom of their political institutions." Possibly both of these Pennsylvania financiers were right under the conditions of the time; but it is at least significant that capital and labor entered upon a new era as the end of the free lands approached. A contemporary of Gallatin in Congress had replied to the argument that cheap lands would depopulate the Atlantic coast by saying that if a law were framed to prevent ready access to western lands it would be tantamount to saying that there is some class which must remain "and by law be obliged to serve the others for such wages as they pleased to give." The passage of the arable public domain into private possession has raised this question in a new form and has brought forth new answers. This is peculiarly the era when competitive individualism in the midst of vast unappropriated opportunities changed into monopoly, by huge aggregations of capital, of the fundamental industrial processes as the free lands disappeared. All the tendencies of the large-scale production of the twentieth century, all of the energies of the age of steam, found in America exceptional freedom of action and were offered regions of activity equal to the states of all western Europe. Here they reached their highest development.

No longer is the per capita wealth of the nation a real index to the prosperity of the average man. Labor on the other hand has shown an increasing self-consciousness, is combining and increasing its demands. In a word, the old pioneer individualism is disappearing, while the forces of social combination are manifesting themselves as never before. The self-made man has become, in popular speech, the coal baron, the steel king, the oil king, the cattle king, the railroad magnate, the master of high finance, the monarch of trusts. The world has never before seen such huge fortunes exercising combined control over the economic life of a people, and such luxury as has come out of the individualistic pioneer democracy of America in the course of its competitive evolution.

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ley in January, 1620, referring to the coming of the *Treasurer* and its early departure. In none of these sources are any circumstantial details given. Recent researches in England have, however, revealed the full text of the Rolfe letter of January, 1620, from which Smith made the abstract used in his General History. From a transcript in the Library of Congress the accompanying passages are quoted. Rolfe's letter was long—about 2500 words—and Smith quite naturally felt it necessary to condense its statements, in doing which he omitted all but the barest mention of the slave cargo. The full text of Rolfe's letter throws much new light upon the event. It shows that the first slaves certainly came from the Dutch vessel, which visited Virginia more for supplies than for trade, and that Governor George Yardley must stand in history as the real founder of Virginia slavery, since it was he who, in his official capacity, helped make the bargain for the purchase of the negroes. As for Captain Elfrid of the *Treasurer*, he was probably willing enough to land slaves but was not given the opportunity. Evidently the colonial census of 1625, as given in Hotten's well-known book, was wrong in stating that the negro woman Angela came in on the *Treasurer*. Captain Elfrid sailed away to Bermuda and landed his negroes there instead of in Virginia.

Another interesting point in the Rolfe letter is its reference to the first general election in American history. As this is probably the only source-reference for that event the words of the letter in regard to it are here repeated:

" * * * * * Presently after the *Diana* hadd her dispatch Sr George Yeardley (according to a Comysion directed unto him and to the Councell of State,) caused Burgesses to be chosen in all places who mett at James City, where all matters therein conteyned were debated by severall Comyttees and approved; and lykewise such other lawes enacted, as were held expedient & requisite for the wellfare and peaceable govermt of this Comon-weale. * * * * *

* * * * * About the latter end of August, a Dutch man of warr of the burden of a 160 tunes arrived at Point-Comfort, the Commandors name Capt Jope, his Pilott for the West Indies one Mr Marmaduke an Englishman. They mett with the Trer (*Treasurer*) in the West Indyes, and determynd to hold consort shipp hetherward, but in

their passage lost one the other. He brought not any thing but 20 and odd Negroes, wch the Governor and Cape Marchant bought for victualle (whereof he was in greate need as he prtended) at the best and easiest rate they could. He hadd a lardge and ample Comysion from his Excellency to range and to take purchase in the West Indyas. Three or 4 daies after the Trer arrived. At his arrivall he sent word prsently to the Govnor to know his pleasure, who wrote to him, and did request myself Leiftenante Peace and Mr Ewens to goe downe to him, to desyre him to come up to James Cytie. But before we gott downe he hadd sett saile and was gone out of the Bay. The occasion hereof happened by the unfriendly dealing of the Inhitants of Kequoughtan, for he was in greate want of victualle, wherewith they would not releive him nor his Company upon any termes. * * * * *

The name of the Dutch vessel that brought the slaves is not given by Rolfe's letter, but his mention of its commander's name gives strong reason for identifying it with a similar vessel under one Captain Jope that thirteen years earlier was connected with a piratical exploit in the English port of Plymouth. This former affair is related in a letter of January 16, 1605-6, written by Gorges, then captain of the port of Plymouth, and reprinted in Baxter's *Sir Ferdinando Gorges* (Vol. III, p. 119), as follows:

* * * Here arived this weeke a man of warre of Holland sett out by certeine Marchaunts of Amsterdam, whose Capn's name was Jope, and having lyen in the sownde some two dayes he understoode of a Dunkerker that rode in Cattwater, and being persuaded by certeine of his Company that she was riche, they first made him drunken and then in that humor drewè him to give an attempt upon hir, and soe the 15th of this monethe at two of the clocke in the morning he past himselfe by our guardes in two boats full of men, who were kept soe close, as not above foure could be discovered to be in each boate, and being called unto by the sentinell aunswered they were of How, and that they came out of the sea from fishing. But as soone as they had rowen up the harbour as highe as the shippe laye, they presently bourded hir without any manner of resistance or noise making, and finding it not safe to carrie awaye the shippe, they seised on the Mr, and rifled certene comodities (but of noe great value) and soe retourned againe making replie to the sentinell that called to them, that they came from How. * *

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L. D. SCISCO.

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The source-documents on the delivery of the first slave cargo are three in number: First a letter of John Rolfe from which Captain John Smith's General History purports to quote these words: "About the last of August came in a Dutch man of warre that sold us 20 negroes." Next, a letter of John Pory dated September 30, 1619, in which the coming of the Dutch vessel (here specified as Flemish) is recorded, and something said of the *Treasurer's* cruise. Finally there is a letter from Yard-

PREHISTORIC MAN USED A METAL SAW

STUDENTS of science thirty-five years ago were trained in field work, much as at the present time stress is laid upon laboratory methods. Though since entering a profession the writer has not continued his work as a collector, he has found that the faculty of observation then developed has been of great value, and in geology he has devoted special attention to stratification and breaks, or faults, on account of their direct bearing upon problems of sanitation. The occasional finding of fossil remains has been merely an incident, but whenever found he has made it a habit to examine them.

In September, 1909, while walking through a recently made cut, the eye chanced to light upon a piece of bone embedded in a stratum of hard sand. With a knife the fragment was removed, without any suspicion that it might be of special interest. The bone proved to be much larger than at first supposed, its face being covered by the clayey sand. The sand was cut from each side and below, and then the fragment was pried out, though with some difficulty, for the clayey sand also extended into the cavity of the fragment. Fortunately the stratum was not disturbed above the bone. On removal it was found that the bone bore the distinct marks of a metal saw. Recognizing the fact that no such implement had previously been known to be possessed by prehistoric man, and further, that the location in which it was found indicated a prehistoric origin, a most careful examination was made of the whole subject.

The city of Evanston, Ill., is located about twelve miles north of the mouth of the Chicago River, about five miles south of the high bluffs, or moraines, of Winnetka. We are told that at one period in the history of the earth the waters of Lake Michigan flowed toward the southwest, across the lowlands now existing from the Calumet region to the Winnetka bluffs, and discharged through the Mississippi River into the Gulf of Mexico. As the waters of the lake receded, sand ridges were left, marking former banks of the lake. In Evanston, Chicago avenue fol-

lows one of these ridges from the southern limits of the city to the university campus, where the earliest white settlers found an old oak grove which still exists. Half a mile west, and parallel with the first ridge is a second; Ridge avenue follows this, coming to the lake near the Wilmette boundary. About two miles further west is another, and much broader ridge, upon which were located the early settlements of Niles Center and Grosse Point. This ridge ends at the Winnetka bluffs. Still another old bank lies further west, and forms the watershed between the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. West of the third ridge is the Skokie, a reclaimed marsh in which rises the north branch of the Chicago River. An early French traveler, Père François Pinet, mentions this swamp as a lake, upon the banks of which in 1696, he established the Guardian Angel Mission, thought by some to be the first white man's settlement in Illinois. Between these ridges early settlers found marshy ground — a rich alluvial deposit some two feet thick superimposed upon layers of gravel, white sand and clay. The ridges themselves were used in the early days for trails, and later for roads. It was down the second ridge in 1673 that Joliet and La Salle first traversed this region.

The eastern ridge is several feet lower than the second. As before remarked, it still bears the remains of an old oak forest. One of these trees growing upon the western slope is estimated to be some four hundred years old. The eastern ridge therefore emerged at least four hundred years ago, and probably much earlier. Between the second and third ridges was another strip of woods, chiefly oak, elm and basswood, and as a boy I remember certain elm and basswood trees which were then eighty to a hundred years old. Since the recession of the lake was not rapid, and since the east ridge is lower and formed more recently than the second, it is probable that the second ridge emerged not less than a thousand years ago. Examination of the formation of this ridge shows that it is composed of strata, chiefly of sand and gravel, and that these were deposited under water.

On account of the elevation of the Chicago and Northwestern railway through Evanston, it was found necessary in 1909 to cut the second ridge down at the intersection of Emerson street and Ridge avenue. The fragment of bone was found in this cut, on the north side of Emerson

street and about fifty feet east of Ridge avenue, in a stratum of darker color than the rest, and of a different consistency, so that it could be easily traced. This same stratum was easily recognized on the south side of Emerson street, and was traced further south to a spot about a hundred and fifty feet from the site of the bone, also about two hundred feet north and west. It was also identified some four hundred feet west, in a gravel pit. The stratum in all these places varied from five to ten inches in thickness. At High Ridge, four miles south on the same ridge, a stratum is found similar in character and relative position. There could be distinctly recognized at the site of the bone, at least three or four strata above that containing the bone, and until this cut was made there had been no disturbance of the earth for at least twenty-eight inches above the bone. These strata were of fairly uniform thickness, indicating that they were deposited in water. Originally the bone must have been about four or five feet below the surface, but the sand had been scraped off, so that the present surface is thirty-four inches above the location of the bone. Earth may be formed by deposit under water, or by the action of wind, or by man. There was no occasion for man to make any large amount or elevation of filling at the place where this specimen was found. This region was settled about 1830, and the writer can speak from an acquaintance of nearly fifty years with that spot, when he says that in all that time there has been no such filling. Filling made by man in such location would not show stratification widely extended. Such filling is irregular. If a hole is filled, as that of a well, the limits of the hole may be recognized. Here there was not even evidence of digging for a post-hole. City Engineer J. H. Moore, and Professor U. S. Grant, (a professor of geology of wide experience) both agreed that there had been no disturbance of the strata at the place where the bone was found. Sand dunes are formed by the action of wind, but they are not formed of strata widely extending, of thin and uniform thickness.

The bone was found at an elevation of about thirty-five feet above the present surface of Lake Michigan, in the bottom of this hard stratum, resting upon the looser sand below. When found this matrix covered most of the face of the fragment, and extended through the cavity. One end consists of cancellated structure, and the other is dense

bone tissue surrounding the medullary canal. Naturally the cancellated portion would float uppermost in water, and it was so found, tipping slightly to the north and east, indicating that at the time it was deposited the flow of water was probably towards Lake Michigan. The stratum dips slightly towards the east, favoring the same idea. This also agrees with the fact that this ridge is lower than those west, and was formed later. Further, the bone was at the bottom of the stratum, and about four inches of the same formation was deposited above it.

It must therefore be conceded that this bone was deposited in prehistoric times. Against this proposition it has been said that this is impossible, because it shows evidence of having been sawed by a *metal saw*, and no such implement has been known to have been in existence. However, for it *not* to be prehistoric it must be shown that either the ridge was formed within recent years (which we have shown is not the case), or it must have been inserted since this stratum was formed. But it could not have been inserted after the deposit of the stratum, for the earth showed that it had never been disturbed, either above, below or at either side. The bone was perfectly incorporated in the stratum. It was further objected that a bone would disintegrate in the soil. On the contrary, Charles Sternberg, one of the greatest living fossil hunters, says that sand is the best matrix known for preserving skeletons.

It therefore remains to be seen if the bone were in fact sawed by a metal saw. The only metal known to have been used by the ancients in prehistoric times was copper,¹ and many such implements have been found, but no saws, according to an answer received from the Smithsonian Institution. However, in *Historia de España*, by Rafael Altamira y Crevea, (Barcelona, 1900,) Tomo I, page 46, while discussing the later Stone Age he says: "But the most characteristic fact of this period — and that which shows the true transition to the age of metals, according to some authors — is that at the side of objects of stone, ivory, bone, etc., one encounters others of copper: battle axes, scissors, punches, needles and *blades with double edges and toothed*" (*hojas de doble filo*

¹ Altamira states that iron was used by the ancients. In Egypt it was known since the earliest dynasties, 5000 years B. C., and in Greece, for 1500 years B. C. Also in the Spanish peninsula utensils of iron were found among those of copper and bronze, quite abundantly in some places, with the prehistoric remains.

y *dentadas*). Note that the toothed-edged blades of copper are found in proximity with objects of bone. (Places cited by Altamira are Millares and Parazuelos de Murcia in Spain, and San Román in Portugal). It is also probable that stones were sometimes used as saws. Bone handles of implements have also been found, but it has been supposed that the ends have been rubbed upon stones to make the ends more smooth. This fragment has an extreme length of two and seven-eighths inches, a width of four inches above, and three inches at the lower end. It is a piece from the right femur of some such animal as an elk. The lower cut is just below the lesser trochanter, and the upper cut is at the lower part of the neck. The two cuts are not parallel, but form an angle of twenty degrees, the angle being outward and back. The upper cut is perfect through the bone, and the surface is perfectly flat. The movements of the saw were practically parallel, the saw entering at the outer anterior surface, and the cut was finished at the back of the neck. The lower cut was begun on the posterior surface, near the inner side, and it was finished at an angle of twenty degrees on the anterior surface, near the trochanter minor. This surface is also a plane except that a little flange of bone projects, about a sixteenth of an inch thick, where the dense bone structure was broken, just as butchers nowadays frequently break the bone in cutting hindquarters of beef. This flange projects about a sixteenth of an inch beyond the plane of the cut. On each surface the toothmarks of the saw show that the cutting edge was nearly straight, but the saw was not moved evenly, but was "teetered" as is the case in using a dull saw.

If the sawing had been done by a *stone* saw the first cuts would have been polished by the side of the stone, obliterating the tooth marks. This was not shown. The first cuts are as distinct as the last on each surface. Secondly, a stone saw would not give a plane surface, as a stone saw must be thicker in the middle than at the cutting edge.

If a broken bone were smoothed by rubbing upon a piece of sandstone all the marks which we call tooth marks would be practically parallel, or possibly mixed and crossed, on each surface. As has been said, on the lower cut the tooth marks on the anterior border were at an angle of twenty degrees with those near the other surface. Besides, if the

surface had been made by rubbing upon stone, the broken flange projecting would have been destroyed.

We must therefore conclude that this bone was cut by prehistoric man, and that he used for that purpose a *metal* saw. For what purpose? Probably to shape a handle from the shaft of the bone. It was not to prepare meat for cooking, for it was customary to strip meat; and further, in cutting meat it is more natural to cut either from the outer, or inner side of the flank, and not, as in the lower cut here, from the posterior edge.

HENRY B. HEMENWAY, M. D.

EVANSTON, ILL.



MINOR TOPICS

THE LAKE CHAMPLAIN MEETING OF THE NEW YORK STATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

The twelfth annual meeting of the Association was held October 4th to 7th, 1910, on the steamer *Vermont*, Lake Champlain. To Dr. Cummings of Ticonderoga, is due the suggestion and much of the arduous preparation which made this meeting at once the most unique and delightful ever held by the Association.

When preparations for the annual meeting were being discussed, Dr. Cummings suggested that it take the form of a houseboat party on Lake Champlain, visiting the scenes of historic interest on the Lake, and developing that fraternal feeling among the association members to which such a trip would lend itself.

The Association members assembled on the morning of October 4th, on the steamer *Vermont* at Fort Ticonderoga pier. They embarked on a barge for the short trip across the bay to the ruins and battlefield of Fort Ticonderoga. Through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. P. Pell of New York, who own the land on which the fort stands, and by whom the ruins are now being restored, the Association was given the freedom of the place. Mr. and Mrs. Pell received the party and conducted the members about the fort, battlefield and the fortifications, assisted by a committee of the Ticonderoga Historical Society. The restored West Barracks, in which Ethan Allen made his famous demand for the surrender of the place, was most interesting, with its gray walls, oak beams and red roof. Silk banners, reproductions of those of the French regiments which served at Ticonderoga, were displayed across the front of the barracks, and overhead waved the French flag.

On their way back to the barge, the party inspected with interest the hull of Arnold's ship *Revenge*, which was lately raised from the lake.

Upon reaching the steamer luncheon was served, after which the Association went by special train to Ticonderoga village, where, in the

presence of a large gathering, including many school children and employees in the mills, a bronze tablet presented to the Ticonderoga Historical Society by the Ticonderoga Pulp and Paper Company was unveiled. This tablet marks the location of the French sawmill built in 1756 to cut the timber for Fort Carillon, now Fort Ticonderoga. The Company's plant now stands upon the site of this old mill.

The ceremonies attending the unveiling opened with an invocation by Rev. Loyal A. Bigelow, after which the presentation address was made by Hon. Clayton H. Delano. As he concluded, the tablet was unveiled by Mrs. Sherman Williams and Mrs. Frederick B. Richards of Glens Falls.

It is a beautiful bronze panel, 3 x 5 feet, sunk in a pedestal of Vermont granite. It bears this inscription:

"This tablet marks the landing for the grand carry on the great war trail between the Indian tribes of the north and south country. It also marks the beginning of that carry between the lakes, to avoid the falls and rapids, which later became the military road built by the French in 1755.

The French saw mill, the first ever built in the Champlain Valley, was erected in 1756 at the foot of the falls on the site of the present mills. In this saw mill Abercromby had his headquarters during his disastrous battle with Montcalm's forces at the French lines, July 8, 1758.

Washington and Franklin passed over this military road during the Revolution. Presented to the Ticonderoga Historical Society for the citizens of the Town by the Ticonderoga Pulp & Paper Company.

Unveiled by the New York State Historical Association, October 4th, 1910."

At the close of the exercises the members of the Association visited the many points of historical interest in the old town, including the Black Watch Memorial Library, where the headstone found in the alleged grave of Lord Howe was inspected with interest and roused much discussion as to its claims; the stately memorial boulder, bearing the names of the great men who have fought at Ticonderoga, which marks the Ticonderoga grave of that much-buried and often-resurrected young hero; and the tablet giving the history of the military road and of the bridge over the river.

The Association returned to the *Vermont* at Fort Ticonderoga pier,

where dinner was served. Following this came the formal exercises of the evening, which were attended by many members of the Ticonderoga Historical Society.

Mrs. Joseph Cook of Ticonderoga welcomed the Association, response being made by Sherman Williams, of Glens Falls. The first paper was read by John M. Clarke, director of the New York State Museum, Albany, on "The Setting of Lake Champlain History." Following this a paper on the "Black Watch at Ticonderoga," was read by Frederick B. Richards of Glens Falls. This was substituted for the paper on "New Historical Light on the Burial Place of Lord Howe," by James A. Holden of Glens Falls, which was necessarily postponed owing to Mr. Holden's sudden and severe illness. Mr. Richards, who spent several weeks in Scotland collecting data for his paper, exhibited samples of Scotch tartans and a water color drawing of an officer of the Black Watch at the period of the Ticonderoga campaign. The third paper of the session, on the subject, "Lord Howe," was read by Frank B. Wickes, of Ticonderoga.

Upon the conclusion of the exercises, the *Vermont* moved across the lake to Larrabee's Point, where those who could not be accommodated on the boat were housed for the night at the Lake House.

Wednesday morning, October 5th, the steamer called at Larrabee's Point for the Lake House guests and after breakfast, the business meeting of the Association was held.

On the arrival of the north and south bound morning trains, the steamer proceeded to Crown Point, the site of the ruins of Fort St. Frederic and Fort Amherst. This property has just been presented to the State of New York by the Witherbee-Sherman Company of Port Henry, to be preserved as a State Battlefield Park. The New York State Historical Association will be its custodian.

The party first inspected the ruins of the old Fort St. Frederic, now only grass-grown earthworks, with here and there a crumbling wall of masonry. The location of the underground rooms, the chapel and the secret passage to the lake can be roughly traced among the mounds, and on one of the retaining walls a half obliterated inscription in French,

which has never been wholly translated, awakened an interested discussion among several members of the party.

From the Fort the party went on toward the more extensive ruins of Fort Amherst, entering through the ancient sally-port. The great area of the fort is enclosed in a complete circle of earthworks, which form a verdant setting for the gray ruins of officers' quarters and barracks.

The literary exercises of the afternoon, held in the pavilion near the fortifications, included two papers, "The Iron Ore Industry of the Lake Champlain Valley," by S. Norton, Mineville, N. Y., and "Carriers of the Lake," by Augustus A. Heard. The annual address on the subject, "The Worth to a Nation of Regard for Its Past" was given by Rev. Dr. John M. Thomas, President of Middlebury College.

After leaving Crown Point, the *Vermont* called at Port Henry and then proceeded down the lake to Burlington. The Burlington members of the Vermont Society of Colonial Wars, the Society of Colonial Dames, Sons of the American Revolution, and Green Mountain Chapter D. A. R., had been invited to attend the literary exercises held on the steamer in the evening. Invitations had also been sent to Col. T. W. Jones and staff, Tenth United States Cavalry, stationed at Fort Ethan Allen. A large number of guests accepted the invitation. The exercises included an address by Dr. Jos. Armand Bedard, President Société Historique Franco-Américain, of Lynn, and a paper on "General Observations on the War of 1812," by George K. Hawkins, of the State Normal School, Plattsburg.

Thursday morning, October 6th, the steamer left Plattsburg early for Port Kent. Many members of the patriotic societies of Plattsburg were guests of the Association for the day.

From Port Kent the steamer turned north, for the sail down the lake to Isle La Motte. As it passed Valcour Island, the ladies of Saranac Chapter, D. A. R., of Plattsburg, strewed flowers on the water in memory of those who perished in Arnold's naval victory near that island, and as a tribute to the early patriotism of the man who afterward attempted to betray his country.

After a sail of two hours the great cross on the beach near the landing of Isle La Motte gleamed white against the trees, and the party disembarked on the historic ground where Jesuit missionaries held the first Christian service on Lake Champlain. Several residents of the Island met the party, and a visit was made to the little Catholic chapel of Ste. Anne and to the clearing by the lake which was once the little Fort Ste. Anne, a rude barricade of loose stones thrown up about a square enclosure. The stones of the fort are now gathered into piles around the square which formed its boundary.

At luncheon on the steamer, after leaving Isle La Motte, General Theodore S. Peck of Burlington, expressed the thanks of the Vermont guests for the delightful day afforded them, to which Rev. Dr. Joseph E. King, of Fort Edward, responded.

The literary exercises of the afternoon were held while the steamer was returning to Port Kent. They included three papers "The First Missionaries Who Crossed Lake Champlain," by Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., Editor of *America*, New York City; "The War Path," by Edward T. W. Gillespie, vice-president of the Stamford Historical Society, Stamford, Conn., and extracts read by Sherman Williams from the paper, "New Historical Light on the Real Burial Place of Lord Howe," written by James A. Holden, of Glens Falls whose continued illness made it impossible for him to give it in person.

The Burlington guests were set ashore at Port Kent, and the steamer proceeded to Plattsburg. Upon its arrival there the members of the Association were taken by trolley about the city and thence out to the Plattsburg Barracks, where a dress parade was given by the 5th U. S. Infantry in honor of their guests.

Souvenirs of the trip, in the form of a collection of Lake Champlain post-cards, gifts of the D. & H. Co., and a set of prints, presented by Stephen H. P. Pell, one showing the original plan of Fort Ticonderoga from an old map, and the other the proposed restoration, were given each guest.

The last formal gathering of the Association was the elaborate reception tendered the party in the evening at the State Normal School,

the hostesses being the members of Saranac Chapter, D. A. R., of Plattsburg. The building was decorated with flags and palms.

The literary program consisted of a paper on "Historical Societies; Their Work and Worth," by Victor Hugo Paltsits, State Historian of New York, and an address on "The Flag," by Charles William Burrows of Cleveland, O., which was illustrated by stereopticon pictures.

The following morning the gathering disbanded and the members of the Association left for their homes, a party stopping en route for a visit to Ausable Chasm.

The expression of all who participated in the three days' meeting of the Association was that of unqualified praise, both for the originality of the plan and for the completeness with which every detail was carried out. The members of the Association were not only enabled to become better acquainted with one another, but were brought in touch with other patriotic societies having the same interests, and the scenic beauties and historic monuments of the trip will long be a pleasant memory.

The following extract from a letter written by Rev. Joseph E. King, to Mr. F. B. Richardson, secretary of the Association, puts into words the feeling of all who participated in the trip:

"This whole enterprise of the excursion on the waters of historic Lake Champlain seems to have been wisely planned and to have been carried out and consummated with admirable tact, courtesy, and fraternal as well as patriotic feeling. The New York State Historical Association has had a new birth."

EDITH W. WEST.

NOTES BY THE WAY

HONORS TO BARON STEUBEN

THE statue to Baron Steuben at Washington, was unveiled December 7, by Miss Helen Taft, the President's daughter. The unveiling ceremonies were elaborate, President Taft and Count von Bernstorff paying tribute to the Revolutionary hero in addresses to the great crowd which assembled about the statue. The German-American societies of the United States furnished a chorus of one thousand voices, which, accompanied by the United States Marine Band, provided music. The Von Steuben statue stands on the northwest corner of Lafayette Square, opposite the White House, which is given over to the memory of the foreign soldiers who fought for the colonies in the struggle for independence. In the parade, which followed the unveiling, ten thousand men, soldiers, sailors and civilians, marched. The line wound through the avenues of the city from which snow and slush had been cleared, passing the stand where President Taft stood to review the ranks. The day formed a fitting tribute to the man known as the "Father of the American Army." Representative Bartholdt, of Missouri; Charles Hexamer, President of the National German-American Alliance, and Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador, spoke briefly.

To the crash of artillery, Miss Taft pulled the cords and the German and American flags, which draped the statue, fell away. Alfred Jaegers, the sculptor, who made the statue, was then presented, and President Taft rose to pay the final tribute to the soldier's memory. At the conclusion of his brief address the President passed to the reviewing stand, escorted by the troop of cavalry which accompanied him from the White House.

Representative Bartholdt of St. Louis, spoke of Steuben as a man of a master mind in meeting the requirements of organization, fundamental tactics and strategy. He related the circumstances under which Steuben came to this country to assist Washington in the Revolution, at the solicitation of Benjamin Franklin, whom he met in Paris. Mr.

Bartholdt said, he performed an inestimable service to this country by reorganizing its fighting forces. Mr. Bartholdt told of Steuben's part in the Revolution, and related how, having been placed temporarily in command of the army in the absence of Washington, he received the offer of surrender from Cornwallis at Yorktown.

"His services," Mr. Bartholdt continued, "were from beginning to end acts of personal renunciation, and only the satisfaction of duty well performed, the growing prospects of final success, and probably the conviction that it would be difficult for others to fill his particular place, could inspire the loyalty and cheerfulness of his work. With him selfish considerations were ever pushed into the background by his regard for the public welfare and the sacredness of the cause. His life proved to be true what he wrote to Congress: 'When I drew my sword I made a solemn vow that only death could compel me to give up before Great Britain would recognize America's independence!'

"The greatest honor a nation can bestow upon a historical character does not consist in glorifying and exalting him, but in doing him justice and in according to him the recognition honestly due him. It must, therefore, be a singular satisfaction to the present generation to know that Baron Steuben's worth and merits were highly appreciated and honored even during his lifetime. But what Steuben himself prized highest of all was a letter from Washington written at Annapolis on Dec. 23, 1783, a few minutes before he laid down his command. It was a testimonial more complimentary than any other given to an officer of the Revolutionary Army, and the circumstances under which it was written no less than its contents touched the heart of the old soldier most deeply. It read as follows:

My Dear Baron—Although I have taken frequent opportunities, both public and private, to acknowledge your great zeal, attention and abilities in performing the duties of your office, yet I wish to make use of this last moment of my public life to signify in the strongest terms my entire approbation of your conduct and to express my sense of the obligation the public is under to you for your faithful and meritorious services.

I beg you will be convinced, my dear sir, that I should rejoice if it

could ever be in my power to serve you more essentially than by expressions of regard and affection, but in the meantime I am persuaded you will not be displeased with this farewell token of my sincere friendship and esteem for you.

This is the last letter I shall write while I continue in the service of my country. The hour of my resignation is fixed at twelve today, after which I shall become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, where I shall be glad to embrace you and testify the great esteem and consideration with which I am, my dear Baron, etc.

"Unlike many other foreign officers, Baron Steuben never returned to his native country, but died on Nov. 28, 1794, a true American patriot. His burial place near Utica is known to but few of the present generation, but this isolation in death seems to have been in accordance with his last wish. Today he has been lifted from his obscure grave. His name is on the lips of all, and the hearts and minds of a grateful nation revere his memory, and why? Not only because he happened to stand at the cradle of American independence and helped nurse it to a reality, but also because of his sterling qualities of character, which by means of this monument are held up as guiding stars to this and future generations."

The German Ambassador, Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, said: "Many descendants of the old German stock who have found a new home in this hospitable country, and now form a natural bond of an ever increasing friendship between Germany and the United States, have come to Washington to-day to do honor to the memory of one of the most distinguished of their number at the foot of his statue, which is also the work of an American citizen of German descent. I am therefore pleased to be able to regard this monument not only as one erected to the memory of a distinguished German officer, who ably served this country, but also as a monument to the unbroken friendship which has existed between Germany and the United States since the birth of the people of the United States as a nation. This monument will all the more be a token of the old friendship existing between the two great nations, as the United States Congress, besides munificently providing for the erection of this statue, has decided to present a copy of it to the Emperor. Here

and in Germany whoever regards one of the two monuments, will be reminded of the ancient ties of friendship uniting him with his cousins beyond the ocean.

Steuben was not an adventurer merely seeking personal fame and money. He had been a distinguished officer in the Great Frederick's army, in which he was connected with the Quartermaster's Department, and an aide-de-camp to the King. He came to America at the request of Benjamin Franklin and with a letter of introduction from him. Steuben himself wrote to Congress that the honor of serving a nation engaged in the noble enterprise of defending its rights and liberties was the reason that brought him to this continent. He joined the American troops during the gloomy winter at Valley Forge, and was soon afterwards appointed inspector general of the army. The condition of the troops at that time is too well known to need description. Their inability to sustain a contest against the organized English soldiers had been taught in a woeful lesson by the campaign of 1776 in New York and New Jersey. It is recognized by all American historians, that none of the foreign officers rendered more important services than Steuben did by organizing and disciplining the army, introducing a system of military tactics and creating the engineer and artillery corps. Educated in the best school of war of his time, approved and trusted by the Great Frederick, his services to his adopted country were invaluable. Steuben succeeded in bringing order out of the general confusion, reducing raw recruits to a homogeneous mass with the old troops and accustoming the whole to the utmost precision of movement and management of arms and to yield punctilious obedience to orders. By imparting discipline he gave confidence to the officers and men and enabled the troops from different parts of the country to act together with unanimity and effect. By introducing military habits of strict obedience he suppressed tumult and disorder, and by his rigid system of inspection great sums were saved at a time when the very existence of the nation depended on economy in the army. Warm-hearted, affectionate, generous to the extreme, the soldiers loved him and many officers regarded him with romantic affection. He was prompt to acknowledge a mistake and eager to make reparation wherever it was due."

MELODIES OF OLDEN DAYS

For the entertainment of supervisors and directors of music attending the convention, the department of music arranged a programme of unusual interest recently.

This was a lecture recital by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Dolmetsch who presented musical compositions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries on ancient instruments loaned for this occasion. The first number, "John, Come Kiss Me," written in 1600, was played on the spinet and octavina, which looks like a pianoforte keyboard but is not at all like that instrument as it has no hammers. Then came "Heart's Ease," another anonymous composition of Shakespeare's time, played on the viola da gamba, a six-stringed instrument. A fantasia for treble and bass viols showed the interweaving of one melody with equal parts for each performer. Several numbers were given in the harpsichord, a combination of several instruments, including pieces by Scarlatti, Rameau and Bach. A sonata for the viola d'Amore, with its two sets of strings which vibrate in sympathy, was played on a very old Italian instrument.

A prelude and fugue in C-major, a prelude in F-minor and another in B-flat, written by Bach for the clavichord, were played by Mr. Dolmetsch. The listeners agreed with his statement that "there is a whole world of music of incredible sweetness" in the little case, when he had finished. No musician can be really convinced of what the artistic touch is until he has mastered the clavichord, said the lecturer. He asked for absolute silence as he played the beautiful compositions, and in spite of the throng and size of the hall, every note was clearly heard. One could easily imagine that fairies might be having a revel on a clear summer's night with this delicate instrument for their orchestra. So insistent was the audience that the performer played an air to illustrate the voice quality of the tone, and then reproduced the sound of trumpets, horns, bassoons and trombones.

Transcript, Boston.

THE LAST RE-UNION

Thirty-six members attended the recent meeting of the National Association of Mexican War Veterans in Indianapolis. Their ages ranged

from seventy-eight to eighty-seven years. At the end of the last session the secretary announced that they would part "to meet again on that beautiful shore," and asked all present to rise and declare the association adjourned forever. It will not be many years before the Grand Army of the Republic will be compelled to draw its life to a close with a similar touching ceremony.

AN OHIO MONUMENT

The Ohio Daughters of the American Revolution pledged themselves to place a tablet on the monument at Port Clinton, on the shore of Lake Erie, to commemorate the embarkment of General Harrison and his army for Detroit, and the battle of the Thames. The tablet is now ready to be placed. (The monument itself will be dedicated in 1913.) The tablet is inscribed: "Old French War—Pontiac's Conspiracy—Revolutionary War." Ohio was one of the greatest battlegrounds of history, as it was there the severe contests between the Indians and the advancing civilization from Europe took place. The old "Indian Water Way" and "Harrison Land Trail" also will be marked by the D. A. R. of Ohio, after the manner of the Santa Fé Trail in the West.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Strong indorsement is made by the Maryland Society, S. A. R., of the suggestion of its vice president, George W. Hyde, that all bands on vessels leaving and entering the harbor of Baltimore play "The Star-Spangled Banner" when passing Fort McHenry. In the judgment of the S. A. R. Society such a custom would be "a timely and fitting tribute to the national hymn, as well as a forceful reminder to all persons passing Fort McHenry of that historic spot, and of the successful repulse of the British which inspired the distinguished Marylander, Francis Scott Key, to write the song which is now the inspiration of the nation."

HISTORIC OAK DESTROYED

A severe storm last May caused the destruction of the historic Blun-

ston Oak at Darby, Pa., which had grown to immense size during its estimated life of four hundred years. Under its spreading branches Washington and some of his ragged army of 16,000 Continental soldiers rested one hot Sunday in August, 1777, while they were on their way to meet the British at Chad's Ford. Several years ago philanthropic women of the borough had the hollow part of the tree filled in with cement for the purpose of saving it.

EARLY TOWN RECORDS OF WESTFIELD, ORLEANS COUNTY, VT.

"Names of Persons Voting for Representatives Oct. 14, 1812."

[Note. The town was organized in 1802. This list would probably include the names of nearly all male residents who were not minors.]

Caleb Hitchcock,	Calvin Eaton,
Thomas Stoughton,	Abijah Read,
Joseph Stoughton,	Hosea Sprague,
David Barber,	Luther Winslow,
Miles Washburn,	Heber Hitchcock,
William Bull,	Medad Hitchcock,
Chester Coburn,	Jacob Stebbins,
James Prophet,	Shubael Winslow,
Rodolphus Reed,	John Prophet,
Aaron Frost,	Ezra Johnson,
James Brown,	Iddo Stebbins,
Walter Stone,	Veniah Miller,
Jairus Stebbins,	Thomas Hitchcock.
Araunah B. Fuller,	

Attest: Thomas Hitchcock, Town Clerk.

SHAWSHIN.

Transcript, Boston.

AN IOWA MEMORIAL

The Stars and Stripes Chapter, D. A. R., of Burlington, Iowa,

recently placed a tablet upon the old Zionville Church, where the first territorial meeting of the Legislature was held on Nov. 12, 1838.

LORD HOWE'S BURIAL PLACE

Since we published our "Extra" number on this subject, we have learned of two gentlemen who differ with the late Prof. E. J. Owen's conclusion in this matter: Rev. Joseph Hooper, of Durham, Conn., and Mr. James A. Holden, of Glens Falls, treasurer of the N. Y. State Historical Association. Each is preparing a monograph on the subject, which we trust will soon be made public. *Magnus est veritas* — and in a multitude of [historians] there is safety.—ED.

DELAWARE DOINGS

A Delaware State flag has been presented by the Delaware Society of United States Daughters of 1812 to the United States battleship *Delaware*, to which has been given also a portrait of Commodore Jacob Jones, who was a native of Smyrna, Delaware, and while commanding the *Wasp*, captured the *Frolic* Oct. 18, 1812.

MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM WHIPPLE

On Monday, Oct. 24, the Society of the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New Hampshire dedicated a bronze tablet placed by it on that day on the front of the Whipple School in Portsmouth, N. H., to the memory of General William Whipple of Portsmouth, one of the three signers of the Declaration of Independence from New Hampshire. The present membership of the society consists of Rev. Alfred Langdon Elwyn, Marcus M. Collis and Henry A. Yeaton of Portsmouth and Stephen Decatur of Kittery, Me. In the presence of the mayor of the city and several members of the board of instruction, and with a thousand school children present, who were massed in front of the main entrance of the school building, James A. Macdougall, superintendent of the Portsmouth public schools, read an introduction prepared by Rev. Mr. Elwyn, who is a great-grandson of Governor John Langdon of Revolutionary memory, and Hon. John W. Kelley of Portsmouth, a former prin-

cial of the school, delivered an eloquent address on the life of William Whipple and his Revolutionary services. The inscription on the tablet reads as follows:

WILLIAM WHIPPLE

Soldier and Statesman

Born, Kittery, Me., January 14, 1730;

Died, Portsmouth, N. H., November 28, 1785.

Elected to Continental Congress January,
1776

He Signed the Declaration of Independence,

As Brigadier General of N. H. Troops, He

Assisted in Negotiating the Terms of

General Burgoyne's Surrender at

Saratoga, N. Y., in 1777.

He Was Judge of the Superior Court.

The New Hampshire Society of the

Sons of the Revolution

Placed This Tablet, 1910.

A fine oil portrait of General Whipple by Tenney may be seen in the room of the senior class at the Whipple School; it was presented on Nov. 20, 1891, by Storer Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Portsmouth, at whose request the Whipple School was so named. General Whipple is buried in the North Cemetery in Portsmouth.

A SURVIVING COMRADE OF LIEUTENANT CUSHING

I noticed in your obituary notices of January 7, a statement that the "last survivor" of Lieutenant Cushing's party that blew up the rebel ram *Albemarle* October 7, 1864, had died. I know that you will be pleased to correct this unintentional error. Francis H. Swan, a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1859, was a member of that party. I am glad to say that he is living in this city (Boston) a respected and honored citizen.

B. B. B.

NEW YORK *Sun*.

NEW ENGLAND GARRISON HOUSES

The next number of the bulletin of the Society for the Preservation

of New England Antiquities is on the press. It will be handsomely illustrated and will describe the famous garrison houses of New England now falling into decay. Well known houses are being brought to the notice of the society, and committees will in each case take up the work of deciding what ought to be done for their preservation.

MONUMENT TO WOLFE

On the second of January (the anniversary of his birth) was unveiled, in his native village of Westerham, England, a bronze statue of Wolfe. It is of heroic size, placed on a stone pedestal inscribed:

Major-General James Wolfe

Born in Westerham January 2, 1727.

Died at the battle of Quebec Sept. 13, 1759.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts unveiled the statue and made an address.

Wolfe is shown as moving forward with uplifted sword.



GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXV

THE FLIGHT FROM THE THUNDER'S NEST

LET it bring no reproach to the manhood of Max Greyslaer, that now, in the very prime of youthful vigor, with a frame schooled by hardship to endurance of every kind, he must still depend upon female address to deliver him from bondage.

Twice already had he attempted, at the free peril of his life, to regain his liberty; once, as we have before seen, when, lost in the mazes of the forest, he rushed again unawares directly into the arms of his enemy; and again, during his abode in The Thunder's Nest, he had, when nearly succeeding in the attempt, been overtaken in the deep snow-drifts, amid which he must have perished, even if successful, and hurried back in triumph to the Indian camp.

Then, upon this second recapture, he had undergone all the horrors of mind which must precede a death of Indian torture with those who have read or heard of its cruelly ingenious and protracted agonies. He had been subjected to all the savage preparations for the stake, and had then confronted death in its most awful shape. He had seen the flames kindled around him. The fire-tipped arrows had been shot into his body, and torments far more excruciating were about to follow, when, as an Indian beldame advanced to tear the only remaining strip of vesture from his body, the *totem* of Brant imprinted upon it was revealed to the hellish crew of executioners around him, and saved him from a death so horrible.

Since that moment, though still strictly guarded, he had been treated with all the forbearance which characterized the conduct of the party which had brought him hither, though they had long since gone off and left him in other hands. But as, though wearing the insignia of an immediate follower of Thayendanagea, he had never undergone the ceremony of being formally adopted into any tribe of the Mohawks,

he was conscious that his change of treatment arose only from his being now regarded rather as a slave than a prisoner. He was determined once more to seize an opportunity to escape, and to perish rather than be retaken. He relied much, however, it must be confessed, upon The Dew to make such opportunity for him. Nor was that hope and confidence misplaced.

Max, though much given to that half romantic, half philosophic mood of wrapping one's self up in one's own dreams and speculations, which belongs to that inexperienced season of life when we value our own thoughts far more than the material objects around us, was still not deficient in keen and curious observation of character. And for months it had been one of his chief mental resources to study the personal traits and peculiarities of the singular people among whom his present lot was cast.

He was sitting one morning a little aloof from a group of loungers of all sexes and sizes, listening to a rude legend which an old woman, employed in weaving mats, was relating for their edification. The wild tradition with which she was engaged related to those strange subterranean sounds which are still, from time to time, heard among these mountains. She told of some bold hunter who went out determining to trace the spot whence these groanings of the earth had travelled out. And Greyslaer, who had looked with a curious eye upon the remarkable peculiarities of this volcanic region, bent near to hear how the strange fancy of an Iroquois would account for natural phenomena to whose existence he himself could bear testimony.

At this moment the report of a gun was heard not far off. It probably was discharged by some hunter belonging to the camp, and excited no attention among the listening group. Presently, however, The Dew, who had gone down to the shore of the lake to bring water, appeared, and saying aloud that the hunter who had just fired needed the assistance of the white man in bringing some game to camp, motioned Greyslaer the path in which he should go, which, strangely enough, was in an opposite direction from that whence the sound came. The others were too much engaged with the storyteller to notice the discrepancy, whose

purport, however, was intuitively understood by the prisoner; and, before the approaching hunter had reached the camp on the one side, he had gained a considerable distance on the other. He pierced far into the ravine through which the waters of the lake discharge themselves from the hollow, and now only hesitated which way to turn his steps. The ravine, though at first distinctly defined, had, within a few hundred yards of the lake, so broadened and broken up into a thousand rocky inequalities, that it was impossible, as the forest thickened around him, to tell what route to take in order to descend the mountain. The outlet of the lake would seem to have been a sufficient guide; but this, a mere rill at its commencement, was broken up into a hundred slender threads of water, losing themselves now among matted leaves, and now creeping beneath the mossy woof which wraps the living rocks and the rotten trunks wedged between them, in the same green vesture, served only to distract the judgment that would lean upon them as a guide. Greyslaer, in fact had only gained a lower and broader basin than that which held the waters of the lake; and though it likewise was walled round by craggy pinnacles, yet here there was a heavy forest-growth; and these barriers themselves, as well as the passage through them, were wholly screened from view by the intervening foliage.

But now, darting like a bird from the green wood covert, The Dew suddenly presented herself in the path before him, and beckoned Max onward. As yet there were no signs of pursuit behind; but the moments were precious; for the descent of the mountain abounded in difficulties, and they had still a ravine to gain and a narrow gorge to pass through before gaining the bottom; a gorge so narrow that it might serve as a gateway to this labyrinth of natural fortifications; and here a single armed man might prevent their egress. The maiden now doubted for a moment what path to take. The sides of the ravine might be the safest, if they would avoid any chance wanderers returning to the Indian camp from the valley below. But these were every here and there broken by tall benches of rock too high to leap from, and doubling the toil of those who ever and anon must climb over the loose stones around their base. The girl, therefore, descended still farther into the Hollow, where a sloping pavement of smooth rock, some hundred yards in length, seamed the mountain. It looked as if it had been once overlaid by soil and

forest growth like that around; but the stratum of matted roots and earths had been peeled off the steep declivity, and the fountains of a rivulet, oozing out from the compost of leaves and fibres which still overlaid the upper end of the slope, glided with thin and noiseless flow over the naked rock. And now, as the shallow rill deepened into a brook, which gurgled among the loose boulders, they followed it down as it kept its way through an easy swale of less broken land.

The woods upon its banks were here an open growth of ash and maple; and Greyslaer's confidence in the sagacity of his guide was for a moment shaken when he saw her persist in keeping her way along so exposed a path. He thought that they had already gained the base of the mountain, from the lofty and frowning cliffs of rock which now and then he could descry afar off, lifting themselves above the tree-tops around. He would fain have struck off to some thickets which, through these open glades could be plainly seen crowning the lower and nearer ridges of rock that traversed the hillsides above them.

But the girl directed his attention in advance, and, for the first time, he saw the sunshine playing upon some spruce and cedar-tops that were immediately upon a level with his line of vision. She pointed to the brook, still their emulous companion, and he understood at once that it must have some sudden fall where those trees were growing. There must be a change of soil, rocks, and thickets there; a swamp, perhaps, and possibly one or more tributaries to the brook ere it reached the plain below. And, truly enough, the sound of a waterfall soon greeted his ears. The sides of the swale became steeper, and it narrowed at last suddenly, as if the ground had sunk. There were irregular walls of stone on either side, with springs welling here and there from their mossy intervals. Loose boulders clogged up the main current of the brook, which foaming and fretting for a while, emerged at last from the rocky gorge, and took up a more stately march through the heavy forests that spread themselves over a richer soil below.

The fugitives followed on until that guiding water reached the Upper Hudson, where their toilsome descent from the Thunder's Nest, but not the peril of their flight, was ended.

The spot where they first gained the banks of the wild and romantic

river of the north, was a few miles above that beautiful pass called Teohoken by the Indians, where the dark-rolling waters which form the outlet of Scaroon Lake, sweep into the Hudson. Here Max quickly constructed a raft from the floating timbers which he found in profusion in the eddies of the stream; and the two voyagers drifted down with the current, till, reaching the rapids at the approach of night, they were compelled to betake themselves to an island which divides the waters of the Hudson just above its junction with the Scaroon, at Teohoken.

It is a strange situation for the youthful captain, when he finds himself alone at nightfall, with that beautiful, elfish creature, upon an island of the wilderness; but the Indian girl, seeming to take no thought of the peculiarity of her position, relieved him from the embarrassment of his. She pointed him to a mossy bank, where a clump of overshadowing basswood kept off the dew; and, retiring herself to a leafy hollow not far remote, the fatigues they had undergone soon plunged them both in slumber, while the virgin moon, shining down upon an open interval between them, was their only sentinel through the night.

The voyagers gained the western shore with the break of dawn, and, following it down till they had passed the rapids, seized upon and appropriated a canoe which they found at the mouth of a little troutling brook which comes into the Hudson a short distance below the forks. In this they floated down the rushing stream, which, with the Indian girl at the helm, and Greyslaer plying his active paddle at the prow, whirled their frail bark safely over its rocky channel. The rapid windings of the river, and the overhanging woods, which at early day let down only here and there a burst of sunshine on its shadowy bosom, swept them so quickly from alternate light to gloom, that the startled deer drinking from the river's brink, had scarcely time to fix his gaze ere the shifting pageant had passed away.

They came at last within sound of the falls of Tiosaronda, and landing here on the western side of the river, near the base of Senongewoh, they circled the northern side of the hill, and struck into the forest in a direction towards Lake George, where Max hoped to find a military post occupied by his countrymen.

FINIS

Hitherto our bold voyagers seemed to have been utterly free from pursuit. But now they had not advanced far into the forest, climbing two or three hilly ridges in succession, before Greyslaer's steps were arrested by a startling cry, which seemed to come almost from beneath his very feet. He looked up, and saw The Dew, with one foot advanced, her hands averted, as if motioning him back, while she herself gazed forward, as if trying to pierce a shadowy glen that yawned across her path. The yell was again repeated from below, and the maid, cowering towards the ground, made signs to Greyslaer to imitate her movements. Crouching as she commanded, he ventured, however, to approach with stealthy caution to the place where she stood. The Dew gently moved the tilting boughs of a stunted hemlock which was rifted in the side of the cliff on whose edge she hovered: a sprinkling of light showers upon the bald rock, and, as Max peered through the leafy grating, which the hand of the maid had partially removed, the cause of her agitation was at once revealed to him.

A band of Mohawks were clustered around what seemed to be the fresh track of a white man in the forest. Greyslaer, from the intervening foliage, could by no means distinguish the object at which the Indians pointed, but the significant gestures of the whole party left no doubt upon his mind that the joyful discovery of an enemy's trail had caused the wild yell which first startled him and his companion. The Indians had apparently been pursuing their way through the ravine in a direction nearly parallel to that which he was traversing. The next moment, and the whole band had disappeared from beneath his eye; the Mohawks vanishing behind the gray trees so suddenly and silently, that, as their painted forms and tufted plumage disappeared amid the dark foliage, it seemed as if some wild vision of the forest had melted amid its glooms; and he almost expected them to reappear the next moment by his side from beneath the rugged bark of the huge oaks around him; such as unfolded to release the fabled Dryads of old.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be Continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS

PERSIA AND ITS PEOPLE. By Ella C. Sykes. 12mo. X+356 pp. Illust. New York: The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Ave., 1910. Price \$2.50 net.

The latest literature relating to "The Land of the Lion and the Sun."

During the last half century fully twenty volumes have appeared in English, not including those in foreign languages, relating exclusively to this country.

The author of this volume gleaned from this literature. She also had the larger opportunity to compare her literary gleanings with her own personal observations extending over a three years' residence in Persia.

In her introduction the author states that she has striven to give a popular description of Iran—a description also possessing accuracy.

For the elucidation of her subject she has sub-divided the volume into nineteen chapters, including a general description, a bird's-eye-view of the history of the country, the Shah, his capital and government, a Persian city and its environs, a popular account of the religions, Muharram, travel, the Persian man and the Persian woman, life in the country, the Persian Gulf and the Karun River, the fauna and the flora, the experiences of Marco Polo in the country, the antiquities of Persia, its sports and its amusements, a few poets, the arts and crafts, the superstitions and the art of medicine.

Graphically told in a plain, straight-forward manner, the story is replete with popular interest. It cannot fail to convey to the general reader interesting information. It presents a pleasing picture of Persian life in its striking and peculiar characteristics.

The volume of over 360 pages is so light that it can be held in the hands without causing weariness.

Well printed, with a good index, the volume is an addition to the literature of the subject.

It is an excellent story of Iran and its people.

THE REGISTER OF THE MALDEN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1910-1911. Edited by the Committee on Publication. Large 12mo. 133 pp. Illust.

This publication is the first issued by the Malden Historical Society which was incorporated Feb. 7, 1887. The contents of this volume include: "Bell Rock, Its Monument and Its Tablets," by Sylvester Baxter, Chairman Malden Park Commission; Introductory Remarks at the Unveiling of the Tablets at Bell Rock Memorial Park, Oct. 12, 1910. By Frank Ernest Woodward, President Malden Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution; Historical Address, Oct. 12, 1910. By Charles E. Mann, President of Malden Historical Society; "Puritan Job Lane of Malden, Builder of the Old Bell Rock Church," by Charles Edward Mann; "Life in the Old Parsonage, 1772-1784, from the Diary of Rev. Peter Thatcher," by the late Deloraine Pendre Corey; "Childhood in the Old Parsonage," by Darius Cobb; list of officers of the Society; alphabetical list of members; Necrologies of Deloraine Pendre Corey, the historian of Malden, Hon. Charles L. Dean, Hon. Charles R. Prescott and Captain Joseph Stevens, deceased members. Twenty-three pages are devoted to a bibliography of important publications of members of the Society. The membership roll includes over two hundred residents of Malden, Melrose and Everett.

THE HISTORY OF KINGS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA: Heart of the Acadian Land. Giving a Sketch of the French and their Expulsion; And a History of the New England Planters Who Came in Their Stead, With Many Genealogies, 1604-1910. By Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, M. A., D. C. L. Large 12mo. XIV + 898 pp. Salem, Mass.: The Salem Press Company, 1910.

Here is a monumental history of the land of Evangeline. Fortunate, indeed, are the people of the most prosperous part of the Acadian country to have had from among them one scholarly and cultured who could afford to devote gratuitously years of prolonged laborious effort to the task of preserving the traditions, history, literature and achievements of the people of King's County—a county immortalized in idyllic story by Longfellow.

In historic incidents rich, in the achievements of its people notable, none know the details of these facts so well as the accomplished author of this volume. To him the people of King's County and historical students everywhere are under a lasting debt of gratitude for rendering accessible the history and genealogy of so considerable a portion of a county whose history has hitherto been unpublished.

For more than twenty years the author has been collecting material for this volume. His intimate acquaintance with many notable families, native of the county, enabled him to secure the coöperation of many able collaborators who assisted on some portion of the volume—enabling Dr. Eaton to produce a noteworthy contribution of the ripest fruits of historical and genealogical research relating to the institutions and the people of those dyke-landed Acadian shores.

Here one finds chapters of the literature of the native authors, sketches of newspapers, of the authors; of the Micmac Indians, of the Acadian peasants, of the earliest English planters of Cornwallis and Horton, of the founding of the other towns, of the chief industries, of the homes, furniture, dress and domestic life of the colonists, and of the educational and ecclesiastical history of the county. Here the field is wide, interesting, fascinating. From these chapters one may glean much relating to the civilization of eastern America.

Invaluable to the rank and file of the people will be found in this volume three hundred and forty pages of genealogies, including many of the ancestors of the larger portion of the people of King's County. Have your ancestors lived in that county for successive generations? In these pages you will find a record of them. Would you learn of them in the ever receding past, to this volume you must come in the prosecution of your ancestral researches. Here you will find many important facts relating to the English pioneers of King's County and of their New England origin, perhaps.

Clear, forceful, elegant, the narration is the work of a master of literary composition—one who has clothed history with the spirit of the poetic, with the charm of elegant diction, and with the essence of historic truth. The volume is the work of a skilled *littérateur*. It deserves a wide circulation in the private and public libraries of Nova Scotia and the United States.

This volume is the only publication treating of the history of King's County. It will not be duplicated these hundred years. Its correlation with the colonial history of New England makes it in some degree a history of the New England dispersion and emigration eastward.

The following families are traced genealogically: Allison, Angus, Avery, Baker, Banks, Barclay, Barnaby, Barss, Baxter, Bayard, Beach, Beckwith, Belcher, Benedict, Bentley, Best, Bigelow, Bill, Bishop, Blackmore, Blanchard, Bligh, Bliss, Borden,

Bowlby, Bowles, Bragg, Brechin, Brenton, Brewster, Brown, Brymer, Burbidge, Burgess, Byrne, Caldwell, Calkin, Campbell, Chase, Chipman, Clarke, Cleveland, Cochran, Coffin, Cogswell, Coldwell, Coleman, Comstock, Congdon, Copp, Cox, Crane, Curry, Darrow, Davidson, De Blois, Denison, Dewey, De Wolf, Dickie, Dickson, Dodge, Dugan, Eagles, Eaton, Elder, Elderkirk, Elliott, Ellis, English, Farnsworth, Fitch, Forsyth, Fox, Fuller, Fullerton, Geaner, Gillett, Gilpin, Gore, Graham, Graves, Halliburton, Hall, Halliburton, Hamilton, Hammond, Harding, Harrington, Harris, Higgins, Hill, Hilton, Huntington, Huston, Inglis, Jackson, Jess, Johnson, Johnstone, Jordan, Kempton, Kidston, Kinsman, Laird, Lawrence, Lockhart, Lockwood, Longfellow, Loomer, Lord, Lothrop, Lovett, Lowden, Lyons, Magee, Manning, Marchant, Margeson, Martin, Masters, Mather, McKittrick, Miller, Miner, Moore, Morton, Murdoch, Musgrave, Neily, Newcomb, North, Orpin, Osborn, Palmer, Parish, Parker, Patterson,

Peck, Phelps, Pierson, Pineo, Pingree, Porter, Post, Potter, Prescott, Pryor, Pudsey, Pyke, Rand, Randall, Ratchford, Rathbun, Redden, Reid, Rockwell, Rogers, Roscoe, Sanford, Saunders, Sawyer, Schofield, Seaman, Shannon, Sharp, Shaw, Sheffield, Sherman, Shreve, Skinner, Spinney, Stairs, Starr, Starratt, Steadman, Stewart, Strong, Struthers, Sutherland, Sweet, Terry, Thorne, Thorpe, Tobin, Tupper, Turner, Twining, Van Buskirk, Van Cortlandt, Wallace, Walton, Ward, Weaver, Webster, Wells, Welton, West, Wheaton, Whidden, Wickwire, Williams, Willoughby, Witter, Wood and Woodworth—two hundred and six King's County families.

The volume is well executed and stands as a monument of the indefatigable industry of its scholarly and accomplished author. It is among the most notable books published in America in 1910.

A copious index renders accessible the information relating to each individual mentioned in the text.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XIII

APRIL, 1911

No. 4

MICHIGAN AND THE EARLY HISTORY OF TRANSPORTATION EAST AND WEST

ON a recent visit to Detroit and Windsor, Ontario, I was much impressed by the great activity in all kinds of transportation visible there. The incessant passage of great freight steamers down the Detroit River led me to suppose that an extraordinary concentration of shipping had taken place; but I was told that on an average such boats passed on the river every seven minutes, and that craft of some sort went by every three and a half minutes. Car and passenger ferries were continually crossing and re-crossing, while on both shores steam and electric railways were very busy. Back from the shore I discovered the entrance of the new, double-tube Detroit River tunnel of the Michigan Central Railroad, and a half-dozen powerful electric locomotives were on the tracks ready for service. This was evidently an important point on the routes of commerce between East and West; but back in the days when Chicago was yet an isolated frontier post, Detroit with its river and its "hinterland" seems to have possessed even a more special significance. In 1838, according to Henry C. Carey, it cost \$74.50 to get from New York to Chicago.¹ Considering the comparative facility of reaching Detroit from New York by the all-water route, much of this expense must have arisen from the necessity of making the long *détour* by way of Mackinac, or of using the "dreadful" roads overland. For Chicago to become the great *entrepôt* and point of export for the old Northwest, it must in turn gain a convenient access to eastern tidewater. This paper in the main is a study of the part played by Michigan in developing transportation facilities between New York and Chicago.

¹ J. L. Ringwalt: *Development of Transportation Systems in the United States*; Philadelphia; 1888; p. 130.

We should first call attention to the fact that conditions on that portion of the New York-Chicago route lying between Michigan and New York harbor, had been revolutionized before 1835.

The economic development of the territory within the basin of the Great Lakes is closely connected with the improvement of the means of transportation to the seaboard, particularly to New York City. The development of such facilities at any point between the lower Hudson and Lake Michigan was of concern to the area which came to have its immediate commercial outlet at Chicago and other points on the Lakes. Such improvements naturally and historically took place from East to West as the advance of population called for them. We are especially interested in such transportation revolutions as were wrought first in New York, then on the Great Lakes, especially Lake Erie, then in southern Michigan and to some extent in northern Ohio and Indiana, involving highway, canal, river, and railway projects.

Nature had provided an almost continuous and fairly direct water route from points on Lake Michigan to New York City. The constituents of this route were the Hudson and Mohawk Rivers, Oneida Lake with its eastern affluent, Wood Creek and its ultimate outlet at Oswego on Lake Ontario; then Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan with their connecting waters.² An alternative route in part lay by the Ottawa River and Lake Nipissing, with its outlet into Georgian Bay. The portage at the water-parting of the Atlantic and Ontario basins, with those at several falls, rapids, and shoals, did not aggregate any considerable distance, so that canoes and batteaux could make a continuous passage. At best, however, movement was slow. A United States expedition going from New York to Detroit in 1793, required sixteen days for reaching Niagara from Albany. Add to this that this expedition consumed four days by sloop from New York to Albany, one day from Niagara to Fort Erie opposite Buffalo, and five days from Fort Erie by schooner to Detroit. When extraordinary delays are deducted, we have in 1793 nearly four weeks consumed in a journey from the seaboard at New York to Detroit.³

² Journals of Jacob Lindley and Joseph Moore, or Quaker Accounts of the Expedition of 1793 to Detroit and vicinity. (Reprint.); Lansing, 1892.

³ Ibid.

The Erie Canal and the Lake steamer brought the first revolution in transportation to the seaboard. In 1834 we hear of substantially a four-days' schedule for canal passengers from the Hudson River to Lake Erie, while freight required two days longer. By this time the Erie Canal had through stage competition. Thus by stage it was three days from Utica to Buffalo; while the "Telegraph" coach — the "Twentieth Century Limited" of that day — was said to put down its six passengers in half the time.⁴ But Buffalo at this date was not the farthest west of improved transportation. "Magnificent" steamers had reduced the time between Buffalo and Detroit from five days or more to forty hours.⁵ Increased carrying capacity and comfort went with the change.

These improvements in transportation affected strongly the development of the territory adjacent to the Great Lakes. In the last years of Michigan's territorial existence there was a great influx of people into the southern portion of the lower peninsula. (There were less than thirty thousand people in this region in 1830, but seven years later, one hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants dwelt there. In 1830, two-thirds of Michigan's population lived in Wayne County,—which contains Detroit — and the four counties adjoining it. In 1837, ninety thousand persons lived outside this area. That is to say, between 1830 and 1837 over eighty thousand persons had found homes in the more distant counties, principally in the interior, south of the Grand and Saginaw Rivers.) The incoming settlers found three means of transportation awaiting them: — the Indian trails, the rivers, and a few roads. There was the Pottawatomie trail up the Huron valley, part of which seems to have been used in the survey of the Detroit-Chicago road in 1825. Another trail extended from Detroit to Saginaw, and a third was called the "Shiawassee trail." There were doubtless many more such primitive thoroughfares through the forest.

When Michigan was a territory, her rivers were serviceable for navigation to a much greater degree than at present. An old reference to the Maple river as "large and navigable" amuses us, for now it af-

⁴ The Traveller's Guide through the Middle and Northern States, and the Provinces of Canada; Saratoga Springs, 1834; p. 203.

⁵ The Traveller's Guide, *supra*: p. 261 note.

fords scarcely good canoeing; but seventy years ago it was looked upon as a valuable link in a trans-Michigan canal system.⁶ The St. Joseph River had an average width of about thirty rods for one hundred and twenty miles from its mouth, according to Lanman; and the Saginaw was navigable for approximately sixty miles. But numerous obstructions — natural and artificial — seriously impeded movement on these "navigable" streams. Accordingly we find the Territorial Council of Michigan chartering companies which are to improve the navigation of certain rivers by removing obstructions and straightening the water-courses. It was generally required that dams should have locks of a specified size, — usually seventy-five by fourteen feet. Thus an act of 1836 required the installation of locks in dams on the Shiawassee, St. Joseph, Kalamazoo, Thornapple, Huron, Looking-glass and Grand Rivers; and this is an indication of the navigability of these streams.

In 1830 both the national and the territorial governments had done something for roads in Michigan. Military considerations induced Congress to order a survey for the location of military roads; and on March 2, 1827, Congress authorized the President to establish a road from Detroit to Saginaw River and Bay, and from Detroit to Fort Gratiot, and to complete the Detroit and River Raisin road to a junction with the Maumee and Sandusky road; and by this act twenty thousand dollars were appropriated for the construction of a road from Detroit to Chicago.⁷

The Territory of Michigan was very poorly provided with highways until the last decade of its existence. The first public road through Washtenaw County was not surveyed until 1825, although this was the second county in population and directly west of Detroit. Volunteers from Ann Arbor are said to have put through the territorial road from that place to the site of Jackson in 1829.⁸ As the Territory began to attract many immigrants in the late '20's, the necessity for a commensurate highway development was manifest, and thus many acts for the laying

⁶ Report of the Board of Commissioners of Internal Improvement: Mich. House Docs., 1838: p. 145.

⁷ Congressional Documents: Serial number 134; document number, 68; and S. N. 198; D. N., 123.

⁸ History of Washtenaw County, Michigan; Chicago, 1881.

out of territorial roads are found. April 12, 1827, a general act was passed in this connection, and this was soon supplemented by special legislation, by which it was directed that highway connection should be established between Pontiac, Ann Arbor, and Adrian; Monroe and Ypsilanti; Mt. Clemens, Saginaw, and Sault Ste. Marie; Niles, Kalamazoo, and Saginaw; Marshall and Grand Rapids; Coldwater and Berrien. An act of July 26, 1836, provided for sixty state roads, and this by no means completed the legislation of this character belonging to this period. This was a very important work, even if, as Lanman declares, the roads across the State were "such as to try the patience of the traveller" and were almost impassable in the spring and autumn. Enos Northrup, coming from Ohio to Michigan in 1830, employed two days and a half, he tells us, in reaching Ann Arbor from Detroit — a distance of some forty miles. But such as they were, these roads were useful to those who needed to traverse the State. Mitchell's Tourist Map of 1835 describes three principal stage routes, namely, one from Detroit through Ypsilanti, Saline, Tecumseh, Jonesville, Coldwater, Niles, La Porte, and Michigan City, to Chicago, on which a thrice-a-week stage service is scheduled. A second stage-line ran three times a week from Detroit through Monroe, and Toledo to lower Sandusky. Twice a week the stage ran from Monroe through Adrian to Tecumseh. January 24, 1837, the Committee on Internal Improvements stated that the rate for passengers by stage was six to eight cents per mile, and for merchandise between Detroit and Marshall, two dollars per hundred pounds.

The Mitchell map just mentioned sets down steam-boat lines from Detroit to Buffalo, to Fort Gratiot, and to Chicago, all of which touched at the coast villages; while the steamers on the St. Joseph River between Nile and its mouth, were of service in the trans-state traffic. In 1839, Lanman notes that steamers ascended the Grand River as far as Grand Rapids.

But Michigan's facilities for travel east and west, just adverted to, were at once supplemented by a far more efficient agency. That passion for internal improvement, characteristic of the frontier states early in the last century, bore consequential fruit in Michigan. The Chicago Territory — that is, the great North-West of the United States, first

obtained rail connection with the East over the lines of the two Michigan railroads which had their inception in this frontier enthusiasm.

The first charter granted to a railway in Michigan was that of the "Pontiac and Detroit Railroad Company" under date of July 31, 1830. Up to 1837, nineteen other railroad corporations were chartered with an aggregate capital of ten million dollars. If charters could have built railroads, a contemporary supposition that the horse would soon be a superfluous animal, might have been realized. But the serious work of railroad-building did not follow hard on the granting of charters. In his message to the Legislature, of September 2, 1834, Acting-Governor Mason announced that surveys for one or more trans-peninsula railway routes were about to begin under direction of the War Department. Popular subscription or territorial appropriation was expected to bear the expense of this survey. Lieutenant J. M. Berrien in that year made such a survey from Detroit to the St. Joseph River and submitted his report to a convention of friends of the work in Detroit.⁹ September 3, 1834, citizens of Ann Arbor held a similar convention in aid of the new road. Actual work on this line did not begin before 1836. The Detroit and St. Joseph Company, already chartered in 1832 and the precursor of the Michigan Central Railroad, graded some ten miles of its line between Detroit and Ypsilanti before the State took up the project. Very little seems to have been done with the other charters granted up to this time.

Article XII., Section 3, of the Michigan Constitution of 1835, under which the first State government was organized, declared that "International improvement shall be encouraged by the government of this State; and it shall be the duty of the Legislature as soon as may be to make provision by law for ascertaining the proper objects of improvement in relation to roads, canals, and navigable waters." This section was a constitutional expression of an ardent popular desire. In 1846, the Ways and Means Committee of the Legislature, in taking a retrospect of this era, wrote how great was the importance attached to the subject of internal improvement "arising in part from the spirited examples of older states, and from a laudable desire to develop as

⁹ Robert E. Roberts: *Sketches of the City of Detroit*: Detroit, 1855.

rapidly as possible the resources of our peninsula." Governor Mason fully shared this ambition; and in his message of January 2, 1837, definitely brought the matter to the front as a public enterprise. He declared that the State was "amply competent" to construct her own internal improvements," and suggested specific enterprises of this nature. The practicability of uniting the waters east and west of the Peninsula "has long been conceded," he informed his hearers; and there were several other possible canalizations, such as the union of the head-waters of the Grand River with affluents of Lake Huron; he is "credibly informed that fourteen miles of canal will join the Lookingglass and Shiawassee Rivers;" and, he says, "it may be found on survey that this communication may be continued by canal to the Detroit River or down the Shiawassee to the mouth of the Saginaw." The Huron "may connect with the Red Cedar, the Raisin with the St. Joseph or the Kalamazoo." With this development of waterways, railroads were to be liberally promoted, and that by the State, in order that the means of transportation should not fall wholly into the hands of private corporations. The Governor recommended preliminary surveys, the creation of a board of internal improvement, and the borrowing of five million dollars. The Legislature acted promptly. The committee which took in charge these proposals declared its own views in so buoyant and spirited a manner that all doubters must have been convinced.

"The subject of internal improvement is one which is occupying the intelligence of the age," declared the Committee. It was "the great lever which was opening the sealed-up fountains of national wealth and civilization." Michigan, seated "by nature in the very lap of wealth and power," should not be laggard in seizing her opportunity. With this rhetorical outburst of the Committee went calculations of cost and income which sounded most convincing then but which a very few years' experience were to prove fallacious. Money should be borrowed at five per cent., but the return from the new public works would be ten per cent., so that after twenty-five years, when the loan had been repaid, Michigan was to be the gainer directly by three million, three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars,—so reasoned the Committee on Internal Improvement.

March 20, 1837, the aspirations of the people of Michigan were embodied in law. The Board of Internal Improvement was directed to survey three railroad routes, as follows: First, from Detroit to the mouth of the St. Joseph River; second, from the beginning of the navigable waters of the River Raisin via Monroe to New Buffalo on lower Lake Michigan; thirdly, from some point near the present site of Port Huron to the navigable waters of the Grand River in Kent County or to Lake Michigan in Ottawa County. These lines were to be designated respectively the "Central," the "Southern," and the "Northern" railroads. The Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad, lying on the route of the proposed central enterprise, so far as surveyed and established, should be purchased if a settlement with the company could be reached. Five hundred and fifty thousand dollars could be taken from any moneys which should thereafter come to the State as part of the Internal Improvement Fund, for the prosecution of these works. Additional appropriations were made for canal surveys from Mount Clemens to the mouth of the Kalamazoo River, from the Saginaw River to the navigable waters of the Maple or the Grand River, for surveys of the St. Joseph, the Kalamazoo, and Grand Rivers with a view to the improvement of their navigation; and for the construction of canals on the routes just described, if the Board deemed it practicable. This Board of Internal improvement was created the next day, to consist of seven members including the Governor, *ex officio*. The preceding day, the Governor had been authorized to negotiate for a state loan of not over five million dollars, at five and one-half per cent. for twenty-five years. In November the rate was raised to six per cent. It was allowable to raise the loan in Europe as well as in the United States. This loan, later increased by two hundred thousand dollars, constituted the Internal Improvement Fund of the State, from which appropriations should be made by law. The financial operations connected with these enterprises do not fall within the scope of this paper: they led as elsewhere to most serious difficulties and losses.

On the basis of the enactments already set forth, Michigan undertook those varied enterprises which seemed essential to her prosperity. Up to January 24, 1837, the Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad Company

had expended one hundred and two thousand dollars, according to the Committee on Internal Improvement, which had been in conference with the directors of the company regarding a purchase by the State. The Company had bought one locomotive, one passenger car, wheels and iron for six freight cars, spikes and rails for thirty miles of track. According to Berrien, chief engineer of the railroad, no work had been done beyond Ypsilanti, but between that place and Detroit the roadway had been "cut out" and grubbed and eleven miles were graded and ready for the superstructure. The rest of this section was under contract, and the right of way had been secured to a point three miles west of Ann Arbor. It appears from the report of the Auditor of the Board of Internal Improvement, under date of February 1, 1838, that on May 11, 1837 there was paid to the Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad Company one hundred and sixteen thousand, nine hundred and two dollars and sixty-seven cents, being the amount expended by that Company up-to-date.¹⁰ In addition the State paid claims against the Company amounting to twenty-two thousand eight hundred dollars and twelve cents.

The Board of Internal Improvement located the Southern Railroad from Monroe through Adrian, Hillsdale, Coldwater, Branch, Centerville, to the St. Joseph River at Bertrand, to its Lake Michigan terminus at New Buffalo. At Adrian, the Southern cut the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad which extended from Toledo to Adrian and was already in operation. This Adrian-Toledo line, being a foreign corporation and deflecting traffic into the odious State of Ohio, was hateful to Michigan's enterprise. The prospect that Ohio and Indiana would construct a railroad from Toledo to Michigan City urged Michigan to push her southern line. By January, 1838, the sills, ties, and rails were in place on the Michigan Central from Detroit to Ypsilanti, and twenty-one miles of rail were laid. The Northern Railroad was located from the mouth of the Black River through Lapeer, Owosso, and Corunna, to the mouth of the Maple River, thence to Grand Rapids, the head of navigation on the Grand River. At the same time, canal and river surveys as required by law had been made, so that in its first Report the State Board which had all these works in charge had occasion to feel gratified. Contracts had been let for the work on the Southern and Northern Rail-

¹⁰ Mich. *House Docs.*, 1838, pp. 322, 137, 110.

roads, as well as the Central; and for all undertakings the Board of Internal Improvement had expended four hundred and fifteen thousand dollars up to January 1, 1838.

Beginning with 1838, the construction of the public utilities which have been described, was actively engaged in. Progress was too slow for the impatient people: it was necessary to supplement general contracts with special engagements and to employ men by the day.¹¹ As financial difficulties increased — as they were bound to increase following the panic of 1837 and in view of the very nature of some of the undertakings in which the commonwealth had engaged,—the projects which promised no immediate return lapsed and labor was concentrated on the Central, and to a less degree, on the Southern Railroads. By 1844 the State had extended the Central to Kalamazoo and its Southern line to Hillsdale and these roads were not carried beyond these points under State auspices.¹²

From the westward-moving terminal of the Michigan Central the stage ran to St. Joseph on Lake Michigan, where it connected with the boats for Chicago.

The effective railway construction promoted by the State and to a lesser degree by private corporations markedly affected the development of Michigan. Between 1837 and 1845, Michigan nearly doubled her population; and an analysis of the census figures for local units indicates very clearly the effect of improved transportation. As the Central Railroad progressed, its earning power increased. Thus the extension of the line to Jackson early in 1842 raised its annual earnings from \$71,000 to nearly 137,000.¹³ When Kalamazoo was attained, the Central was earning \$211,000 in a year.¹⁴ Stage lines reached out from the railroads. Thus Grand Rapids was reached by stage from Battle Creek.¹⁵ But of all the works of Internal Improvement, the Central

¹¹ Mich. *House Docs.*, 1840: I., 54.

¹² Report of Board of Internal Improvement (Mich.), 1844: p. 3; *Ibid.*, 1843: p. 1.

¹³ *Joint Docs.*—Mich., 1843: p. 154.

¹⁴ Report of Board of Internal Improvement, 1844: p. 11f.

¹⁵ Bostwick and Almy: *The State of Michigan in 1845*.

Railroad alone was remunerative. In other enterprises, six hundred and sixty thousand dollars were buried.¹⁶ In this same waste must be reckoned sixty-five thousand acres of land which was part of a grant of five hundred thousand acres received by the State from Congress. The sixteen miles of the great trans-state canal that had been opened were leased for water-power, while the bed of the Northern Railway became a highway.¹⁷

In 1846, public opinion was demanding that Michigan withdraw from all the enterprises in which she had engaged. The Legislative Ways and Means Committee in that year reported the debt of the State as four million, one hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars, and that the State had expended on its works of internal improvement, three million, seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand and sixty-three dollars and forty-eight cents in money, and three hundred and five thousand acres of land donated by the United States. The Committee found "the obvious defect in our system has arisen from an eager desire to push on our railroads before we had funds to complete substantially what we had commenced or even to develop their capacity for business." "While we have been constructing railroads at one end, they have been gradually dilapidating at the other." But it was calculated that interest charges would amount to six hundred thousand dollars in 1849. The Finance Committee of the Legislature estimated that to put the Central Railroad in proper condition would require four million dollars. "The impatience of our energetic citizens to have the locomotive at their doors," which brooked no delay, changed to a desire to free the State from the whole business; accordingly, March 28 to May 9, 1846, acts were passed for the sale of the Central and the Southern railways to the Michigan Central and Michigan Southern corporations, established by these statutes. The sale-price of the Central was two million dollars, which was forty-five thousand dollars less than its cost to the State; that of the Southern line was five hundred thousand,—not half of its cost. It was stipulated that both railroads should be extended substantially on the line originally planned by the State.

To some it may seem regrettable that various considerations did not

¹⁶ Ways and Means Report, 1846; Table A.

¹⁷ Campbell: *History of Michigan*: p. 496.

allow the State government to regard Chicago as a terminus for the State railways. When the roads had been extended to Chicago, and within nine years of Michigan's relinquishment of them, the Michigan Central's dividend-earning power was ten per cent. A return approximating this might have induced the State to give public ownership of railways a fairer trial than it has yet received in this country. It is not a warrantable conclusion that the later prosperity of the Michigan Central and the Michigan Southern railroads was due solely to the substitution of private for public control. Economic conditions sufficiently explain the situation. For some years these roads had a monopoly of the eastern overland traffic of Chicago, and always a goodly share of it; and this became the fact just at the moment when Chicago was made the great railway and shipping center of the North-Western United States. As it was, the corporations which took possession of the Michigan railways were rivals in reaching Chicago; and both attained that result in 1852,—the Michigan Central by using the right-of-way of the New Albany and Salem line from Michigan City, and the tracks of the Illinois Central into Chicago; the Michigan Southern by arrangement, and then consolidation, with the Northern Indiana Railroad. It was four years before a third eastern connection,—that of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago with the Pennsylvania Railroad,—was established. The eastern terminus of the Michigan Central road was Detroit, while the Michigan Southern by combination with the old Erie and Kalamazoo line from Adrian to Toledo, and the road from Detroit to Toledo, obtained access to Toledo and to Detroit. This *per se* was an important gain for Chicago and the Northwest, for it at once saved the long *détour* to the north by the all-water route. At the moment, Lake Erie formed the nexus between the new western railroads and the New York Central and the New York and Erie which extended to the seaboard; and the Michigan Central Railroad ran its own line of steamers between Detroit and Buffalo. But within three years after Chicago was reached from the east, as has been described, this water connection by Lake Erie was supplemented by railroads to the north and the south of that lake. The Great Western of Canada joined Windsor, opposite Detroit, with Suspension Bridge at Niagara and thus with the eastern roads; while the Lake (or South) Shore lines brought the Michigan Southern into connection with

the Erie at Dunkirk, and with the New York Central and its Hudson River rail connection at Buffalo. Thus it resulted that by 1855 two all-rail routes joined Chicago and New York.¹⁸

The economic significance of the facts just stated is not capable of calculation, but obviously it is very great, and was recognized then as now.¹⁹ The belief "that there would never be traffic enough to maintain two competing lines" from Chicago eastward,²⁰ arose from immaturity in the field of railway economics. The true causal sequence runs thus: The establishment of all-rail transportation between Chicago and the seaboard, by its saving of time and money stimulated immigration into the Northwest; this and reduced freight charges to the seaboard stimulated and increased the aggregate of production in this region, thus affording increased business for the railroads. The passenger fare from New York to Detroit, as agreed upon with the eastern railroads, is given at fifteen dollars, and from New York to Chicago at twenty-two dollars, in 1855.²¹ We have seen that some seventeen years earlier the given cost of transit between New York and Chicago was \$74.50. At this time the installation of the Joliet "cut-off" between the Michigan Central and the Alton is credited with putting St.

¹⁸ On the foregoing see J. L. Ringwalt: *Development of Transportation Systems in the United States*; Philadelphia, 1888.

Silas Farmer: *History of Detroit and Michigan, etc.*; Detroit, 1884.

Hunt's *Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review*, Vol. 34, p. 494ff. Similar but fuller information is contained in "An Address to the Merchants of the N. West," etc., Chicago, August, 1856.

(Robert E. Roberts): *Sketches of the City of Detroit*; Detroit, 1855.

The Michigan Commercial Register and Citizens' Almanac for 1855; Detroit.

Resources and Industrial Interests of Michigan, and Commerce of Detroit, by Ray Haddock, commercial editor of the *Detroit Tribune*; Detroit, 1860.

An interesting and confirmatory railroad map of this region and period accompanies a land prospectus issued by the Illinois Central Railroad; New York, 1856; and a tentative map of the same purport forms the frontispiece of a "Plan for Shortening the Time of Passage between New York and London," etc.; Portland, 1850.

See also Colbert and Chamberlin: *Chicago and the Great Conflagration*; Cincinnati and New York; 1871.

Charles Lanman: *The Red Book of Michigan*; Detroit, 1871.

¹⁹ See "An Address to the Merchants of the N. West. Setting forth the Advantages of the City of Chicago, as the Central Mart of the Union" *supra*:

²⁰ *Chicago and the Great Conflagration*: p. 75.

²¹ *The Michigan Commercial Register and Citizens' Almanac* for 1855: p. 41.

Louis within forty-eight hours of New York.²² Thus it is that we hear of Chicago's population increasing from 38,734 in 1852 to 59,139 in 1853, and three years later, Chicagoans were boasting of an hundred thousand people and planning for a round half-million some day. A writer of the period of the Great Fire attaches the utmost importance to the opening of the Michigan railways, drawing his conclusions from such statistics as those just given and noting that the assessed valuation of the city was \$10,460,000 in 1852, and \$16,841,831 in the following year.²³ Chicago grain shipments for 1853 are set down at 6,473,089 bushels and, the next year, at 15,726,968 bushels; and "An Address to the Merchants of the N. West," emanating from Chicago in 1856, emphasizes the point that the City's manufactures did not become important until 1852 and the opening of the Michigan roads.²⁴

Of the same character are the reports that come from Detroit. For one year, (1854-55) the only all-rail route between New York and Chicago was that comprised in a series of lines embracing the Hudson River, the New York Central (consolidated in 1853), the Canada Great Western, and the Michigan Central railroads. And it should be noted in passing, that any account of the commercial and transportation development of the Northwest cannot ignore the importance of these Canadian lines,—the Great Western, later part of the Grand Trunk system; the Grand Trunk, the Canada Southern, and the Canadian Pacific. Statistics of the commerce of Detroit in 1854, found in "Sketches of the City of Detroit," make the shipments from this port by way of the Great Lakes and the Canada Great Western Railway to include 337,000 barrels of flour, 897,000 bushels of wheat, 587,000 bushels of corn, 228,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 pounds of wool, and a very large quantity of other commodities. Another commercial pamphlet of 1860 notes that the "receipts by this (the Great Western Railway) route of general merchandise consigned to the cities and points westward of us (Detroit) is immense."²⁵ The commercial editor of the Detroit *Tribune* also informs us that, since the opening of

²² *Sketches of the City of Detroit*, etc.: p. 51.

²³ *Chicago and the Great Conflagration*: p. 76.

²⁴ P. 4. (3) P. 19.

²⁵ *Resources and Industrial Interests of Michigan*, etc.: p. 2.

the Grand Trunk, many shipments of commodities pass through Detroit billed through to Liverpool.²⁶ In 1854 the Michigan Central is reported to have carried through Detroit 451,689 passengers.²⁷ All this made prosperous the railroads which had their origin in "the astonishing enterprise of this young state,"²⁸ but which the State had not found it practicable to retain. In 1855, each railroad,—the Central and the Southern,—earned approximately two-and-a-half million dollars. We learn that, some twenty-five years before this, Chicago obtained its mail once a week on horseback from Niles, Michigan; and Detroit was scarcely better favored in this regard. In 1856, Chicago gloried in its hundred trains a day, so no "venerable croaker with spectacles on nose" should be in doubt as to our commercial facilities.²⁹

The characteristic tone of a commercial frontier is optimistic: it revels in statistics of growth and gloats over its own creations; and it is expectant: they are "in the morning of the times." The lessons of the achievements which we have dwelt upon were not lost upon the country. The Atlantic was attained,—next it should be the Pacific. The over-land trails would not suffice, nor the old water routes by way of the Missouri, Snake, and Columbia rivers, or by the water-ways between Lakes Superior and Winnipeg, then the Saskatchewan and the Columbia again. The completion during this period of the Grand Trunk from Sarnia, Ontario, to Portland, Maine, was, in respect of its length, its uniform gauge, and its unity of management, an impressive object-lesson,—and (we might add) the lack of these desiderata, between Chicago and the eastern seaboard was also recognized. But the fruition of these new ideas belongs to later history.³⁰

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²⁶ Ibid., p. 25.

²⁷ *Sketches of the City of Detroit*: p. 20.

²⁸ Swan: *Journal of a Trip to Michigan in 1841*; Rochester, 1904: p. 20.

²⁹ "An Address to the Merchants of the N. West.": p. 3.

³⁰ Interesting light on the situation following the period which we have described, was brought out in the investigation carried on by a select committee of the Senate on "Transportation-Routes to the Seaboard," and published in their Report, Washington, 1874.

ANOTHER SOUTH SHORE OF VIRGINIA.

IF you would see the contrast and the contest between the old South and the new you should make the voyage by steamer from Baltimore into the harbors of the Chesapeake bordering the lower counties of the Northern Neck of Virginia, and the wharves of the Great Wicomico and the Piankatank. The contrast begins before the voyager leaves Baltimore, for he finds himself aboard a craft where old and new mingle, luckily in contrast rather than in conflict. Within five or six years the steamer and the routes upon which it and its sister craft have long been running, have come under the control of a great modern corporation and been organized for a more effective and profitable service than that of their earlier days. At the same time the personnel of the administration has remained in large part unchanged. Captains and pursers who have had human relations with the whole country-side for ten, twenty, thirty, forty years, still remain to interpret between rural communities and a huge impersonal monopoly. A great corporation with its final authority lodged in a city well above Mason and Dixon's Line can give intelligent care to the economic organization of the local transportation problem in the waters of the Chesapeake, but it must leave to gently bred pursers, native to the soil, the more delicate and perhaps not less important task of helping aboard and ashore with fine old-fashioned gallantry the wives and daughters of the Virginia shippers, and the not less difficult administration of the "Jim Crow" law.

Uneasy sleepers wake in the small hours to find the steamer moving gently through the upper waters of a stream that looks in its dim loveliness like a dream-drawn vision, and that seems when revisited fifteen hours later at and after sunset a realization of the early morning phantasy. Slumbrous farmsteads lie dreaming on the edge of long sandy capes, and bosky islets rise in the very path of the steamer while from

the woods that crown the low bluff shores the earliest mockingbirds sing like mad creatures in anticipation of the dawn.

The daylight voyage is alternately in and out of the creeks and rivers, now deep in tiny picturesque harbors bordered by farm and forest, now out upon the broad bosom of the bay, with the steamer rolling through twenty or twenty-five degrees as she skims past the long nets of the herring fishers, or alters her course to give searoom to a passing "bug-eye" with its eager tow of two or three small boats that tend the nets.

It is old Virginia in farm and forest, it is new Virginia afloat and in active villages and factories that cluster about the wharves nearest the bay. Fishing and the caring for the catch in cannery or factory is the business of these people; farming is merely their avocation. Their source of wealth, which is open to all alike, lies in the waters of the bay and its teeming tributaries. Here and there a fine old Virginia homestead whose level plantation used to produce fifteen hundred bushels of wheat every year, besides corn and other crops, and a miscellany of cattle, horses, pigs, and poultry, now runs to grass, garden vegetables enough for the home table and a little for exportation, such small fruits as are easily handled, and enough corn and oats for stock and poultry. Far up the navigable creeks one sees cattle and horses peacefully feeding upon the sparse grass along the sandy shore, colts knee deep in the brackish water at the end of a sand-rimmed cape, and red Virginia hogs swimming from point to point through the edge of the water. The very soil itself owes its richness to the waters of the bay, for the local fertilizer is made by the thousand tons from menhaden and the refuse of the herring. The commonplace but comfortable new houses ashore, in distressful aesthetic contrast with the serene beauty of the low, broad gabled, deeply embowered old homesteads with their huge hospitable outside chimneys, and their dooryards abloom with plants descended from seventeenth and eighteenth century stock, are the gift of the sea. At one squalid village the local cicerone points out the tall garish structure with meaningless gables, roof like the waves of the open bay, and excruciatingly crude stained glass windows, with the proud declaration that it was built by this or that magnate of the malodorous fertilizer business, and is fitted with all modern conveniences.

Business afloat is like the house of the local magnate, "fitted with modern conveniences." Every bug-eye or skipjack that tends the sea has a gasoline engine in its stern, so as to be independent of wind and weather. Fishermen know to a hair the value of a net and the annual cost of setting and repairing it. Between the fisheries and the fish canneries and factories the demand for labor is such that the wages of farmhands are accurately determined. If the fishing season is especially good, and the orders of the factories and canneries are active nothing can keep either farmhands or bobcooks ashore. An eager commerce attracts labor, both white and black, to water and to the industries dependent upon the fisheries.

In nothing is the contrast between the old South and the new more marked than in personal manners. There is a touch of defiance in the glance of the coarse but strong and effective men who are getting rich and going out of the waters of the Chesapeake. The easier-going fishermen, who earn in a few months and sometimes in a few weeks enough to keep them for a year, and who negligently cultivate a fraction of their farms, look on in amazement at the more energetic of their fellows who save capital, build factories, endure the smell and squalor of these terrible harbor villages, watch markets, invent labor-saving and machine-saving schemes, and find themselves at thirty the masters of considerable little fortunes instead of mere owners of a net and an out-rigger fishing boats. A Maine Yankee who is trying to earn a living as a skilled mechanic is one of these active little harbors reports his Virginia neighbors as keen for the dollar, but prompt "pay" and know no business dealing.

The discriminating stranger can sift new from old almost at a glance. You see a grizzled man with delicate hands, and quiet voice who speaks freely, but returns the nods of his neighbors with grave reserve, and find that he is an ex-Confederate living somewhere ashore on his ancestral plantation. In the office of the purser you are apt to encounter stranger men of the same school. They know how to deal with the colored people, how to meet every sort of man with a simple dignity and ease; they are quick to respond to the cordiality of the white stranger, but never without considerate courtesy for the simplest

sort of local traveller. Even the uneducated Virginian of the elder tradition has this charm of bearing toward all with whom he comes in contact. Two or three such talk together with unfailing mutual deference, as of men accustomed to live habitually upon a high plane of courtesy and self-respect. Even the huge corporation that dominates the local transportation of the Chesapeake is forced to regard the traditional live-and-let-live of old Virginia society. This fact was pathetically illustrated aboard the steamer as the one alien passenger stood by the rail at early morning with his eyes fixed upon the lovely display of gently rippled waters and placid shore. A little white-haired watch-officer, who would have looked far past sixty but for something fresh and almost childlike in his eyes, approached the stranger and fell into easy talk, with that irresistible mixture of self-respect and courteous consideration bordering upon deference that marks the attitude of such Virginians toward the well dressed alien. Under the spell of a sympathetic listener the little man unfolded his story. He had been all his life a blacksmith and a farmer in a Virginia village until a few months before, when he was stricken with paralysis. As soon as he recovered so that he could move about, the great corporation found its human heart sufficiently to give him a place on the steamer, with food, lodging, and pay enough for his moderate wants and those of his little family. He was dreadfully homesick, however, for his wife and young children, and he got permission to leave his post a few hours between wharves. Then he missed the boat where he should have joined it, and went home worried at his failure to report for duty. He had been warned to do no hard manual labor, but his wife needed firewood, and in cutting it he brought on another attack of his malady. Weeks passed at the hospital, and other weeks of recovery at the farm, where he directed the planting as best he could, and with an umbrella tied to his useless arm, picked the weeds out of his crop with his one good hand. When he was sufficiently recovered the corporate heart again opened, and he found his old place as watch officer. There he stood, a pitiful but courageous little figure in his uniform, looking sixty-five when barely fifty, and illustrating in his person and fortunes the contrast of the new South and the old, and the humanizing influence of the latter upon the former.

E. N. VALLANDIGHAM.

Transcript, BOSTON.

Business afloat is like the house of the local magnate, "fitted with all modern conveniences." Every bug-eye or skipjack that tends the nets has a gasoline engine in its stern, so as to be independent of wind and weather. Fishermen know to a hair the value of a net and the annual cost of setting and repairing it. Between the fisheries and the fish canneries and factories the demand for labor is such that the wages of farm-hands are accurately determined. If the fishing season is especially good, and the orders of the factories and canneries are active nothing can keep either farmhands or bobcooks ashore. An eager commercialism attracts labor, both white and black, to water and to the industries dependent upon the fisheries.

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E. N. VALLANDIGHAM.

Transcript, BOSTON.

JOHN FISHER'S REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTION

JOHN FISHER'S book maid by him in the year 1775 when he inlisted in to the army under Col. Comfort Sage into Capt. Stephen Crosby's Co.

The 14th day of July I marched the seventh day of August sailed the 9th day from Norwich and arrived at New York, the 12th day, on Sunday the 18th fenix [*Phœnix*] Ms. of War and the Roas [*Rose*] came down the North River and they had a very smart fire. the 22d day we moved to the Governor Island and was stationed there and the same day the Regular landed on Long Island and had some thing of a schrimig the third day they began to intrench on both sides. 24th they cet flank gards out on both sides and cet pecking down me. [We can not interpret this: can the reader?] 25 not much firing today. 26 the rifle men sent over to long island. 27 there was alarm at brake of day and about 6 o'clock there was as smart a fire as perhaps ever was for some time and then seased for some time and after they had several atacks. the 26th there was some scattering firing. I cant get the truth of what was dun but I hear that there was about twenty Yorkeas Desarted from Long Island and went to york and wair put under provoke gard. 29 their was some firing and cannonading at knight our men gave up Readhook and two or three other forts on Long island. 30 the Regulars took the forts, marched into the forts and took possession of the foarts and then began to entrench on Long island by the water and placed some six pounders and then sent out a flag of truce and Demanded the Governor's island and all that wair on the island as prisoners, but our commander refused to deliver them up and so we embarked and came over to York and they fired on us from all quarters but through gods goodness their was but one man hurt and he had his arm shot of. 31

—Through Mr. H. W. Kimball, Secretary of the S. A. R. of Massachusetts, we are enabled to print this short, fragmentary diary of a Connecticut soldier, covering the battle of Long Island and some subsequent events.

Some of our men went over to the island to get some of the cannon, and one man got kiled.

Sept the 1 Day we had orders to march and at night we marched at rig about two miles and then marched back again. 2 we hold ourselves in readiness to march at an howers warning. 3 Day we marched about three milds and went to intrenching. 4 Day we was still entrenching against our enemy. the 5 Day the ship came down against our lines and our men got down three cannon, and began to fire upon them and huld [hulled] hur Several times. Our men fired seventy-five bawls and Magon (Major) Crain of Providence had part of his fot shot of gust at night, and the next day our men broat of the cannon and kept the ship lying in her old station. 7 Day, the Regulars opened three batteries against hell gate fort and began to Cannonade and bimby the 8 Day they kill one of our men and wounded two more. 9 Day our Ridge-ment chose a site of Camp folleman and the men made choice of Mr. Berry their captain the 10 Day they still keep cannonading hell gate fort. The 11 day I went to hell gate fort and they told me that the Regulars had split one of our cannon the 12 we hold ourselves in Readiness to march the 13 Day the Regulars shot a four pounder bawl over to York and kild one man and wounded five more one of the five died about noon, the others air slightly wounded in the afternoon four ships came up the east river and droped anchor against our lines and at night we had to ly at the Larm post all night. The 14 Day their was not much dun but we got our sick away out of York and at night we struck our tents and lay at the Larm post. The 15 in the morning we marched about two miles and then went to the lines whair five ships lay within musket shot and we lay their about half an hour without a shot and then they fired upon us very hot about half an hour and then we had orders to retreat, and we retreated about a mild and the enemy came upon us and put us to flight again, and we retreated about 8 miles and then made a stand and their we went to entrenching, our captain meiled himself and our Second Lieutenant, 3 privates are missing. 16 Day we marched about a quarter of a mild towards the north river, and incamped in the woods and went to intrenching, the 17 we lay still at the same place Likewise the 18 and 19 the 20 day the melisha came in from Killingly the 31 they went to the Jerseys.

To my said cousin Sir Halley my parte of the treyne which
 William Doleman of Chesham owest unto us that is to witt
 200 pence for my part.
 To Anne Doleman a woman's gowne.
 Executors. Ione my wife and Elizabeth my daughter.
 Witnesses. My cousins John Alsop and Richard Halley.
 Witnesses. Laurence Horsely vicar there, John Ofett, John
 Alsop & Sir Halley.
 Inventory dated 3 February (no year given) lower part missing.
 Executors. John Alsop. Ralph Smyth Jhon Oveytt &
 Henry Alsop.
 Proved by Ione the wife, power reserved for Elizabeth the
 daughter.

1558. Robert Halley of Derwent pck Hathersage Co. Derbyshire.
 April 25.

Will dated.....1557.
 To be buried in the churchyarde of St Peter of Hope.
 To Agnes Eyr wife of Antwoye Eyr a shepe.
 To Edward Eyr my godson a shepe.
 To Nicks Halley my brother XV^s.
 To Jacson wyf my syster XXVI^s. VIII^d.
 To Antwoye Woodcock XIII^s. IIII^d.
 To Syr Willelm Derwent XII^d.
 To Edward Berbur my master III £ & to his wife XX^s.
 To young Edward Berbur XX^s.
 To Nicks Hey. Vicar of Hope, III^s. IIII^d.
 Residue to John Halley my brother and make him Executor.
 Overseer. Edward Berbur my master.
 Witnesses. Nicks Hay. clerk, Edward Berbur yonger, Wyllm
 townrow, Wyllm Both & Rychard Wenwryght.
 Debts owing from John Eyr of the Grene feld, Edward Barbur
 of Bamforth House, and my sister Elizabeth Jacson.
 Inventory dated 12 April 1558
 Amount £8.10.0

Appraisers, Wyllm Boche, Robart Ibotson, Nicholas Ilot & John Morten.

Proved by sole Executor.

1559.

April 5 Robert Halley of Gretton parish of Youlgreave. Will dated 8 February 1557.

To be buried in the parish church of All Saints in Youlgreave.

My goods to be divided into three parts, one part to Agnes Halley my wife & the other two parts to Homfrey Halley & Wylm Halley my sons.

My tenement I dwell in, the tithe corne at Medulton with the flatte close that is taken for years and another close taken of Rye Halley for III years, equally to be divided among the three aforesaid persons.

I Robert Halley & Agnes my wife are fully agreed on the articles at Gretton to go to the longest liver at the end all the goods to be equally divided between Homfrey Halley & Wylm their children.

If Wylm Halley do marry or go from Gretton before all are cotented, he shall have half of all the goods being half of the haryet.

Debts owing to Robert Halley from John Alsop, John Buxton of braston, Roger Robynson.

To my servant maid one sheep.

Executors Homfrey Halley and Wylm Halley.

Witnesses Sr. Rye Knypton Vicar . . . John Halley.

Inventory dated 2 April 1559. Amount £17.10.0.

Appraisers. Homfrey Bargh, Wylm Warwen, Edmond Marshall, Roger Robynson, Rye Robynson.

Proved by the Executors.

1577.

April 17. John Halley of Stanton pch Youlgreave, Derbyshire
Will dated 15 March 1576.

No place of burial named.

I give the farm I now occupy by the Lycence of my Worshipful

October the 9 Day three ships and two tenders went up the north river and not with out a warm fire from every fort; the regulars took two Royalles [row galleys] and one vessel loaded with flour the 13 Day there was between fifty and sixty sail of vessels with about three thousand men.

Killingly June the 16 day 1777 I inlisted into Coln John Eleys Regiment under Capt. John Keyes. [Capt. Keye's Company, Col. Ely's regiment.] I marched the 4 day of July and got into camp the 5 Day and drawed aminition the 6 Day the 8 & 9 I went as guard to the Light house the 12 A prize brig came in hear which was taken by Capt. Billings laden with coffee the 13 I went on gard at fort trumbul the 14 Luther Green of Woodstock died ye 15. I went on gard at the fort the 20 we marched over to Groton the same day their was a number of the enemies shipping pased by hear and stood away for Newport the 21 I went on fort agen the 22 I went on the Picket guard. The 24 I went on the same gard again.

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALLEY, HAWLEY, PARRY, PIKE, ETC.

Third Series—Ninth Paper.

AN extensive series of new and valuable notes on the Halley and allied families has generously been supplied by Mr. R. J. Beevor, who has furnished much of the information heretofore quoted in these papers. At present we can give only a few extracts commencing with copies of abstracts of five wills recorded in the Probate Registry at Litchfield.

1536. Henry Halle of Youlgreave, Derbyshire.
Octr 4 Will dated 26 May 1536.

To be buried in the church yard of All Hallows Youlgreave
I bequeath to Sant Mary Howse of Coventry and Sant Chadde
of Lichfield either of them 11^d

To Sant Peter's service a sheep or XX^d

To Margett Storer 11 ewes.

To Mawde my daughter a heyfer more than her childe's parte.

To Robert my brother my russett jaket & a leyder doublett.

To John my son my jacket my Calett and my sworde.

Residue to Agnes my wife and my children.

Executors, Agnes my wife and John my son.

Supervisor Mr. John Vernon.

Witnesses. Henry Bargh William Smyth.

Inventory dated 29 September 1536. Amount £15.14.4.

Appraisers, John Bryde & Henry Bargh.

Proved by the Executors.

1552.

Sept. 13.

Richard Halley of Ashborne, Derbyshire.

(The upper part of the will has been eaten away.)

Two sisters (names missing) to be payd seven nobles.

To my said cousin Ric Halley my parte of the treyne which
Willm Dickonson of Uttoxeter oweth unto us that is to witt
XXI galons for my pte.

To Lucye Wagstaffe a woman's gowne.

Executors, Jone my wife and Elizabeth my daughter.

Supervisors, My cousins John Allsop and Richard Halley.

Witnesses, Laurence Horobyn, vicar there, John Ofett, John
Alsop & Ric Halley.

Inventory dated 3 February (no year given) lower part missing.

Appraisers. John Bagnall Rauph Smyth Jhon Oveytt &
Henry nozght.

Proved by Jone the wife, power reserved for Elizabeth the
daughter.

1558. Robert Halley of Derwent pck Hathersage Co. Derbyshire.
April 20.

Will dated.....1557.

To be buried in the churchyerde of St Peter of Hope.

To Agnes Eyr wife of Antonye Eyr a shepe.

To Edward Eyr my godson a shepe.

To Nichs Halley my brother XV^s.

To Jacson wyf my syster XXVI^s. VIII^d.

To Antonye Wodcock XIII^s. IIII^d.

To Syr Willm Derwent XII^d.

To Edward Berbire my master III £ & to his wife XX^s.

To young Edward Berbur XX^s.

To Nich Hey, Vicar of Hope, III^s. IIII^d.

Residue to John Halley my brother and make him Executor.

Overseer. Edward Berbur my master.

Witnesses, Nichs Hay, clerk, Edward Berbur yonger, Wyllm
townrow, Wyllm Both & Rychard Wenwryght.

Debts owing from John Eyr of the Grene feld, Edward Barbur
of Bamforth House, and my sister Elizabeth Jacson.

Inventory dated 12 April 1558

Amount £8.10.0

Appraisers, Wyllm Boche, Robart Ibotson, Nicholas Ilot & John Morten.
Proved by sole Executor.

1559.

April 5 Robert Halley of Gretton parish of Youlgreave. Will dated 8 February 1557.

To be buried in the parish church of All Saints in Youlgreave.

My goods to be divided into three parts, one part to Agnes Halley my wife & the other two parts to Homfrey Halley & Wylm Halley my sons.

My tenement I dwell in, the tithe corne at Medulton with the flatte close that is taken for years and another close taken of Rye Halley for III years, equally to be divided among the three aforesaid persons.

I Robert Halley & Agnes my wife are fully agreed on the articles at Gretton to go to the longest liver at the end all the goods to be equally divided between Homfrey Halley & Wylm their children.

If Wylm Halley do marry or go from Gretton before all are cotented, he shall have half of all the goods being half of the haryet.

Debts owing to Robert Halley from John Alsop, John Buxton of braston, Roger Robynson.

To my servant maid one sheep.

Executors Homfrey Halley and Wylm Halley.

Witnesses Sr. Rye Knypton Vicar . . . John Halley.

Inventory dated 2 April 1559. Amount £17.10.0.

Appraisers. Homfrey Bargh, Wylm Warwen, Edmond Marshall, Roger Robynson, Rye Robynson.

Proved by the Executors.

1577.

April 17. John Halley of Stanton pch Youlgreave, Derbyshire
Will dated 15 March 1576.

No place of burial named.

I give the farm I now occupy by the Lycence of my Worshipful

gud master Mr. Wylm Mydulton, to Henry Halley my eldest son, my wife Elyn Halley being Head Ruler so long as she kepys my name.

Residue to be divided amongst my sixe children (no names given) savyng that George Halley my son shall putt in hys goodes wt hys bretherne & sisters hys lomys & altherto belonging excepted.

Executors, Elyn my wife & Henry my son.

Witnesses, Rye Knyfton, vicar, Wylm Marshall, John Hadfelt.

Inventory dated 11 April.....

Amount £59.15.4.

Appraisers. John Bradshay, Wyllm Marshall, Rauphe Couton, & John Hadfelt.

Proved by both Executors.

Mr. Beevor, commenting on the five foregoing documents, says: "It is interesting that the first Derbyshire Humphrey Halley I have discovered should be located at Youlgreave. . . . It is unfortunate that two William Halley wills in the Lichfield series are non-extant."

A London record-searcher has reported the record of "Humfrey Hawley and Wynifride Strethey or Stretye" as defendants, regarding tenements and lands at Uttoxeter (Staffordshire), the occupant of the premises being William Walker and the lessee Robert Wells. The authority cited is the "Printed Calendar (page 311) of Pleadings in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, 35th year; Duchy of Lancaster." The record-searcher reporting this item says that Uttoxeter is on the border line between Staffordshire and Derbyshire.

Mr. Beevor remarks that perhaps this Humfrey Hawley of Uttoxeter, is "identical with Humphrey of Cheddleton (Administration, 1597, at Lichfield) and with Humfrey son of Robert, the Youlgreave testator of 1557. It will be no easy matter to prove the identity. It may be necessary to return to the Lichfield wills. As far as I can judge from a perusal of the Index, those wills which are most likely to be relevant are precisely those which are non-extant."

Mr. Beevor has discovered an interesting article on Barking, in "*Notes and Queries*," (London) 3rd Series, vol. 3, p. 284, from which he makes this extract:

"1684, April 22, Mr. Edmund Halley of London, merchant, murdered and buried in linen,* £2-6-0 pd. to this parish for the poor."

The records of St. Giles, Cripplegate, upon a search for the period 1606-1719, yielded this entry: "Ann, w. of Ed^m. Halley, Gent., buried 24 Oct. 1672 at Barking."

From the registers of St. Giles, Cripplegate, the following two entries had previously been secured:

Baptisms:

Humphrey Haley, Aug. 29, 1621; Katherine, daugh. of Ed^m. Halley, Salter & of Ann, b. 7 Feb. 1658, baptised 17 Feb.

Thus we learn for the first time the Christian name of the Astronomer's mother, Ann. Who was she?

All Hallows, Lombard Street (searched till 1642):—

Burials:

1631

July 22. Nathaniell Halley the sonn of Humfry & Katheren Halley was buried.

* This phrase refers to the "Woollen Acts" of 1666, and 1678 (not repealed until 1814), enacted in order that the woollen manufacturing industry should be encouraged.

Every corpse was required to be wrapped in woollen; if not so wrapped, a fine was exacted, as in this case. An extract from the Parish Register of Ashford, Buckinghamshire, 1680, June 29th: Martha Lake, widow, was buried in linen, and information given in to Sir Norton Knatchbull, whereupon he granted a warrant for the levying of £5 on the goods and chattels of Thomas Lake, in whose house the aforesaid M. L. died, wh. warrant was executed, and one moyety of the forfeiture was given to the informer and the other to the poor.

In consequence of half the fine going to the informer, the relatives of the deceased usually arranged that a relation or dependent should "inform," and thus secure the reward for the family.

In 1706, the wife of Archbishop Dolben, of York, is recorded (in the Parish Register of Finedon) as having been buried in linen, and the penalty paid therefore

One good result of the Act was that it caused the registration of all deaths, for evidence had to be given that every body, wherever interred, was wrapped in wool; and the parson, keeping the only recognized record, was the official by whom the Act was administered.

The Parish Register,
by William Bradbrook, London, 1910.
[Ed.]

Mr. Beevor adds: "Humphrey Haley, bapt. St. Giles, Cripplegate, 1621, was son off John Haley, weaver. Nicholas, son of Nicholas Wright, glover, was buried at St. Giles, Aug. 28, 1637."

All Hallows, London Wall, (from printed marriages) :—

1632 Thomas Halley and Johan Challewood, 3rd of June.

1665 John Haley & Mary Castle, Oct. 24th.

All Hallows, Lombard Street:—

1626-7

Feb. 25, Elizabeth the dau. of Humphrey Halley, Haberdasher, and Katherine his wife dwelling in Lumstr, baptized.

1628

Nov. 5 William the sonne of Humphrey Halley, Haberdasher and Katherine, his wife in Lumbstr was baptized.

1631

July 21 Nathaniell the sonn of Humfry and Katherin Hauley was baptized.

1633

May 5 Mary & Martha the daughters of Humfry & Katherin Hally in Lumb. Streete were baptized.

The Rev. J. W. Eisdell, vicar of Barking, Essex, has obligingly supplied these extracts from the parish register:

"1684, April 22. Mr. Edmund Halley of London, merchant, murthered and buried in linnen, £2-10-0 pd. to this Parish for the use of the poor."

"1672, Oct. 24, Ann wife of Edmond Hawley."

"1617, November, Humphrey Hayly and Katherine Newes, married ye 24th day of November."

Mr. Eisdell says of the last quoted entry: "I think this is a correct transcription . . . but the writing is difficult." [The bride's name was, no doubt, Katherine Mewes or Mewce.]

At the Vicar General's Office (London) are records of the following marriage licenses:

Oct. 27, 1755 Pyke: Price

Feb. 28, 1746 Pyke: Day

"The Index gives surnames only."

Will of Edward Hawley of London (P. C. C., reg. Ridley, fo. 89) dated May 17, 1627, proved Oct. 24, 1629.

Will of Richard Hawley of London, doctor of physick (P. C. C., reg. Pile 65) dated April 25, 1636, mentions eldest son Henry H., . . . loving wife Dorothe H., . . . five children, Henry, John, Richard, Rachell and Dorothe. Loveing frend Gilbert Dethick and loveing brother James H., exrs. Proved May 16, 1636.

A Dethick pedigree appears in the "Visitation of Norfolk" published by the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society, vol. 1, pp. 237-242.

The early records of the Stationers' Company (London) printed by Edward Arber, contain this item:—"Received of Edmonde Hallye at hys making free of this Company the 26th day of Feb. 1560, 3s. 4d." "There are also entries relating to licenses to print accorded to the same Edmonde Hallye 1562-66. Can it be that this was an ancestor of the astronomer? It seems possible." [Remarks by Mr Beevor.]

Dr. Edmond Halley, the famous astronomer, had a first cousin, Francis Halley, sen., son of William Halley and Ann his wife. The printed register of St. Christopher le Stocks, London, contains this entry about the said Francis Halley, sen.:—

"Frans Hally and Elliner Pike, Boath of Allhalows Staeing, married Aug. 17, 1696."

In the initial item of the first series of these extracts, it was shown that this Francis Halley, sen., had dealings with his future father-in-law, Richard Pyke, so early as April 21st, 1694, which may imply some *prior* relationship between the families.

Elliner Pyke's brother, William Pyke of Greenwich, in his will (1727) mentions "cousin Archibald Bruce." The latter's will has not yet been found.

In concluding this Third Series, it might be well to remind the reader that *Notes and Queries* (London) often publishes items relating to genealogical problems of more or less difficulty. The solution of the present problem may yet appear in those pages.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

IN JACKSON'S DAY: LETTERS OF WILLIAM T. BARRY,
1806-1810, 1829-1831

FOR the following letters and extracts from letters we are indebted to Professor Isaac J. Cox. They are derived from a book of copies of letters of William T. Barry, Postmaster-General under Jackson, 1829-1835, now in possession of Mrs. Walton C. Hill, of Newport, Kentucky. They were written to his daughter, Mrs. Susan Taylor of Newport, Kentucky.

Barry was born in Virginia in 1785, and was graduated from the College of William and Mary in 1807, represented Kentucky in the House of Representatives in 1810-1811 and in the Senate in 1815-1816, and held high judicial office in his state. When appointed Postmaster-General in March, 1829, he had lately been defeated as Jackson candidate for governor of Kentucky. It is familiar that he was the first Postmaster-General to be admitted to a seat in the Cabinet. Resigning in 1835 to become minister to Spain, after an unsuccessful administration of the Post-Office Department, he died on his way to that country. His letters, mostly occupied with family matters, reveal an affectionate nature, expressing itself conventionally but warmly, an anxious desire to improve by self-education, and a mind of but ordinary capacity. The letters and extracts selected for publication, while they contain nothing of importance that is wholly new, cast an interesting light on two important political episodes. During the last part of his public service Barry felt considerably embittered against those who surrounded Jackson.

WASHINGTON, 16th May, 1829.

My dear Daughter,

I am happy to hear by your letter of the 3rd of the good health of your family and our friends at Belle Vue.

Yesterday's mail brought me a letter from my dear John.

—From the *American Historical Review*, December.

He writes in good spirits and says his health is much improved. He made a good impression here, especially on the mind of the Secretary of War.¹ I find that slander has gone abroad against the amiable lady of this gentleman. I was not acquainted with her until I came to the City.² She appears to be an artless, sincere and friendly woman. She may have been imprudent, as most of the ladies here are, but I cannot believe she was ever criminal. Major Eaton is himself, one of the most estimable men I ever saw; he is the confidential friend of the President, and has quite as much, rather more, weight with him than any other member of the Cabinet. The truth is, there is an aristocracy here, as there is in all places, claiming preference for birth or wealth, and demanding obeisance from others; they allow none but sycophants who cringe to them to have standing or character. Mrs. Eaton was the daughter of a Tavern-keeper belonging to the democracy, she has by good fortune (if it may be so considered) moved into the fashionable world. This has touched the pride of the self-constituted great, awakened the jealous of the malignant and envious, and led to the basest calumny. You must receive with caution what comes through the family of Judge. . . . He wanted to be Secretary of War; Eaton was preferred to him and he is a disappointed man. Selfish and ambitious, he has thought of himself more than of his friends or *country*. His character was known and he was not wanted in the Cabinet. This, of course, is confidential. But it is true. The President and his family (a most interesting and amiable one) are on terms of intimacy and friendship with Major Eaton and his, so are the other heads of Department. As to myself, I am now living in Major Eaton's family. I remained some weeks at Gadsby's Hotel, but as soon as Major Eaton commenced housekeeping he offered me a room with such sincere evidence of friendship and regard that I could not decline it. His servants, carriage and horses, are all at my command. He has treated me like a brother; offers me his name in making any pecuniary arrangements I desire, and does everything to make me comfortable. Both

¹ John H. Eaton.

² But in a letter to his wife, February 24, 1815, Barry mentions as one of the *agrément*s of his boarding house "a charming little girl, the daughter of Mr. O'Neal, who very frequently plays on the piano and entertains us with agreeable songs." Presumably this was the future Mrs. Eaton, better known to history as Peggy O'Neill.—(Ed.)

he and Mrs. Eaton treated our dear John * with marked attention and kindness whilst he was in the City, and it is no small matter for a Cadet to have the good will of the Secretary of War. I have been thus particular because of the calumny that is abroad. If rumor were to be credited, but few handsome ladies in the fashionable world in the City would be free from blemish. The world is bad enough; helpless women are exposed to innumerable dangers; they often err, but men are most to blame, and the Slanderer, above all characters, I most detest.

I have been much occupied with my public duties. They are becoming more familiar to me, and I shall get along very well with my friends; the approbation of my enemies I do not calculate on. In appointments I am cautious; the government here are often deceived and, of course, make some bad selections. But where abuses have been practiced, *changes* are and ought to be made; it is not done in other cases. Your Post Master at New Port, and all others like him who have acted well, are safe. But those who have abused their privileges, circulated *Coffin* † hand bills, abused Mrs. Jackson, and acted partially in their stations, ought not to expect to remain in office. It should be recollected that offices are not private property; they belong to the public; those held at the will of the President, ought to expect to go out when they lose his confidence. In my station I lay aside personal feelings, unless duty comports with their gratification. It would have afforded me pleasure to have appointed Mrs. Taylor's brother to the P. Office at Maysville, but the views of the President were, of course, controlled by the wishes expressed of the people of Ky. and especially of the members of the Legislature in favour of Mr. Marshall. I have made changes at Frankfort and Louisville against my feelings, but policy called for them; indeed, justice to the administration required it. Mr. Clay is at Work; his partisans who have abused their stations and who are still devoted to his interests cannot or ought not to remain in office.

It is quite probable that by the time you get this letter your Mama will be with you. Request her to travel slow and not fatigue herself or the children. I have made arrangements for them on from Wheeling,

* John Walker Barry entered West Point in 1826 and was graduated in 1830; became a first lieutenant in the First Artillery, and died in 1837.

† Handbill headed with a cut of a row of coffins, referring to Jackson's execution of several of the militia for desertion. (Ed.)

and will, if I can, meet them on the road. She will come in handsome style, comfortable, free from expense (save Tavern bills, etc.), and with kind and marked attention everywhere. I have invited your Uncle John W. Overton to come on. General Jackson says he shall have employment here. It is probable I shall find a place for him in my Department. I shall doubtless call frequently on Mr. Taylor to aid me in my business in Ky. and Ohio. I hope fondly and shall expect from you and him a visit, after we are fixed here.

Kiss your dear little ones for me, and present me kindly to Mr. Taylor and all the rest of my friends that are of the family.

Your affectionate Father,
W. T. BARRY.

[WASHINGTON, June 11, 1829.]

Developments are constantly making here, of frauds and peculations upon the public treasury, practiced in the late administration, that will justify removals and awaken public indignation. It cannot be expected of any administration, to keep near them in offices of high trust and confidence, personal or political enemies. Removals awaken sympathy that is momentary and passes off, whilst the silent but constant influence of official station and power is continually operating.

It not necessary to act from a spirit of vengeance in punishing enemies, but it is right and politic to encourage and reward friends; it tends to animate, whilst the opposite course would discourage and distress them. Besides it is no punishment to restore men to all the rights of citizens. Public employments must necessarily and ought to be upon the principle of rotation in office. The sentiment of monarchy is growing rapidly; men and their friends cling to office and lay claims to it as private property, and cry out robbery if they are turned out. These men that complain so loudly thought it no robbery, nor did I, to turn the new Court Judges out of office.⁴ If Adams had succeeded, what would have become of the friends of Jackson? This question should be answered. Do we turn out men that the Democratic party wish re-

⁴ As to Old Court and New Court (of Appeal), see Sumner's *Jackson*, pp. 127, 133. Barry had been chief justice of the New Court, abolished at the end of 1826.

tained? Are the real friends of General Jackson and his administration displeased; would they rather have enemies than friends in office?

If the great body of public officers are to be retained, why change the head of the nation. Those who prefer the calm of perpetuity in office, would certainly be better pleased that the Executive head be made permanent. This will not suit a republic; it was not the case in Greece or in Rome. Republics are necessarily agitated and excited; when they cease to be so, the calm ends in monarchy and despotism. But I have not time for further speculation. Show this letter to my friends, Col. Tibbatts and Mr. Taylor, as I have so little time to write one letter must do for all, and as I have begun to answer you, have concluded to write a little to them. . . .

[WASHINGTON, June 25, 1829.]

How uncertain are the pleasures of this world. Your Mama, who has seen so much trouble, had brightened up with new prospects of happiness. Day before yesterday we were to have dined with the British Minister, yesterday with the President, but, alas, we have been at the bedside of our dear child. And Mrs. E. . . . (this much slandered lady)⁵ declining the invitations to dinner, has had poor Leonard in her arms day and night without sleeping, nursing him as tenderly as her own child. General Jackson is remarkably kind. He quit his company at an early hour after dinner, came to our lodgings, sat by our dear babe for two or three hours, encouraging us and animating the Doctors to persevere in their remedies. We have strong hopes, but are preparing for the worst. . . .

WASHINGTON, 25th February, 1830.

My dear Daughter,

I have received yours and the one enclosed to your dear Brother John, which is forwarded by today's mail.

We are all well at home, and dear Armistead is still improving, as I learn from a letter of the 22nd from a friend at Philadelphia, who called on him. You speak of rumors that a division exists in the Cabinet. I say to you, and Mr. Taylor and John, what I say to no others but my own family who are near me, politically speaking there is no

⁵ Mrs. Eaton.

division, but some unpleasant circumstances have occurred to affect the harmony of social intercourse between the females of some of the families, originating probably, and stimulated by ultimate political views of aspirants to office. Major Eaton is known to be the intimate friend of the President. The extreme jealousy of some of Mr. Calhoun's friends induces them to believe that Major Eaton is rather more friendly to Mr. Van Buren than to Mr. Calhoun.

They fear his influence will control the Executive patronage in favor of Mr. Van B. They want him to leave the Cabinet, and are willing to give him any other office whatever. The President brought Major Eaton in against his inclination, and will not part with him. To compel him to do so, is the cause of the attack on Mrs. E. Judge McLean, Mr. Berrien and others, who are now unwilling to exchange civilities with Mrs. Eaton, were *present* at her marriage to Major E., and it is believed if Major E. were not now in the Cabinet, that Mrs. Eaton would be unmolested. I am on good terms with all the members of the Cabinet, and so is Mrs. B. with the families of all, but we would not join in the prosecution of Major and Mrs. E. Mr. Van Buren and myself thought, and have acted, alike on this subject; so does the President. The females of the President's family until lately did not exchange civilities with Mrs. E.

The gentlemen, Mr. Ingham, Berrien and Calhoun are, and have been all along, personally friendly with and civil to Major E. (Mrs. Calhoun is not here). Mr. Branch and Major E. had a personal difference. Mr. Berrien and myself were present at an interview between them; they were reconciled and are now friends. Harmony prevails at present, personally as well as politically. On the 23rd Inst. we had a Cabinet dinner. All were present but Mr. Berrien, who was sick. Mr. [Mrs. ?] Eaton and Mrs. Donaldson and the other ladies were present and exchanged the usual civilities. A few impudent men and women of our own party, stimulated by the coalition, still are busy with Mrs. Eaton's character. She, however, is sustained by the Foreign Ministers; indeed, a favourite with some of them because of her prosecution, and by many members of Congress of both houses and their families. Society is unhappily divided about her, but her circle of acquaintance is large

and respectable. My family visit all parties and will continue to do so. I will not join the band of calumniators and will stand by and sustain Major E. against such vile assaults; but his and Mrs. Eaton's difficulties are not mine, nor do they desire me to consider them so. I believe my course has endeared me to General Jackson; it has to Major E., and some of Mr. Calhoun's friends are jealous of me, but utterly without cause, for I like Mr. C. as I do Mr. Van B., but I like General Jackson better than either, and will allow myself to think of no other candidate for the next Presidential term but General Jackson, and this should be the language of all friends; it will prevent divisions in our own ranks. I have not time to add more, but may continue the subject hereafter when I have leisure. My love to all our friends, Mr. Taylor and your sweet babes.

Your affectionate Father,
W. T. BARRY.

THE WRITING HABIT IN NEW ENGLAND

"It takes a long apprenticeship to train a whole people to reading and writing."
—HOLMES: *The Autocrat*.

ONE notable thing about New Englanders is their literary habit of writing. This manifests itself in their inclination to jot down mind—or their talent and fondness for putting a thing down in their thoughts in journals, to keep a diary, to write entertaining letters to personal friends, and scribble rhymes and verse. Many a grand-sire has left among his effects well-kept diaries, or an old ledger filled with ambitious attempts at verse, when no one knew this side of his character, or maybe some brave effort at political essays on public questions of the day. Throughout New England it is a common thing to be able to write well. Even men and women who do not follow a vocation which stimulates the mind and develops imaginative genius, write most entertainingly. In many other sections of the country it is an unusual gift to be able to write for the press or to write a book, and when it is mentioned of a person that he or she is a "writer," it is as awe-inspiring as though it were said he is a Congressman or a Judge.

It is this propensity for literate expression that must in a large measure account for the well-known preëminence of New England men in all fields of literature. The greatest American poets are Poe, Longfellow and Whittier; the greatest novelist or romancer is Hawthorne; the greatest four American historians are Bancroft, Parkman, Prescott, and Motley; the greatest philosopher is admittedly Ralph Waldo Emerson; the greatest of all orators, Daniel Webster; the best literary critic, James Russell Lowell—all New England men.

From the earliest days this characteristic existed, and each generation increased the habit. William Bradford and John Winthrop, the first two governors, started their journals early, and are

generally credited with being America's first historians, but it would seem that nearly everybody in any position of authority had the habit and began making materials for future history at the same time they did. The minister of every parish kept a record of the communicants, confessions of faith, marriages, baptisms, births and deaths in his parish. A "clerk of the writs" was elected in every town to keep a correct record of all the vital statistics of the community, and make a duplicate to be put on file with the county clerk. In one of the oldest two counties the county clerk in turn was required to make a third copy for additional file and record.

When the New Englander sold a tract of land he drew a deed and had it recorded; even when he agreed to build a house he drew a contract, and often had it recorded; when he went inland on a voyage of discovery he kept a journal; when he shouldered his musket and went on a campaign against the French or Indians he made regular reports to the Treasurer at War of engagements, casualties, rations issued, muster-rolls, and discharges; when he went to sea he kept a log book, in which he entered daily events of the voyage, soundings, and descriptions of new channels, harbors, and people; every family had its Bible in which were entered the name and date of birth of every child, and marriages and deaths in the family; when the head of the house died he left a will arranging the disposition of his property, down to the family cow and his musket and powder-horn.

Every serious act of a New Englander's life was written down and became a matter of public record. His deeds and other papers are recorded in the registry of deeds; his wills are recorded in the probate office; his military reports are become official documents in the Secretary of State's office; and his log-books have come into the hands of the historical societies.

Not only did Bradford and Winthrop realize the significance to history of the journals they were writing, but it seems to be clear that every one was conscious of the importance of daily events and felt the responsibility of putting in writing and carefully preserving the records of those days.

It is perfectly marvelous to a man from the West, where there are

no records at all over seventy-five years old, or to Southern and Middle-Atlantic-States men, where vital records are generally scattered and fragmentary or not to be found, to contemplate here a set of old volumes, kept by a "clerk of the writs," filled with the vital statistics of the town (births, marriages and deaths) running back in consecutive order for nearly three hundred years. Not only one, but duplicate and sometimes triplicate sets, copied and preserved with constant care, from the very beginning. Of course this habit of keeping records was one the English settlers brought with them, but not in England or elsewhere, genealogists declare, have such precautionary duplicate records been kept. Besides, English entries were made only of the "noble" families. Here the records, with democratic thoroughness, make note of every man, woman and child, regardless of station or family.

Any intelligent person can go to these public records to-day and trace his grandsire to his great-grandsire, his great-grandsire to his great-great-grandsire, and so on back to the original emigrant or grantee of the family in America.

The many church records, besides, give verification of the vital records; and furnish other interesting information, such as dates of baptisms, of communions, of "confessions of faith," of dismissals, etc.

To lawyers the most striking example of this early writing habit is the patient and minute detail in which the evidence in court cases is written out. In all the colonial days these New Englanders kept a complete record of the evidence given by each witness in court. In every case, even petty assault cases, all the evidence is written out with the greatest care. That is the only reason why we have such a minute account of the witchcraft trials. If the evidence in court had been taken then as it is to-day, history would be mute in regard to the details of these, as well as the famous Quaker trials. In fact, it is doubtful if we would know a thing of them if it were not for this written testimony. This practice was followed carefully throughout the whole colonial period. Authorities declare that nowhere else in this country or Europe is such a hand-written record of court testimony handed down to us.

In the days when New England's activities were principally ship-

ping and fishing, and half her population lived by or on the sea, the skip-pers found vent for their literary inclinations on the pages of the ship's log-book. In ancient "logs" at Salem, New Bedford, Portsmouth, Portland, Newburyport, Newport, Gloucester and Marblehead is an El Dorado mine of rich material, which a Cooper or a Mahan will some day smelt into the pages of golden tales. Thousands of voyages are recorded in these old sea journals, which vividly recall a vanished epoch and make it live again. No mere monotonous accounts of latitude, longitude, wind and weather are they. In thrilling and minute detail they tell of entering the unknown ports of the world, of captivity by pirates, of hair-breadth escapes from cannibals, of deadly actions fought with British and French men-of-war, of weary days spent in English prisons, of exciting chases, engagements and captures in the days of privateering, of trophies brought home from Muscat, Madagascar, Arabia, Luzon, Sumatra, and other places of the far East. These literary skip-pers also industriously recorded accounts of trade, soundings and dangerous channels, the habits and traits of the natives, cargoes taken on and cargoes sold, charts of unknown harbors, sketches of coast lines, etc.—with the serious purpose that their observations should "tend to the improvement and security of navigation." With pen and ink they have left their record behind, a record that is simply amazing in its detail and accuracy. In one library at Salem there are over one thousand of these ancient hand-written volumes, practically untouched by the historical investigator.

In the departments of the six Secretaries of State lie gathered and preserved the most precious collections of old State documents to be found on the continent. In the Massachusetts State-House at Boston, besides two hundred and forty mammoth volumes of papers pertaining to such subjects as "Indian Conferences," "French Neutrals," "Revolutionary Letters," and legislative resolves and messages of about the period of the Revolution, there are endless papers antedating the Revolution by fifty to one hundred years. The original papers of the French and Indian wars are there, giving lists of sick soldiers, commissary accounts, bayonet-rolls, and other details. Back to the "twilight of time" in American history go other documents, dealing with "public lands," as early as 1622, "Indian" difficulties in 1639, "maritime" matters in

1641, and such ancient matters as witchcraft and the care of the Acadian fugitives from the land of Evangeline.

But even now the passion for preservation is not satisfied. Many of the records are yellow with age and badly worn. "What shall we do to re-preserve them?" says the New Englander to himself. "We will print them," the answer has been, "and distribute copies of the printed work to different libraries, so no flood, fire or disaster of any kind can obliterate them."

Each of the New England state governments has published in indexed form, every scrap and "scrimption" they have in reference to soldiers and sailors who participated in the War of the Revolution.

Massachusetts has entered upon the vast project of subsidizing the publication of the original records of birth, marriage, and death of every individual on record in the books of all the town clerks of the commonwealth (nearly a hundred volumes are completed now). This gives an immense facility and impetus to the further investigation of divergent branches of family lines and individuals. One historical magazine started three years ago the sizable task of printing a biographical sketch of every commissioned officer from Massachusetts, in the Revolutionary war; a project made possible by this printing of the state and town records in alphabetical order.

With such patient practice with the pen, writing these experiences and making these historical records from generation to generation, what wonder is it that a "literary" atmosphere was created in New England, and that sons with the gift of happy expression and large bumps of language in the tops of their heads were born there? While they were subduing the forests and accomplishing the rough work of civilization there arose such writers as Franklin, Hutchinson, Edwards and Adams; and what wonder is it that in another generation a multitude of writers appeared who made the writing of books a vocation, or an object of remuneration, and that among them should have appeared such transcendent geniuses as Poe, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, Webster, and Story?

What wonder is it that with this supreme appreciation of historical

values and this faithful habit of making historical records, masters of the art of historiography should have been born in New England to write the great monumental works: Bancroft's *History of the United States*, and Parkman's *France and England in North America*, which will probably stand for all time as exhaustive studies and acknowledged authorities in their respective fields?

What wonder is it that our national history and literature have made the average American boy more familiar with such incidents of New England history as the Boston Tea-Party, the midnight ride of Paul Revere, and Miles Standish's attempt to court Priscilla Mullens, than he is with the history of his own state, and that, therefore, every son or daughter of a New Englander, and every son of a son, or every daughter of a daughter, should look back to New England with particular pride?

What wonder is it that private zeal has produced a history of nearly every *old* town in New England?

What wonder is it that of some four thousand published genealogies of American families extant to-day, over 80 per cent. are of New England?

What wonder is it that the descendants of these New Englanders plan historical pilgrimages to Bunker Hill and Lexington, and read up their family to see what part their sires and kinsmen took in that history?

When you make a reconnoissance of this persistent writing habit of the New Englanders, what wonder is it at all?

ALBERT WOODBURY DENNIS.

SALEM, MASS.

MINOR TOPICS

THE PRESERVATION OF NEW ENGLAND ANTIQUITIES.

The first annual meeting of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities was held in Boston, March 8th, at the home of Mrs. Mary Lee Ware, 41 Brimmer Street.

The meeting opened with the report of the corresponding secretary, Mr. Appleton, who summed up the work of the year. The Society was congratulated on having made a reality of what was, twelve months since, but a hope.

The Society is now well established, with a permanent fund rapidly approaching \$3,000, and a membership of over 300.

This membership is scattered through twenty States of the Union, the District of Columbia, and Canada.

The Secretary's field work has taken him to every State in New England except Vermont.

In Maine the towns visited were Kittery, York, Kennebunk, Portland, Bath and Rockland. In New Hampshire, Dover, Durham and Portsmouth. Photos and drawings were made of the Bunker Garrison House in Durham. It is more than likely that the Society's first undertaking is to be the restoration of his house.

In Massachusetts, Newburyport, Gloucester, Ipswich, Manchester, Salem, Dracut, Lowell, Concord, Lexington, Cambridge, Kingston, Milton, and other towns were visited. Excellent opportunities for work were found in some of them.

A careful survey of Newport, R. I., was also made and plans for future work there are now under consideration. A distressing feature

of the visit was the discovery that several of the houses mentioned in Isham & Brown's *Early R. I. Houses*, which were standing as recently as 1895, have now disappeared. This same observation holds through Connecticut. A preliminary survey of that field was taken on a visit to Hartford, East Hartford, Berlin, Farmington, Glastonbury, New Haven, Rocky Hill, and Wethersfield.

Some houses, which it was hardly expected to find standing, were nevertheless still there. Among others, however, which had disappeared was the fine Patterson House at Berlin, highly spoken of.

As to the coming year's work it seems probable that a beginning will be made in securing interesting buildings. Negotiations are already under way for the Bunker Garrison House at Durham, N. H., and at least one or more of the seventeenth century houses will doubtless be purchased.

It is not expected that the Society will be called upon to pay out of its limited means the whole account of the purchase price. At most, a third will probably be appropriated from the Society's treasury, the other two-thirds will have to be forthcoming from the descendants of the builders or occupants of the houses and from those friends likely to be interested in their preservation. That this is a feasible plan, the experiences of the past year make probable, for in at least five cases the family of the original builders have volunteered very substantial help.

Other means of acquiring real estate will always be by gift or bequest. Several wills are already known to be drawn in the Society's favor, some leaving it the house and grounds, and one the furniture in the house also. To some it may seem that this is depriving the future members of the family of the chance of living in their ancestor's home. The case is really just the opposite, because such gifts or bequests can easily be conditioned in such a way that descendants of the family shall have prior right of occupancy whenever a new lease is to be made. In this way the house can be safeguarded over the life time of a generation taking no interest in it, to be occupied by a later generation which may care to do so. The bequest of a family's home should then be regarded as safeguarding the family's interest rather than as forfeiting it.

In concluding his remarks, the Corresponding Secretary called attention to something that all the members could do for the Society, namely, the looking up and turning over to its collection of as many pictures, postal cards and photographs of interesting New England houses and scenery as may come their way; even those of other places in America, but outside of New England can be used, since they offer possibilities of comparison for students.

Such views everyone picked up in the course of the summer, and the members were urged to bear the Society in mind on all occasions when such material presented itself.

The report of the Board of Trustees was presented by the president, Mr. C. K. Bolton, and covered briefly the various meetings held for the year, special mention being made of the enthusiastic coöperation between the board of Trustees and the Society's officers and members. The president was evidently in a most hopeful frame of mind regarding the Society's future, and all who heard him were convinced that his hopefulness was based on good ground.

The treasurer's report showed a year safely concluded with a trifling balance in the treasury, and a substantial life membership fund already well started.

The report of the Librarian was a gratifying surprise, for more than four hundred photographs, picture postal-cards and views of all kinds have been received during a year which could truthfully be said to have contained as working months simply this Fall and Winter. The library is also started, and promises to grow rapidly in the future. The Society's Museum has as yet hardly come into existence. This has not been through lack of desire to create one, but for lack of space in which to house it. With the election of Mr. Henry Davis Sleeper a change for the better is sure to take place for Mr. Sleeper's enthusiasm will not only increase the number of gifts, but is sure to find a place for everything received.

An interesting address was given by Mr. George F. Dow of the Essex Institute, Salem, who spoke of the efforts at reconstructing the life of the past not only in its museum but in the restored Ward House

on the Museum's grounds. He was emphatic as to the need of such a Preservation Society in the New England field, and regretted that it had not been begun years ago. Besides actually preserving buildings and household property of the past, he said the Society could do much good work in collecting authoritative facts as to the actual appearance of homes of the past, in any given part of New England at any given time. There is need of such a collection of data, to aid in restoring the Ward House.

Among other questions which had to be met were these: proper finishing of a chimney top; when was paint first used on houses in Salem, and how much of the house was then painted; what was the size of the panes of glass in old diamond-paned windows—and so on indefinitely. Data on these and many other points must be in existence and need only to be discovered and properly brought together to be made available for the future. In no hands could such work be more properly placed than in those of a Society having as its real and sole field, work of preservation and restoration.

After the report and discussion the following officers were elected:

<i>President</i>	Charles Knowles Bolton	Shirley
<i>Vice-Presidents:</i>		
Massachusetts	Waldo Lincoln	Worcester
	Miss Alice Longfellow	Cambridge
Connecticut	George M. Curtis	Meriden
	Mrs. Mary Bushnell Cheney	S. Manchester
Rhode Island	Col. Robert H. I. Goddard	Providence
	Mrs. F. E. Chadwick	Newport
New Hampshire	Dr. Wallis D. Walker	Portsmouth
	Mrs. Arthur E. Clarke	Manchester
Vermont	Wm. B. C. Stickney	Bethel
	Mrs. Sherman Evarts	Windsor
Maine	William D. Patterson	Wiscasset
	Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson	Windham Centre

<i>Treasurer</i>	William C. Endicott	Danvers
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Dwight M. Prouty	Chestnut Hill
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Wm. Sumner Appleton	Boston
<i>Librarian</i>	Ernest L. Gay	Boston
<i>Director of Museum</i>	Henry Davis Sleeper	Gloucester

Trustees for One Year

John Albree	Swampscott
Mrs. Adeline F. Fitz	Wakefield
Worthington C. Ford	Boston
Miss Elizabeth W. Perkins	Boston

Trustees for Two Years

Dr. Charles M. Green	Boston
Miss Helen F. Kimball	Brookline
Henry Lefavour	Boston
Mrs. Ida Farr Miller	Wakefield

Trustees for Three Years

Miss Fanny P. Mason	Boston
Julius H. Tuttle	Dedham
Miss Mary Lee Ware	Boston
Frederic Winthrop	Boston

BOSTON'S HISTORIC LANDMARKS AS VALUED ASSETS

What's the matter with ancient history for a municipal asset? Italy—the nation, not the government—would be bankrupt but for Cook's tourists. Stratford-upon-Avon is worth a good-sized manufacturing town to England. Liberty Bell rings the changes upon many a fat hotel bill for the benefit of Philadelphia landlords. Most American towns which have historical associations have begun to appreciate them. East and West the landmarks are being preserved. It has been discovered that history made is quite as valuable as history in the making, so far as drawing a crowd is concerned. "Our bank statements would be smaller by millions every year," said a well-known State-street financial man the other day, "if it were not for throngs of tourists who come to Boston all the year through, and particularly in the vacation months to climb Bunker Hill monument, to take Paul Revere's ride by trolley car, to stand under the elm in Cambridge where Washington took com-

mand of the American army, to linger for half an hour on the site of the Brook Farm experiment, and to read the inscriptions and tablets which have been so plentifully put up all over eastern Massachusetts. Our monuments are money in our pockets."

Not so many years ago the disposition among Boston business men was very different. Only with the greatest difficulty was the Old South meeting-house saved by public-spirited citizens from destruction in 1876. Yet there was general public approval two or three years ago when the owners of the historic structure spurned an almost fabulous offer made by a syndicate to build an office building at the corner of Milk and Washington streets. The proposition was not entertained for a moment, and the real estate people had to build around the old church, which stands to-day much as it stood when the British troops used it as a riding academy, save that it now nestles, so to speak, in the arms of a skyscraper. The only concession to twentieth century ideas in the Old South, by the way, is a newly-installed automatic sprinkler to be used in case of fire, so that over the very balcony in which subjects of George III. used at royal festivals to stand up and sing "God Save the King!" is now extended an array of water pipes ready to save the building.

About the latest movement to conserve one of the historical assets is one looking to keep intact the Paul Revere house in the North-end. Situated in the heart of the Italian quarter, this ancient wooden structure has several times been threatened with demolition. It stands on North street, at the foot of the hill surmounted by Christ church, or the Old North church, as it is more generally known. Only a few months previous to his celebrated ride Revere had witnessed from this house, which was then situated in the fashionable part of the town, the massacre in the square between Faneuil Hall and the Old State-house. It is a plain, wooden, three-story edifice in Dutch style, built soon after the fire in 1676—a monument to the good constructive methods employed in colonial days. A very large number of Bostonians are determined that it shall not be torn down while it still holds together.

Similarly every project to transform or demolish a landmark is bitterly opposed and usually defeated in Boston. For the past ten or twelve years a real estate syndicate has been trying vainly to get possession of Park Street church, popularly known as "Brimstone Corner," and noted as the headquarters of the orthodox faction in the Unitarian controversy of three-quarters of a century ago—the church, too, in which the first Sunday School was organized in America and in which the national hymn "America" was sung for the first time. Although this site, which is opposite the entrances of Park Street station, the most frequented of the subway stations of the Boston Elevated Company's system, is naturally of immense value,

every attempt to acquire it for commercial purposes has been stoutly resisted. Efforts to get the land near by on which St. Paul's, Daniel Webster's old church, stands, have also failed repeatedly.

From various circumstances the marked attractiveness to outsiders of the historical shrines ought by this time to be pretty apparent to Bostonians. It certainly is so to everybody else. About this time of the year begins the great annual influx of tourists, many of them on their way to the mountains or shore resorts of New England, eager to see in passing what may fairly be called the greatest American municipal museum of history. The part played by the street cars in all this sight-seeing astonishes most visitors. It has often been remarked that in Boston the cars go everywhere. Even before the elevated and the subway were in operation they penetrated every quarter that could be reached through the winding streets. The story is told, that a parsimonious doctor from New Hampshire, calling on Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, remarked that sightseeing was interesting for those who could afford it. "Well," returned the poet, "if you have five cents in your pocket, you will see a large part of American history by taking a car over at the corner."

To-day, such is the perfection of the rapid transit facilities, it is possible to see much more in less time. In hardly more than half an hour, by using the "L," the visitor gets something like a bird's-eye view of the whole historical city. Starting from one of the stations in the subway the tourist, traveling southward, reaches the Dover Street "L" station, the point to which the British lines extended during the siege of 1775. Along upper Washington street the "L" road runs on the land known a century ago as the Neck—the narrow strand that then joined Boston to Roxbury. The Northampton Street station stands almost on the site of the tavern which was halfway between the British and American lines, and which on certain days—this was before the Washingtonian temperance movement swept the country—was crowded first with the officers of the king and then with the embattling farmers from Roxbury.

As the train swings around to the west to make the loop at the Dudley Street terminal the passengers see the old burying ground of the Dudleys and other notables of earliest times, and as the loop is almost completed a look up the hill to the west reveals the yellow form of the ancient meeting-house occupying the site of the chapel built by John Eliot, the apostle of the Indians. Thence by taking a south station train the tourist is carried back past Dover street and around to the eastern water front. Here are passed in succession Griffin's wharf, at which the historical "Tea Party" took place; the T wharf fishing fleet, for many years one of the most interesting spectacles of its kind in the world; Constitution wharf,

where the famous frigate *Old Ironsides* was built; and, as the train sweeps around by Copp's Hill terrace, on the top of the hill, there appears the belfry from which were hung the lanterns signaling to Revere, expectant across the Charles, the tidings that the British were about to start for Concord by water.

So, too, the surface cars along lines radiating outward in every direction from the stations in the subway, give easy access to every place of historical interest in a territory now peopled by upward of 2,000,000 inhabitants—to the heights in South Boston, which Washington fortified and from which he watched the evacuation of the city; to Roxbury, the home of General Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill; to West Roxbury, where Brook Farm is hardly less delightfully picturesque to-day than when Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller dreamed transcendentalism there; to Dorchester, the home of the Dudleys, who gave a governor to Boston in provincial times; to Medford, where the Royall House preserves some of the most entertaining relics of the colonial period; to Cambridge, Arlington and beyond, along the line taken by the British troops to Lexington and Concord. Not only the spots made famous in the military annals of the nation, but the many literary shrines of the greater city are all accessible to the trolley-tripper—the homes of Lowell, Emerson and Longfellow; distant Ponkapog and near by Louisbourg Square; the Boston house of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and the wilderness scene, now a popular picnic ground, of Thoreau's withdrawal from the world. In the summer months the local public travels extensively on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and Boston is filled all the time with strangers doing the sights in the most economical and pleasantest way.

Republican, SPRINGFIELD.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXVI—*Continued*

THE Dew waited until sufficient time had elapsed for the Indians to gain several hundred yards, and then, motioning to Greyslaer to tread carefully in her footsteps, descended the steep bank a few paces and commenced moving rapidly along the hill-side. She had not proceeded far in this direction, however, before, coming to a spot where some huge rocks, covered only with dogbriers, let down the light too broadly into the forest, she turned abruptly from the path, thriddled the thorny defile, and, crossing to the opposite side of the ridge, regained the point from which she had recently started. The old path was then followed back for full a mile, and then again as suddenly left as before. Four distinct trails were thus made to branch out at intervals from that which Max and his guide were actually travelling; and the maid, seeming content with these precautions, now kept the way steadily forward; save that, ever and anon, she would pause for a moment in some more open glade, poise herself upon some fallen trunk, throw a keen but furtive glance around her, and then flit lightly as a bird from its perch into the leafy shadows beyond.

A deep swamp received them next; and no youth less light of foot than Greyslaer could have kept up with the forest damsel as she glided from one half-floating tussock to another, her feet scarce touching the black and slippery logs, which, plunged as they were in the slimy mould, afforded yet the firmest stepping-place around.

A *windfall* upon the hillside was to be traversed next. The uprooted trees, wrenched from their ancient seats by the tornado's force, lay with their twisted stems, their boughs fast locked together, their enormous roots turned vertically to the sky, with fragments of rock and clay matted by their fibres, and walling one side of the pit from which they had been upturned, while barriers of rankly-grown briers enclosed the others. But the splintered tree, the thorny copse, the deep pitfalls, the palisade of gnarled roots and jagged rocks protruding from them,

offered no obstacle to the fairy footsteps of The Dew. The little crossbill of the mountain, the bird that best loves the "windfall," and whose twinkling form and brown and gray plumage is often the only object that enlivens these ghastly wrecks of the forest, seemed hardly more at home among them.

A tract of level land was gained at last. It was a pine barren, where the trees shot upward, a hundred feet or more, with not a leaf of underwood around their stems, with not a shrub below them, and scarcely a green bough appearing to break the monotonous range of columns, save those which formed the verdant roof which shut in this solemn temple. The brown maid here told her white companion to take the lead. She pointed through an almost straight vista between the interminable trunks; and Max, seeing his way before him, stepped fleetly forward, his companion treading cautiously in his footsteps upon the yielding sand.

They had nearly crossed these dangerously open glades, when Greyslaer suddenly felt a light hand upon his shoulder; he turned and saw the girl pointing, with an agitated look, to an object that was advancing toward them nearly in the direct line they were travelling. It was an Indian just emerging from the thickets of ash and maple that grew upon the edge of the barren. A few moments more, and they would have gained the same leafy covert.

The girl in an instant knew the man for a Mohawk. She waited not to see whether he was followed by others. It might be one of the same band she had seen a few hours before upon the trail of the white hunter; and, if so, all her efforts to avoid them had but involved her friend in their toils. But whether it were the same or another party of her tribesmen; it mattered not; the life of Greyslaer now depended more than ever upon her faithful and sagacious guidance. The Indian paused and looked backward, as if awaiting the coming up of his party. The Dew seized the moment, and, followed by Greyslaer, sped backward on her path. She crossed and recrossed it repeatedly, Greyslaer now in his turn stepping lightly and carefully in her foot-prints, so as to cover, yet not wholly erase them, while their way yet lay through the sands of the pine barren.

They gained at last the thick greenwood, where the deciduous trees imbowered their path, and the elastic carpet of moss and wild flowers, and spongy trunks o'ergrown with juniper, and tangled thickets of moose-wood and wytch-hopple, gave now the springy footing the tired hunter loves, and now afforded the deep covert where the hounded deer will seek to hide.

Proceeding thus in a westward direction, the fugitives soon found themselves again within sight of the river, and near the very place where they had landed in the morning. The current ran swiftly, but they did not hesitate to ford it, and clamber a mountainous ridge opposite. They paused upon a lofty ledge of rock to look back, and saw their pursuers already in the stream. They crossed the ridge, and descended to the other side. They gained the banks of another river not larger than the first, but hesitated to cross; for the yell of the Indians was echoed from the rocks above them, and they feared to be seen while making the passage. Whither shall they now fly? They turn and follow down the stream, though it leads them nearly in the direction from which the purusit is coming; but their only hope is in doubling thus upon their tracks. They make the point where the two branches meet and mingle their waters. They turn to leave the stream they have been following, and clamber up the sides of the glen through which it flows, and find themselves upon a narrow isthmus, with another stream, deeper and far more violent, roaring around its rocky base. Max approached the verge of the precipice, and despaired of proceeding farther. The cliff opposite was steep as that whereon they stood. The main stream, whose tributary it seemed he had been last traversing, had here cloven its way through a rocky ridge in a channel so narrow that any of the trees around him would span the black chasm. But he had no axe to fell one, nor would he have dared to disturb the echoes of the forest if one were at hand.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XIII

MAY, 1911

No. 5

THE GIRTY LEGENDS AND ROMANCES

(Concluded from November)

GIRTY was at Sandusky distributing stores when the ill-starred expedition of Colonel Crawford fought the battle of Sandusky Plains in June, 1782; and Girty's connection with the burning of Crawford and some of his officers is perhaps the most damning piece of diabolism ever enacted by a white man on the American continent. On this torturing Girty looked for hours, apparently with fiendish delight and exultation. His mockery of Crawford's agonies, demoniac laughing, and contemptuous answers to Crawford's appeals to shoot him through the heart and end his sufferings—all show the depraved monster, shameless and dehumanized.

Yet, tradition, ever busy with the Girtys, has not failed to find an anterior cause, an old hate in the revengeful heart of this white savage of the wilderness.

It is said that years before, in the old Pennsylvania home, Simon Girty had aspired to the heart and hand of Sarah, the accomplished daughter of Crawford. Naturally such a suitor met with small favor from such a family. But the repulse rankled deep in the savage heart of the "White Indian," and Crawford's ill-fated expedition to Sandusky Plains afforded Girty his opportunity.

We are told, on what seems plausible testimony, that the night before the fatal rout of the Americans, Girty, under a flag, secretly approached the American lines and demanded a personal interview with the commander. When Crawford appeared, after mutual recognition, Girty proposed to do him a great favor, viz., to show him how the Americans might escape from the net in which they were entangled by the

savages, by an immediate retreat over a passway through the swamp behind their camp, which the Indians had not yet blockaded.

Dark hints have been thrown out as to the reward Girty demanded for his information. All all events, Crawford began an immediate retreat under the shadow of night, but his troops lost their way, became confused, scattered, and the next day were cut off almost to a man by the pursuing savages. Crawford, with Doctor Knight and several other companions, were captured. All save the former two were tomahawked and scalped. But Crawford and Knight were reserved for the more terrible death at the stake. The torturing of Crawford, as described by Doctor Knight, is not surpassed in all the chronicles of barbarity and savagery. Girty was present, evidently taking a fiendish delight in the victim's fearful agonies. Time and again he answered the colonel's piteous appeals from the flames with jeering mockery, meanwhile twitting Knight with the like fate which was awaiting him at the Shawnee town where Knight was to be burned.

Frank Cowan in his *Southern Pennsylvania in Song and Story* has fancifully versified this last interview between Girty and Crawford in meter almost Miltonic in infernal imagery:

Girty—"You say I am accursed, I am accursed,
Of all the damned on earth, I am the worst," etc.

Parrhasius' torture of the slave was for art's sake—to "paint a dying groan," but Sarah Crawford's hand refused, is here made the cause of her father's agonies: /

Girty—"I loved your daughter—Mark!—till I was driven
From her—from earth—and every hope of heaven" . . .
"Speak! Her hand, and you shall live:
Speak! speak! before it is too late to give." . . .
"Too late to—Hold! save Girty, save thy breath;
For Crawford's ears are closed for aye in death."

The monument to Crawford's memory on Sandusky Plains is to-day almost the only *in memoriam* of that fatal field of savage butchery. But the tiger's thirst for blood was not quenched; it became only the fiercer.

Girty at once set about organizing an Indian invasion of Kentucky, hoping to crush the white settlements west of the mountains. One morning in August (1782) the Indian host under British officers suddenly appeared before Bryan's station, five miles from Lexington, and began the attack which was bravely met by the little garrison. British strategy and Indian artifice alike failing, late in the evening Girty crept up behind a stump, through the tall hemp, to parley with the garrison and cow them into surrender. He told of reinforcements and cannon hourly expected; that their little block-houses would be blown to the winds; and then the fury of the assailing savages could not be restrained. He announced his name; asked if he was known to the garrison; urged them to surrender, pledging his honor for their good treatment as prisoners, etc.

The garrison looked blank at the mention of cannon against their little stockade. But young Aaron Reynolds took it on himself to reply:

Certainly the garrison knew of *Simon Girty*. He himself had a worthless dog to which he had given that name; that if they (the Indians) had cannon and reserves they might bring them on and be—; that the fort was well provided with switches which had been gathered and *seasoned* for Girty and his naked rascals, to *warm* them out of the fort, should they manage to get inside; that the whole country was hastening to the garrison's help; and in twenty-four hours more the scalps of Girty and his red devils would be drying on the cabin roofs.

This "bluff" game was more skilfully played in Reynolds' hands than in Girty's, and the renegade with his motley crew withdrew during the night and started for the Ohio.

A small force of Kentuckians—about one-third of the enemy's number—rashly pursued the retreating savages, and were ambuscaded by them at the Blue Licks, where was fought the most disastrous of all Kentucky's Indian battles—a disaster which brought mourning to every cabin in the Dark and Bloody Ground.

Simon and George Girty were in this expedition, though Caldwell was commander-in-chief. Tradition says that Simon Girty was struck by a ball at Bryan's station and was knocked down. But the ball struck his shot-pouch and so his life was saved. But every white man seen in the

Indian lines was usually mistaken for Girty, and it is hardly likely that it was Simon Girty who stopped the well-aimed ball of the young pioneer.

Some writers dispute the genuineness of the Reynolds-Girty dialogue at Bryan's; it sounds too Homeric for them. But we see no sufficient reason for this scepticism. Girty had a passion for playing the flag-of-truce act. We have seen him "summoning" Ruddell's and Martin's stations, and Fort Laurens, etc., though after the Crawford tragedy he always "summoned" from a safe distance. He durst not trust even a white flag to protect his detested carcass.

But the Muse of the Border fails not to weave into the Girty legends the names of all contemporaneous pioneer heroes, and so she has included Samuel Brady, the mighty Nimrod of the Ohio-Pennsylvania "Debatable Ground."

Brady's capture caused great rejoicing among the savages who had so long feared his terrible arm, and immediate preparations were made to torture him. Brady thought that he recognized Simon Girty among his captors, and as the two men had been friends in boyhood, he appealed to Girty to save his life. But the renegade pretended at first to neither recognize his old friend, nor even to understand what he said. Finally he acknowledged his identity, but turned a deaf ear to all Brady's appeals to help his escape, or to even furnish him means to take his own life, to avoid the horrors of the stake.

Brady was bound; the fires were kindled, and already the binding withes were scorching and loosening about the victim's arms, when Brady, by a mighty effort, burst his bonds, seized a fine-looking squaw who was enjoying the spectacle at too close range, dashed her upon the fire, and in the confusion escaped.

Girty's few apologists have pretended that this plan of escape was of Girty's concocting, and that he gave Brady the signal for tearing away his bonds—a story too thin even for "the marines." In fact, Kenton's was the only instance in which his old friendship seemed ever to touch the flinty heart of Girty. "He was good to me" could be said by no other former friend.

In July, 1783, De Peyster, then in command at Detroit, gathered

the chiefs of eleven Indian tribes. He announced to them the peace just concluded between America and Britain, counselled them to bury the hatchet and then dismissed them with presents. Girty was interpreter at this council, but was evidently opposed to peace, as were all the other renegades. In this opposition they were encouraged by Sir John Johnson, Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, who gathered the tribes at Sandusky in the autumn to incite them to resist all attempts of the Americans to take possession of the Northwest Territory; and thus the savage warfare was continued for a dozen years after a nominal peace had been declared.

In 1784 Simon Girty married Catherine Malott, who was still held a prisoner and in a lot so hard that the cabin of Girty even seemed some relief. Catherine had grown to be a handsome woman. The marriage took place in Canada, and there they settled on the east side of the Detroit River, about two miles below Amherstburg. In fact, this section along the Detroit River became the refuge land for Revolutionary Tories and Loyalists. Perhaps in no other region on earth was the new United States so intensely hated, and this hostile feeling was not abated until after the War of 1812. But Girty did not purpose to serve King George for nought. He filed a claim for some of the bounty lands between Huron and Erie which had been offered by the British authorities to the refugee Loyalists. Nearly all the prominent Tories of the Northwest were among these claimants.

But romance must touch even the marriage with Catherine Malott, for it is told that Catherine's mother had come to Detroit to rescue her children from captivity and had employed Simon Girty to redeem Catherine from the Delawares. But the tribe refused to deliver her up; then the wily Simon persuaded them to let her accompany him to Detroit to *see* her mother, after which he would bring her back to them—a promise he never intended to keep. Another version makes the handsome Catherine a much-admired belle among the British officers at Detroit. But she refused all these suitors from a sense of gratitude to the white savage who had rescued her. We hear nothing more of Mother Malott.

When the Fort McIntosh treaty was made in 1785 with the Wyandots, Delawares, Chippewas, and Ottawas, we find the fur traders, with

Girty and McKee, violently opposing it; and General Harmar had called upon the Indians to "tie and bring in" the stirrers up of strife, among whom "one Simon Girty" is specially named. But Girty and other emissaries succeeded in thwarting the Government's efforts for a general treaty. All these attempts were frustrated, and even the treaty Indians were incited to hostility.

Sir John Johnson held a council at Niagara and the Huron town to urge the Indians to demand the Ohio as their southern border. Girty and McKee were his active helpers: their venom never lost its virulence. Yet we are confounded about this time by another chameleon story. In the spring of 1786 Thomas Marshall (see McClung and Collins) was descending the Ohio in a flatboat. About ten o'clock one night—below the mouth of the Great Kanawha—he was hailed from the Ohio shore by a man who gave his name as James Girty, who said that he had been stationed there by his brother Simon to warn all boat-crews against the wiles of the savages in their efforts to draw unsuspecting voyagers ashore only to plunder and kill them. James said that his brother Simon was very sorry for the part he had taken against his countrymen, and wished to be restored to his old home, etc. McClung would have us believe that James Girty's warnings here on the dark Ohio banks had saved many crews from pillage and murder. But no such boats, nor their "skippers," are named; and this whole story seems to belong to the legends of La Bellè Rivière.

Who was this impersonation of James Girty? For the real James was certainly at St. Mary's, or "Girty's Town," on the Maumee, managing his trade with the Indians. Nor was mercy, "strained" or "unstrained," toward American settlers a sentiment known to the Girty breast; and of *repentance* they wot not. Simon was at this time in or about Detroit, and never more active in fomenting Indian hostilities. Who was this bogus James, so solicitous for craft on the broad Ohio? Doubtless we shall never know.

Occasionally we hear of Girty's help in securing the release of some captive, but he probably made the rescuing "pay."

When the savages attacked Baker's station on the Ohio, Girty is

said to have summoned the garrison to surrender, but he was answered with curses and threats.

In 1791 he led the attack on Dunlap's station on the Miami. There he compelled Abner Hunt, a prisoner, to mount a stump and implore the garrison to surrender.

Failing in this effort, Girty tortured Hunt to death in sight of the fort, but beyond its guns.

To the Moravians who had been settled near Girty on the Canadian side of the Detroit River, Girty was a thorn in the flesh. He continually dealt out rum to their converts and paralyzed the missionaries' efforts.

Girty was present at St. Clair's defeat in 1791. He refused to comply with General Butler's request to save the wounded General from the stake by tomahawking him on the field, but a warrior was more obliging and buried his tomahawk in the General's head.

For the next two or three years we find Girty busy in the leading of Indian attacks on white settlements, or at the council fires urging the savages to relentless war. He pressed his red friends to demand the Ohio boundary line as their ultimatum. Girty was still employed as interpreter, though much of the time drunk and boisterous. Girty was at the battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794, when Wayne inflicted a crushing defeat upon the savages. Among the various traditions of Girty in this battle, one is certainly reliable—"he succeeded in escaping."

The renegades, the British agents, the Canadian Government at the Maumee Council in October, tried to persuade the savages to continue the war, but the "men behind the guns" had had enough; they must have peace with or without the Ohio line, and Girty must retire to Canada as his home.

James Girty, after 1782, personally kept aloof from wars, but incited the Indians and sold them war stores—a safer and more profitable business than the mythic trade of patrolling the Ohio bank to warn flatboats against savage robbers. Wayne's coming in 1794 sent him, too, to Canada.

With the signing of the Greenville treaty, in 1795, the renegades were left in the cold; Othello's occupation was gone. Simon swore that he would not quit Detroit till the United States soldiers were in sight. He made good his threat. But when he heard that the American boats were coming up the Detroit River, he could not wait for the return of the ferryboat from the Canadian shore, but jumped his mare into the river—a perilous leap—and swam to the Canadian side, where he poured out a torrent of curses upon the American troops and all else toward the southward. This was Girty's exit from the land he had betrayed. It seems certain that he never recrossed the river, save only during the few months of British occupancy of Detroit in the War of 1812. Yet ever-busy tradition would have us believe that he once secretly visited Thomas Girty and John Turner at Pittsburg, and that his presence being reported he narrowly escaped the vengeance of the enraged citizens. Nobody in the Iron City would come, like Kenton, to his defence *because he had been "very good" to him.*

But Simon Girty, of all things, had a special care not to risk any possible chance of falling into American hands. If he fought, it was when backed by superior numbers; if his party retreated, he was never with the rear guard.

While Crawford was burning, Girty told Doctor Knight that the Americans would "roast" him (Girty) in the same way, could they but lay hands upon him. He never gave them a chance.

A story is told to prove Girty's audacious courage: 'Tis said that once in a quarrel between him and a Shawnee, the latter impeached his courage, whereupon Girty seized a firebrand, held it over a keg of powder, and challenged his foe to stand by his side. The Shawnee hastily left the field.

About 1797 Catherine, after thirteen years of married life, left him. She had lived *with him* so long, chiefly because she *had* lived *without him* most of the time.

When the Americans drove him across the Detroit River, he spent most of his time at home, where his drunkenness and ill-temper rendered

life intolerable. He did not hesitate to discipline Catherine with the flat of his sword. She only returned to him after eighteen years, after he had become totally blind, and therefore helpless.

In his drunken bouts at Malden he is described as "an Indian indeed." He would tear through the streets on horseback, flourishing his Indian war-club, singing Indian songs, curdling the spectators' blood with the scalp hallo and with horrid oaths. Sometimes he indulged in long hunts with the savages. In 1800 he broke his right ankle and was lame until his death.

Three of his children married and left him. One son, Prideaux, remained with him. But to Thomas, his favorite child, he deeded one-half of his farm.

In 1812, when the British captured Detroit, he once more set foot on the west side of the river. "Here's old Simon Girty again on American soil," he cried. But his days of bloodshedding were over, and soon Perry's victory on Lake Erie sent terror to the Tory hearts along the Detroit River. These gentry did not wait to see Harrison's vanguard in pursuit of Proctor and Tecumseh. Least of all did they welcome Shelby with his Kentuckians. "Remember the Raisin" was their battle-cry, and woe betide any captive implicated in that fearful slaughter. Matthew Elliott, charged with instigating the Raisin butchery, had house, furniture and fences burned.

Old Simon Girty had limped away in time, and found refuge among the Mohawks at Grand River, which Brant had colonized some years before. "Gertrude of Wyoming" paints Brant as the monster of that massacre, though he was not present.

But romance has not yet forsaken Girty—old, lame and partly blind as he was.

Some accounts, purporting to be history, tell us that old Simon was present at the head of his Wyandots at the battle of the Thames, where he was cut to pieces by "Dick" Johnson's mounted men, dying, like Tecumseh, with his face to the foe, "as he had always wished to die." Nonsense—no battlefield death for Simon Girty, not if he could help it

by an early and masterly retreat. Idle all panegyrics of Girty's hero death!

After the peace he returned, in 1815, to his desolate home, where, lame, blind and almost helpless, the whiskey flask his chief solace, he lingered on till February 15, 1818, when he was seized with a fatal illness. One account tells us that he became very penitent in view of death, and listened to his wife's Bible-readings and prayers with deep attention. Other accounts tell us that he knew of no faith beyond the belief in the Manitou, or Great Spirit. One writer says that he prayed for forgiveness as his dark soul was taking flight. He died February 18, 1818.

A Canadian snow, "above the fence tops," lay upon the ground. Over this his body was borne to its resting place in a lonely spot on his own land, and the "White Indian," so long a terror, now became a memory, the "Anomaly of Western History," a character in a field, in large measure, his own. America has certainly never seen his like.

About his strange personality have gathered a web of tradition and romance which could attach to no other name in American history.

While the last of those who knew him have but yesterday passed away, his history is already almost as mythic as that of one of Homer's heroes. Already anacronisms abound, *e. g.*, the story that he was followed to Kentucky and killed by Colonel Clayton, whose wife he had stolen while the husband was absent on the expedition against Fort Duquesne, when Girty was still but a boy.

Another tradition tells us that Girty in his last illness was attended only by some of his Wyandot friends, who silently watched about "Katecapomen's" couch as the Great Manitou drew the spirit from his body.

Poor Catherine failed in her attempt to recover her dower in her husband's farm, and had to depend upon her children till her death, January, 1852. She nor her children could say like Kenton: "He was very good to me." Nor did Girty ever know that that one seed of kindness had borne fruit, for he never knew of Kenton's presence with Harrison's army, in part at least, to protect from Kentucky fury the man who thirty-four years before had saved him from the stake at the Piqua towns. For

that act let full credit be entered for Girty in humanity's ledger. But for the rest the poet's epitaph:

"The outlawed white man, by Ohio's flood,
Whose vengeance shamed the Indian's thirst for blood;
Whose hellish acts surpassed the red man's far;
Whose hate enkindled many a border war,
Of which each aged grand-dame has a tale,
At which man's bosom burns, and childhood's cheek grows pale."

HENRY A. SCOMP.

PARKSVILLE, KY.



PRACTICAL WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

VI—IN PENNSYLVANIA

WHEN the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was founded, no one, not even the most earnest member of the society, realized what a great work it was to accomplish. Chapters have been formed in every state in the Union. The total membership now numbers almost 77,000. (Three hundred members are residents of foreign countries.)

The work of the D. A. R. is not confined to the study of our history, the awarding of prizes for the best essays in our schools, the celebrating of National holidays, or the giving of social functions, but the Daughters all over the country are working earnestly for the betterment of our nation. Historical buildings have been saved from ruin and tablets placed to tell their histories; boulders placed to mark historic sites; beds are maintained in Hospitals, the little "strangers within our gates" through the efforts of this great body of women are helped to become good and useful citizens, for it was a "daughter" (the late Mrs. John A. Murphy of Cincinnati) who founded the "Children of the Republic," a society under the auspices of the D. A. R. which is training and teaching the children of our vast foreign-born population.

The Children of the American Revolution, another patriotic organization, is composed of lineal descendants of Revolutionary heroes and heroines. This Society (founded by Mrs. Daniel Lothrop "Margaret Sidney") is an outgrowth of the D. A. R. and contains about 10,000 members. These are the coming "Sons" and "Daughters" who will carry on this work in the future. Then there are the poor children in the mountain districts of the South, children of illiterate parents, descended from Revolutionary sires, who are clothed and taught by these patriotic women. Individual Daughters and some of the larger Chapters pay for educating one or more of these children, while several smaller Chapters unite for this purpose.

Patriotic education, therefore, is a most important work doing by this Society. In every school house in the country hangs a copy of the Declaration of Independence, and above each one floats the stars and stripes, placed there by the D. A. R.

In Pennsylvania there are fifty-seven Chapters. This, from the beginning has been one of the banner states. During the Spanish-American War President McKinley left the entire matter of furnishing nurses for the Army in the hands of the D. A. R. They were under the supervision of the surgeon-generals of the Army and Navy. Fifteen hundred nurses were sent to the front (a large number from the Keystone State) and over three hundred thousand dollars in money and supplies were furnished by the "Daughters."

Pennsylvania, led by the Philadelphia Chapter, raised ten thousand dollars and built a Club House for the soldiers at Manila. And they keep "our boys," who are away from home on that distant island, supplied with books and periodicals.

A monument to Reubena Hyde Walworth, who died while acting as nurse at Montauk Point, was erected by the D. A. R. at Saratoga. Many Pennsylvania Chapters contributed to this memorial. They also contributed to the Washington and Lafayette Statues erected at Paris, France.

It would be impossible, in a short article like this, to tell half the work done by the Daughters of Pennsylvania (for even the smallest Chapter in the sparsely settled sections of the country, is doing its work nobly) but I will give as briefly as possible their more important works.

Pennsylvania contributed generously towards Continental Hall, the beautiful Memorial Building erected by the D. A. R. in Washington, for its headquarters. Pennsylvania built the front vestibule at a cost of about \$7000. One stately white monolith, thirteen of which, representing the thirteen original states, adorn the portico, also came from Pennsylvania. (Through the efforts of the D. A. R. the Legislature appropriated \$2000 for this purpose.)

Mrs. Julia K. Hogg was our first State Regent (1891 to 1898). Upon her retirement from office the Chapters which had been formed during her term raised \$1000, the "Julia K. Hogg Testimonial." It

was invested, and the interest each year furnishes a medal, and a cash prize, which is awarded to a scholar in some girls' school, or college, for the best essay on a selected historical topic.

Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge was saved to the Nation largely through the efforts of the D. A. R. and three of the Chapters (Chester County, Merion, and Valley Forge) have furnished rooms in that historic building.

At the Revolutionary period the British in Canada and Florida corrupted the Indians. Those in Canada worked downwards and those in Florida upwards. The idea was to have all the Indians west of the Alleghenies move eastward on the thirteen colonies—hence the frequent massacres along the frontiers. We are all familiar, of course, with the massacre of Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, and Cherry Valley, New York, but do not always remember that they were part of a concerted plan which included numerous other massacres, among them being the "Big Runaway," in which all the white settlers in the western part of Pennsylvania ran eastward. This line of forts was erected by the white settlers from New York to Georgia. These forts are being marked by the different D. A. R. Chapters.

Bellefonte Chapter contributed to Company B, Pennsylvania Militia, while at Chickamauga; to Curtin and Soldiers' monuments in Bellefonte; placed one hundred and twenty names of Revolutionary soldiers of Centre County on bronze tablet on soldiers' monument, erected a marker on site of Potter's Fort, built by General James Potter in 1778, and placed an iron fence around a marker in Indian Lane (part of the battleground). It gives four prizes annually for essays on some Revolutionary subject, furnished and maintains a room, known as the D. A. R. Room in Bellefonte Hospital.

Berks County Chapter, Reading, gave a handsome colonial clock to the vestibule of Continental Hall. (The first Society C. A. R. in Pennsylvania was founded by Mrs. Daniel Ermentrout, first Regent of this Chapter.) It is helping educate a mountain girl in Kentucky, gives prizes to Reading High School for best Historical essays.

Brookville Chapter, and Canadohta Chapter (Titusville) give prizes for best Historical Essays.

Chester County Chapter furnished a room in Washington's Headquarters, Valley Forge, contributes to Paoli Memorial Association, marked "Point Lookout," the summit of a hill in Chester County, where a sentry was stationed to guard supplies on the way to Valley Forge during 1777-8. A fifty-foot pole, with a large flag, was erected there with a metal marker beneath.

Colonel Crawford Chapter, Meadville, marked by boulder and tablet an old Indian trail along which Washington journeyed on his surveying trips, site of tavern where Lafayette dined and rested (1825) marked with Tablet. Site of General George Mead's Homestead marked with granite log and tablet (he was the founder of the present city of Meadville); also marked site of Blockhouse built for defense against the Indians; site of early State Arsenal; site of first Court House north of Pittsburgh.

Colonel Hugh White Chapter, Lock Haven, marked Fort Reed (built 1774 as a defence against the Indians). Also placed a marker to Lieutenant John Philip De Haas on his grave in Fearen cemetery, near Beech Creek.

Cumberland County Chapter, with a small and scattered membership is helping educate a girl in the Kentucky mountains.

Delaware County Chapter contributed to Club House at Manila. Presented a ship's clock to cruiser *Chester*. Placed Bronze Tablet in old Town Hall, at Chester, and contributed to Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge.

Dial Rock Chapter takes care of the historic cemetery at Pittston, presented framed copies of Declaration of Independence to schools there and erected a memorial on site of Jenkins' Fort, one of the Revolutionary defences, near Wilkes Barre.

Donegal Chapter, Lancaster, contributes toward the education of a child in the Kentucky mountains.

Flag House Chapter placed a tablet in honor of Betsy Ross on her house in Arch Street, Philadelphia, presented a large flag to Continental Hall, Washington.

Fort Antes Chapter, Jersey Shore, raised a flag over the old fort

there. Fort Antes was a fort built by John Henry Antes in 1776, opposite Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, on a high bluff overlooking his old mill and the ferry long operated by his descendants (on the west branch of the Susquehanna River). It preserved the upper end of the valley from permanent abandonment by the early settlers. (This is near Williamsport. It was called "Jersey Shore," because the little town was settled by people from New Jersey.)

Fort McClure Chapter, Bloomsburg, placed a stone marker on site of Fort McClure, built as a protection against the Indians.

Fort McIntosh Chapter, Beaver, gives gold medal to pupil of High School for best historical essay and marked site of Fort McClure.

George Clymer Chapter, Towanda, placed a boulder in Wysox, to commemorate the passage of General Sullivan's army, in 1779.

George Taylor Chapter, aided by other Chapters, purchased the house in Easton, occupied by George Taylor, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Unveiled monument to mark General Sullivan's march in 1779.

Germantown Chapter presented a large pole and flag to Children's Play Ground. Supports a child through the Children's Aid Society. Furnished and cares for a room in the Site and Relic Society's building.

Harrisburg Chapter erected a gateway at Paxton Graveyard at a cost of eight hundred dollars, contributed towards buying the George Taylor House at Easton; to the Play Grounds; towards the support and education of a girl at Hindman, Kentucky.

Independence Hall Chapter, Philadelphia, contributed towards the Club House at Manila, also to the Washington statue erected in front of Independence Hall.

Liberty Bell Chapter placed a Tablet in front of Zion Reformed Church, Allentown, (the state appropriated money towards this memorial) to John Jacob Mickley, and Frederick Leiser, who brought the Liberty Bell and Christ Church Bells, from Philadelphia to Allentown, in 1777, and hid them in the cellar of this church, thus saving them from destruction.

Lycoming Chapter, Williamsport, placed a marker on Cemetery Street, Williamsport, where occurred a massacre, by the Indians, of inhabitants, scouts, Revolutionary soldiers and Indian hunters. Captain John Brady was killed by Indians April 11, 1779. Captain Simon Cool, a Revolutionary soldier, scout and Indian hunter, was killed by the Indians in 1780, on Lycoming Creek, near bridge number 2. Six Revolutionary soldiers killed by the Indians are the first recorded burials in the Antes Cemetery, adjoining Fort Antes, near Williamsport.

Merion Chapter, Montgomery County, erected a granite memorial to mark the spot where Washington's army encamped, September 14, 1777, five days before the massacre of Paoli. It sent two nurses to the front during the Spanish-American War, sent supplies for the sick soldiers to the various hospitals of Philadelphia, and to the Morten Fite Auxiliary. Also supplies to Fortress Monroe and Washington Barracks. Has identified the graves of over two hundred Revolutionary soldiers, and published a pamphlet containing list of same. Furnished the "Round Window" room in Washington's Headquarters, Valley Forge. Each article is authentic, with a Colonial or Revolutionary history (published a pamphlet giving history of these articles). Contributed towards the bronze bas-relief portrait of William Penn, given to the cruiser *Pennsylvania* by the state D. A. R.; towards the Valley Forge Memorial Chapel; to the John Fitch Memorial, a monument at the grave of John Fitch, Bardstown, Kentucky. He was a Revolutionary soldier and the genius who shares with Fulton the honor of having invented a steam-propelled boat. Fulton succeeded first in getting his before the public, but Fitch is just as truly its inventor. He was a resident of Bucks County, and made his first experiments on the Delaware. The Chapter has contributed to the fund for the monument erected to the nurses who died during the Spanish-American War; to the soldiers' Club House at Manila; and towards saving historic Hungerford Tavern, at Rockville, Maryland. Here was passed one of the first resolutions against Great Britain which brought on the "Boston Tea Party." In 1776 the first court of Montgomery County was held here. Washington, Braddock and Lafayette were entertained at Hungerford. The Chapter sent books to, and assisted other Chapters in procuring piano for W. C. T. U. School, in Kentucky; towards purchas-

ing the tent (now in the museum at the Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge), used by Washington during his first week at Valley Forge, before occupying the Potts mansion. The Regent (the writer hereof) supported for three years a child in a school in Tennessee; she prepared a list of one hundred and forty-one historic spots for Founders' Week (Philadelphia) to be marked by the committee for the 225th anniversary of the founding of that city, published a book giving the history of the most important historical spots in, and near, Lower Merion.

The Historian of Merion Chapter (Miss Harvey) has not only done much work in rescuing old records, and writing the histories of old buildings at home, but has aided other states in like work. In the Third Report of the N. S. D. A. R., page 235, appears the following:—"Miss Margaret B. Harvey, historian of Merion Chapter copied an orderly book and several letters, the work of Revolutionary soldiers, and sent them to the State Librarian at Harrisburg, Pa., to be embodied in the Pennsylvania Archives. While working on these Archives she found that a battalion of Georgia Continentals, under Colonel John White, were encamped near Bala, in August, 1777. Step by step she has followed those ragged, footsore men through musty manuscripts, and the pages of history wherever she could find a trace of them, picking up a name here and there until she has gathered 2609 names. Her work in connection with the list of Georgia's Revolutionary soldiers is mentioned in the report of Georgia (and her list of names compiled from sources outside the State Archives forms Appendix F). Such indefatigable work undertaken for the glory of another state is rare."

In 1906 Merion Chapter joined Chester County and Valley Forge Chapters in unveiling a tablet in the Memorial Chapel, Valley Forge, to Thaddeus Thompson, a Revolutionary artilleryman, who wintered at Valley Forge. An interesting feature of the day was the unveiling of the tablet by his daughter, Rhoda A. Thompson, when ninety-five years old (and since dead). Probably no other child ever had such a part to enact, nearly a hundred years after a parent's death. The Chapter contributed towards the Washington statue, in front of the State House, Philadelphia. (The Martha Williams Society, C. A. R., the first in Philadelphia, was organized under Merion Chapter.)

Philadelphia Chapter, the first in that city, and the second largest

in the State, restored at a cost of \$6,500 the Banquet Room in Independence Hall. Aided by other Chapters raised \$10,000 and built a Club House for the soldiers at Manila. Supports a club of "Children of the Republic," and is doing a great work among our foreign born citizens. Placed a Memorial Tablet on the Signal Oak, at Devon. During the Revolution all along the main highway, at intervals, officers were stationed. They climbed the trees with lanterns in order to signal the different detachments. "Light Horse Harry" Lee was stationed at the oak, marked by the Philadelphia Chapter. The Chapter is supporting two scholarships at the Berry School, Rome, Georgia. Contributed towards the purchase of Washington's Tent.

Phoebe Bayard Chapter, Greensburg, is assisting to educate a descendant of General Arthur St. Clair.

Pittsburgh Chapter, the largest in the State, preserved the Block-House of Fort Pitt, placed brass tablets in sidewalk inscribed "The site of Fort Pitt, built 1759-1761, visited by George Washington 1758-1770. This tablet placed by D. A. R. of Allegheny Co., Pa., 1908." Placed Bronze Tablet on monument in memory of Dr. Nathaniel Bedford in Trinity churchyard. The Chapter says "Through the Committee on Permanent Memorials we have placed a tablet of enduring bronze upon the monument to Dr. Nathaniel Bedford, thereby recording our appreciation of a life well spent in service to the country of his choice." Was the principal contributor to bas-relief of William Penn, given to cruiser *Pennsylvania*; contributes to the Berry School, Georgia; supports a club of "Children of the Republic," and formed the John Hart Society, C. A. R. Also contributed to the Club House at Manila.

Quaker City Chapter erected a boulder in Washington Square, Philadelphia, opposite City Prison, in memory of over two thousand patriots who died there as prisoners of war during 1777-8. Assisted in educating a child at Hindman, Kentucky. Sent a large flag, boxes of books, and aided several other Chapters in forwarding a piano to that school.

Sunbury Chapter placed a boulder on site of Fort Augusta. Maintains a room in Hospital.

Shikelimo Chapter, Lewisburg, and the Thomas Leiper Chapter, Germantown, contribute towards the support of a child in the South.

The Tidioute Chapter has erected a fine monument at Tidioute to the memory of General Joseph Warren, of Bunker Hill. The County has its name from him, and was largely settled by New Englanders. The Chapter has also placed a marker on the grave of Sergeant McGhee, a Revolutionary soldier, at West Hickory.

Tioga Chapter, Athens, marked the site of Fort Sullivan, by a Boulder and Tablet.

Valley Forge Chapter, Norristown, furnished Washington's room in the Headquarters, at Valley Forge. Placed a Boulder in Evansburg Cemetery marking the burial place of more than one hundred soldiers who died for the cause of American Independence, from 1775 to 1783.

Witness Tree Chapter, Columbia, erected a monument to the Revolutionary soldiers of Donegal. Educating, with six other Chapters, a girl at Hindman, Ky. Aided in sending a piano to the school there.

Warrior Run Chapter, Milton. Awards prizes to the High School pupils. (The Marker used by the National Society for marking Revolutionary soldiers' graves was designed by a member of this Chapter.)

Wyoming Valley, Wilkes Barre. Enclosed with a steel frame "Queen Esther's Rock," famous in the tragic history of the Wyoming Valley. On June 14, 1899, unveiled memorial to mark site of Fort Durkee; marked Fort Wyoming. October 19, 1900, marked site of "Forty-Fort"—all near Wilkes Barre.

Yorktown Chapter, York, placed Bronze Tablet on site of old State House where the Continental Congress held session during the Revolution. Awards prizes for historical essays.

A number of other Chapters award prizes for the best Historical Essays, among them being the Susquehanna, Brookville, Canadohta, Conrad Weiser, McKean, and Mahantonga Chapters, while the one at Gettysburg has started a Historical Museum and almost all have sent books, pianos, flags, etc., to various patriotic or philanthropic objects.

DORA HARVEY DEVELIN,
Regent Merion Chapter, D. A. R.

PHILADELPHIA.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF JAMES M'HENRY, SECRETARY OF WAR UNDER WASHINGTON,
TO GOVERNOR HAWLEY

Baltimore, Jan. 22, 1781.

It will be no news to you, that Arnold is doing what he should do, with 15 or 18 hundred men, he is permitted to ravage one of the most populous and antient countries in the union. It has made some opposition, but it does not amount to much, what would I give, my dear sir, for a few governors with the wisdom of Sancho Panza. I fear, lest the retarded movement of the Spaniards, against the floridas, will give Cornwallis an opportunity of uniting the force under Leslie, to that at Camden, and, assisted by Arnold's division in Virginia, of effecting something against us in North Carolina. The more I extend my enquiries into this valuable quarter of our empire, the more I am alarmed. The greater necessity I also find for giving it relief, I see where this should come from, but I do not know when it will come. . . .

Your most obdt. servt.

JAS. MCHENRY.

LETTER OF GENERAL KNOX TO SAMUEL OSGOOD, M. C., IN BEHALF OF
BARON STEUBEN

New Windsor, N. Y., July 9, 1782.

This will be presented to you by Major General The Baron Steuben. I am certain you are well acquainted with the reputation of his abilities, and that it has been owing to him that a substantial discipline has been established in the American Army so as to render it equal to any point of service. The Baron is particularly attached to the cause of America, and has expended much money, in supporting himself in it, But he has exhausted such means as he could readily associate, and can no longer live without pay, to obtain which he now goes to Philadelphia. His importance to us, is too great, to be deprived of his services on account of the small sum of money necessary to his purposes, I know your liberal mode of thinking, and believe you will not hesitate a moment to contribute your endeavours, to render agreeable, the situation of this truly valuable officer . . .

Your most obdt. hble Servt.

H. KNOX.

LETTER FROM NATHANIEL FOLSOM, DELEGATE FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE,
TO COLONEL THOMAS STICKNEY

Folsom served as Brig.-General during the siege of Boston. This is a very important historical document, being his order on Col. Thos. Stickney to raise certain regiments allotted to the State of New Hampshire, as its proportion of the Continental Army.

March 20, 1777.

You are hereby directed to raise and Equip one hundred and Sixty Eight men from the following Towns in proportion to the number of White Males in Each from Sixteen to fifty years of age as follows. Concord 232, Boscawen 108, Canterbury 159, Hopkintown 202, Salisbury 98, London 88, Chichester 191, Perrystown 20, Epsom 72, Hillsborough 43, Almsbury 51, Bow 64, Heneker 76, New Britain 41, and you or the Officers under you in raising the proportion in the several Towns as companies are to call on the select men of the several Towns & Parishes to warn Town or Parish meetings to assist in procuring the men &c &c

Your obdt Servt

NATH. FOLSOM.

PART OF A LETTER OF JAMES MONROE TO ALEXANDER HAMILTON

(In view of the duel between Burr and Hamilton, this letter possesses a peculiar interest, as in it Monroe, who was then the hero of the Anti-Federalists and soon to be the Governor of Virginia, very plainly intimates his belief that Hamilton is a coward.)

Albemarle, Va.,

Nov. 27, 1797.

"I requested Colo. Burr to inform you immediately after the receipt of yours . . . that I was not satisfied with the explanation given by it. . . . In my judgment you ought either to have been satisfied with the explanation I gave you, or to have invited me to the field. There seemed to be no intermediate ground for a man of honor to take; yet you found one."

LETTER OF CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON, TO JOHN MONTGOMERY, MAYOR OF BALTIMORE

One of the most interesting letters of Carroll, as in it he accepts the invitation to be present at the ceremonies in commemoration of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams who had died on the 4th of July previous.

Doughoregan Manor, July 16, 1826.

I request you to convey to the municipal authorities of the city of Baltimore and to the Committee of arrangements my acceptance of their invitation to join in those Ceremonies with which it is intended to commemorate the veneration and respect so justly due to the memories of the two departed illustrious signers of the Declaration of our Independence who took so conspicuous a part in that great Event.

The testimonies of respect to be paid on this solemn occasion to the memories of citizens so deserving of public gratitude will be a strong incitement to the present & future generations to merit that esteem which distinguished patriotism sooner or later never fails to command.

Accept, Sir, individually my thanks for the honor you have done me on this occasion, & believe me to be with the greatest respect, &c.

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

LETTER OF CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON, TO J. J. COHEN

This letter is in answer to an invitation from the Corporation and citizens of Baltimore to be present at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Gen. George Washington, after declining the invitation on account of ill health.

Baltimore, Feby. 20, 1832.

To General Washington mainly belongs under the protection of Providence, these blessings, and I shall in unison with my fellow Countrymen, offer up my prayers, to that Providence which sustained us, and I shall in unison with my fellow Countrymen, offer virtues so ably maintained the struggle that created us into a nation, and by whose wisdom, it was fostered and now flourishes, etc.

CHAS. CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO JOHN GILL

(Washington appears able to hold his own in a land trade. This letter is one of the very last he wrote, as his death was on Dec. 14).

Mount Vernon 12th Nov'r. 1799.

Sir:—

I am just returned from Difficult Run, whither I went to examine your land, and to see how it was situated in connexion with mine.—To ascertain the quantity in the part you had offered to me, Its quality—&c.

When you proposed to reserve all that part of lot No. 10 which lies on the East side of Difficult Run, I presume you were unacquainted with three circumstances attaching it, 1st that you would leave only 85 acres of the West side of the said run, 2nd that you would take all the woodland (except a very narrow slipe or two),—And 3rd all the land of any value. For the land on the West side is not only extremely hilly and broken, but much worn and gullied.—The (uninhabited) house thereon is tumbling down,—the Fence around the field is in ruins; and not a sufficiency of timber to repair it,—and no part of the land within less than 80 rods of mine.

This account you may rely on as fact; for I not only examined the premises with attention, but measured with accuracy (carrying a surveyor with me), the part of lot No. 10 which lyes on the upper, or West side of the Run.—In doing which I was accompanied by Mr. Wherry (your Tenant) Mr. Thomas Gunnel, and Captain Wiley; who were with me the whole time, and showed the lines and corners, which were to be found.—The meadows of Difficult Run from my upper corner thereon to the place where the line of lot No. 10 crosses it, were also traversed to shew, with precision, the situation of the two tracts; a sketch of which is enclosed. Taken from the survey of the lands thereabouts, which you sent me, (belonging to Mr. Swift). To give you a more distinct and perfect view of the subject than it is supposed you had obtained from a superficial view of it before.—

From this relation, which upon enquiring you will find literally correct, you must perceive, that that part of lot No. 10 *alone*, which lyes on the upper, or West side of Difficult can not answer my purpose, nor would be any equivalent.—And you must be further convinced, that

from the scarcity of money, & fall in the price of land—indeed property of all kinds, it is not for my interest to cancel the bargain which is in existence (words hidden by repair) you seem to wish it, and I am not desirous of enforcing a contract (although I missed a favourable sale by making it) that would be injurious to you, I will if it is not convenient to you to pay money for the Rents due thereon, (which would be most acceptable to me) agree to take the *whole* of lot No. 10, to release the bargain for my land, or, as it is agreed on all hands, that Difficult Run is mirey, inconvenient & troublesome to cross at *most* seasons of the year, and in winter *generally impossible* except at the bridge, I am willing to receive (altho' stripped of its wood, & part of it much worn) the slipe on the upper side, which you bought from Doctor Dick, in lieu of that part of No. 10, which is on the lower of the Run, and about the same quantity, the former came to the upper corner of my land on the Run, by a narrow gore, as may be seen by the sketch enclosed, but with the addition of the gr'd included by the red lines in the Plot (if hereafter it could be obtained) would connect the whole tollerably well together, and all on one side of the Run, which, from my own view, and the opinion of those who were with me, would be advantageous to both interests.

You now have the matter fully before you, and your answer as soon as convenient would be acceptable to

Sir, Your Most Obedient
Humble Servant,
GEO. WASHINGTON.

Mr. John Gill.

WASHINGTON'S RECRUITING INSTRUCTIONS FOR COLONEL HENRY
JACKSON

A document partly written, dated Jan. 12, 1777. "Recruiting Instructions for Henry Jackson, Esq."

You are hereby authorized to enlist in any of the United States of America, all such able bodied & free men as are willing and able to enlist into the service and pay of the United States in the Character of a Soldier being within the description & upon the conditions hereafter annext.

1stly You are to enlist none but freemen above the age of seventeen & under that of fifty of sufficient stature and ability of body to discharge all the offices of a private soldier, to be free from lameness or other bodily infirmity, that may Render them Incapable to support the fatigues of a Camp.

2ndly You are not to enlist any Deserters from the Army of the King of Great Britain, nor any person of disaffected or suspicious characters with Respect to the American cause.

3rdly You are to enlist them during the War, with Great Britain or for Three Years, unless sooner discharged, by proper Authority.

4thly Every Soldier enlisted as soon as may be, to be engaged before a Peace Officer, Judge Advocate, or some of his Deputies agreeable to the ——— Section of the Article of War every person so engaged to be mustered before the Muster Master Genl, or some of his Deputies if they are within a reasonable distance, if not, before some Major Genl, Brigadr or Colonel commanding a Brigade, a Surgeon to be present— All the charge & expense for every soldier enlisted that does not pass muster for defects pointed out in these Instructions, shall be paid by the officer that engaged them.

You are hereby Authorized and empowered to give as a Reward & promise in behalf of the Publick, as an Encouragement to every non Commissioned Officer & Soldier that shall enlist; over and above the pay and provisions already allowed that they shall receive a Bounty of Twenty Dollars & a suit of cloaths, the cloaths to be given annually

as long as they continue in the Service and at the end of the War or the Term of Three Years every private & non Commissiond Officer that shall complete his Service Agreeable to his engagement shall be entitled to one hundred Acres of Land—Those that Die or are killed in the Service, their Legal Representatives, are to be entitled to the Same—

As a further encouragement you are hereby authorized to promise that all that are unfortunately maimed in the service & Rendered Incapable of getting a Support, shall receive half pay during their natural lives agreeable to the Resolve of Congress in that case made & provided.

GO. WASHINGTON.



MINOR TOPICS

THE CLASSIC NOMENCLATURE OF WESTERN NEW YORK

For the flood of classic names inflicted on Western New York, some one is responsible — and Simeon DeWitt has heretofore been made the scapegoat; but not long ago the Editor came across a newspaper paragraph to the effect that an — un-named — assistant Secretary of State was the actual criminal.

Hoping to identify him, we inquired of the State Historian, and received the following reply, which may be considered as conclusive, and leaves the responsibility for the matter divided between four men, none of whom has ever before been mentioned in this connection. At any rate Simeon DeWitt is cleared of the responsibility for sowing broadcast the list of sages, heroes, towns and cities of ancient days which makes a map of Western New York resemble the pages of a classical gazetteer.—ED.

Dear Editor:—

The award of bounty lands to officers and privates enlisted in the army (line regiments) of the United States, during the American Revolution, had its inception in a resolve of the Continental Congress, dated September 16, 1776. The legislature of New York, on March 20, 1781, passed "An Act for raising two regiments for the defence of this State on bounties of unappropriated lands," and, on March 23, 1782, "An Act for raising troops to complete the line of this State in the service of the United States, and the two regiments to be raised on bounties of unappropriated lands and for the further defence of the frontiers of this State." These acts were interpreted and made effective by "An Act for granting certain lands promised to be given as bounty lands, by laws of this State, and for other purposes therein mentioned," passed May 11, 1784. This act directed the surveyor-general of the State "to lay out the same in townships of twenty-four thousand acres, and in square form, or as near to a square as circumstances will permit; and shall also subdivide such townships into lot of two hundred acres each, on a map or maps," [*etc.*]. The settlement of the unappropriated lands, under preceding acts, proved embarrassing and inconvenient, hence the legislature, on May 5, 1786, extended the authority of the commissioners of the land office (consisting of the governor, lieutenant governor, speaker

of the assembly, secretary of state, attorney general, treasurer and auditor — the secretary acting as ex-officio secretary to the board). This act changed the area of townships to sixty-four thousand acres, each. It authorized the commissioners to "designate every township to be laid out by virtue of this act, or which is already laid out, by such name as they shall deem proper, and such name shall respectively be mentioned in the letters patent for granting a township or part of a township." The powers of the commissioners were extended further by the act of March 20, 1788. In the fourth paragraph of this act, it was stipulated that "all persons having military certificates on bounties of unappropriated lands" should make out their respective locations before July 1, 1789. It also provided for the extinguishment of Indian land rights, among them those of the Onondagas and Cayugas. Certain of the lands of these Indians were purchased by the commissioners who were appointed to hold treaties with the Indians in the State, under authority of the act of March 1, 1788.

We have now reached the point which takes us into the country of the Onondagas and the Cayugas, in whose domain the townships with Romanized and Graecized names were soon after laid out. The act authorizing the laying out of these Indian lands into townships was passed February 28, 1789. The townships were to contain sixty thousand acres each, approximately, and each township was to be subdivided on a map of the surveyor general into one hundred lots, "as nearly square as may be," and each lot was to contain six hundred acres, approximately. The commissioners of the land office were instructed by the act, among other things, to "designate every township by such name as they shall deem proper," after the townships had been laid out and "numbered from number one progressively." The commissioners, at a meeting on April 22, 1789, "Resolved, That the surveyor-general lay out from actual survey twenty-five townships," in accordance with the act of legislature, passed the preceding February. As the surveyor-general had not completed his work by the next year, the legislature, to remedy the delay, passed a kind of omnibus bill, on April 6, 1790, "to carry into effect the concurrent resolutions and acts of the legislature" formerly written into the laws. On April 16, the commissioners of the land office met and directed the secretary, Lewis

A. Scott, to advertise for six weeks in the official State newspaper in New York City, and also in one Albany newspaper, requiring all persons entitled to bounty lands to exhibit their claims (if they had not done so formerly), at the office of the secretary, in New York City, and before July 1st, following. On Saturday, July 3d, the commissioners of the land office held a meeting at the secretary's office in New York City. There were present, George Clinton, Governor; Lewis A. Scott, Secretary; Gerard Bancker, Treasurer; and Peter T. Curtenius, Auditor. The secretary laid before the board maps of the surveys of twenty-five townships, made by the surveyor-general, Simeon De Witt, in pursuance of the the board's resolution of April 22, 1789.

Now, the minutes of the board, of July 3, 1790, state as follows: "On each of which maps of the said townships respectively are subdivided into one hundred lots, as nearly square as may be, each lot containing six hundred acres: Whereupon the board caused the said townships and lots thereon respectively to be numbered on the said maps agreeable to law, and designated them by the following names, to wit: Township No. 1, by the name of the township Lysander" [etc., for twenty-five, ending with *Cincinnatus*]. Lot 26 was named by the board *Junius*, on January 29, 1791; lot 27, likewise, as *Galen*, on August 10, 1792; lot 28, likewise, as *Sterling*, on January 16, 1795.

The evidence, then, is that the twenty-five townships were surveyed and laid out on maps by Simeon De Witt, the surveyor general of the State, according to legislative prescription and a resolution of the commissioners of the land office, in pursuance of law; that De Witt filed his maps with the secretary of state, who was also the secretary ex-officio of the commissioners of the land office; that when four of these commissioners met, on July 3d, 1790, the secretary, being one of the four, presented the De Witt maps; that after the maps were received, the *board* caused the "townships and lots thereon respectively to be numbered on the said maps agreeable to law, and designated them by the following names, to wit:" [etc.]. Here is a specific statement. De Witt was not a member of the land board. If he made any suggestions as the nomenclature of the towns, it is not on the record, and it seems to me to be in disagreement with the record. The designation was

made by four members of the board, viz.: Clinton, Scott, Bancker and Curtenius.

This seems to be the evolution of the whole matter.

Yours very truly,
VICTOR H. PALTSITS,
State Historian.

NAPOLEON AND THE AMERICAN WAR OF 1812

In Prof. Sloane's admirable life of Napoleon he says:—

"Another page of history which remains to be written is that which shall record the influence of Napoleon directly and indirectly upon the destinies of the United States."

. . . "Their purchase of Louisiana though understood by only a few at the moment revolutionized their system both inside and outside."

"It was Napoleon who pitilessly, though slyly and indirectly, launched them (the United States) in the second war with Great Britain, from which they emerged with some sense of defeat, but after all, with the tremendous gain of absolute commercial independence."

The war was declared by Congress on June 18, 1812, while Napoleon was on his way and preparing for his campaign against Russia, which was in actual progress before intelligence of the American war had arrived in Europe, about two or three months later. It was thought in America that there was every prospect of Napoleon's success, and that after that England would be the next object of his attention, as there was a treaty of alliance with Russia against France.

In the act of Congress declaring war it authorized the employing of privateers against British shipping. There was a great rush for such enterprises from American ports. In July, 1812, a large number of privateers sailed from American ports under the flag of the United States, and many more would have done so could the proper armament have been obtained. When American privateers began to arrive in

French ports with captured English vessels as prizes, some questions arose as to how they should be disposed of to the best advantage.

Napoleon had returned from the Russian campaign and had formed new plans, and among the subjects to be considered was the American war.

The first official notice of the American war taken by Napoleon was early in May, 1813, and was in regard to American privateers, which then plentifully appeared in European waters against British shipping.

American ports were not blockaded by the British until the spring of 1813, so that up to that time the privateers could sail from and to them without much danger. Napoleon decreed in May 1813 that "The consuls of the United States shall have in France, in what relates to prizes, the same jurisdiction which the French consuls exercise in the countries where they are most favored (the allies of France)." Thus all the ports of France were open to American capture, providing an American consul was there to hold court. It does not appear that any other nation allowed this, although many American captures were taken into the ports of Norway, Peru, Spain, Florida (then belonging to Spain), Frankfort and some others. (Portugal claimed to be neutral, and would not allow any captures to be brought into any of her ports.) This was an important privilege. By the law of nations, each nation must provide a court for the adjudication of its captures from an enemy, and the court may be held in the country of the ally, but not in a neutral country, but the prize courts of an ally can not adjudicate upon a capture. Consular courts were allowed to act in such matters, and were regulated by their nation; a neutral nation could not allow the captures of the belligerents to be brought into its ports and be sold. But if only one belligerent is allowed to do so the nation permitting it can not be called neutral. Many foreign nations allowed both American and British captures to be brought into their ports during the war of 1812-15, and there were others that would not allow either of the belligerents to do so.

The American consul at Bordeaux, Mr. William Lee, held a prize

court, which was the most popular and more often resorted to than any other in France. American captures could be taken there with safety, adjudicated upon and sold, and at once fitted out as new privateers. It was of great advantage to both France and America to have privateers fitted out in France and yet sail under the American flag, for then no nation but Great Britain could seize them, and they were on the sea ready for action against British shipping. No report was ever made of the prizes to or from Bordeaux.

In the decree of May, 1813, Napoleon also ordained that "the American vessels and privateers shall be allowed to take each fifty muskets, fifty pistols and fifty swords, and the number of guns from three to twenty-four pounders, which shall be necessary, when fitting out in French ports." This was more remarkable when we consider that at that time nearly all Europe was arrayed against him, and when implements and equipments of that nature were in great demand. Several armed vessels were refitted in the ports of France in 1814.

The situation of European nations in 1813 was very peculiar. The British *allies* were Austria, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Sicily, Spain, and Sweden. Great Britain was *at war* with Bavaria, Denmark, France, Naples, Saxony, the United States and Westphalia. It thus became a problem in international law to decide who besides Great Britain were to be regarded as our enemies.

At the meeting of Parliament in November, 1813, Lord Compton said: "He might be told that America was not the ally of France. He knew that she had not signed and sealed a formal treaty of alliance with that country; but that she (the United States) had formed that species of alliance which was fully an equivalent by giving her (France) all the assistance of her power in the contest now waging."

The distinction was that France was an ally of the United States and could assist in the war against England, but the United States was not an ally of France and could not assist her in any other war or contest against any other nation than Great Britain.

This species of warfare — privateers — which had been effectively used in the Revolutionary war was much dreaded by the English. In-

insurance on shipping to cross the Irish Channel rose to thirteen guineas on one hundred pounds sterling and finally could not be obtained at any price, and from London to Halifax it was thirty guineas. Public meetings relating to it were held in Liverpool and Glasgow and other places. At a meeting in Glasgow in September, 1814, it was stated "That there is reason to believe that in the short space of less than 24 months above eight hundred (825) vessels have been captured by the power whose maritime strength we have hitherto impolitically held in contempt." There were three frigates and fourteen sloops at sea to protect St. George's Channel and the Northern and Western waters against privateers.

What effect the action of Napoleon had upon the policy of the Congress of Vienna and upon the terms of the treaty of Ghent, in 1814, which terminated the American war, cannot here be narrated. The discussions in the Congress of Vienna were in French and have never been translated into English.

When Napoleon declared in 1812, that there would be no neutrals in the European wars, it showed that he knew the temper and feelings of the people in America as well as in Europe.

R. S. GUERNSEY.

NEW YORK CITY.

CICELY DE WINDEBANKE: A ROMANTIC INDIVIDUALITY

For the picturesqueness of her name let her memory be kept green. By her marriage the surname was eclipsed, but in a genealogical register, after some four hundred years, it occasionally catches the eye of a descendant and sends through modern veins a curious little thrill of countless English springs.

Nothing do I know as to the personality of this far-away ancestress, but the name is enough to set fancy at work upon a portrait — composite, elusive, always spirited and sweet.

Spirited she was, of course. How else should she be of the Windebanks? Shall we not believe that they chose their bank — wherever

it was on the English coast — because they must needs have high land whence they could look abroad and feel the breezes blowing from the ocean that they or their forefathers had crossed?

Yes, the name suggests the courage of the Vikings tempered by the influence of Normandy to a sweet, compelling courtliness. Was it a love of music that moved the parents to christen the child "Cicely"?

Was her marriage happy? Did her husband of more prosaic cognomen understand this creature of "spirit, fire and dew"?

Since the genealogical record has nothing to say to the contrary, far be it from me to harbor a doubt which simply flutters along with a score of other questions while the portrait is growing into form.

In certain moods the veriest New Englander can understand something of that intimate and tender sense of kinship with one's ancestors which for the Japanese and the Chinese is an integral part of life and worship.

The imagination of many a child is stirred — more than its elders often recall — by the appeal of unseen forbears which comes through picture, furniture, house and trees associated with family tradition. The young life reaches out and claims its own. It endows the mythical fore-runners with all that it most admires. In them it finds comprehension, and who can translate into words all their happy, mystical converse?

Though of Cicely de Windebanke there remains only her romance, redolent name, and that four centuries old, she has a right to our lingering thought, whether we be children or up-grown.

I must not fail to add that possibly she is not my ancestress, after all! I believe that she is, but genealogical honesty requires the admission that where the chain of relationship should bridge the Atlantic it is not quite so strong as the true lovers of Cicely in this generation might desire.

A descendant of hers lived in London in the middle of the seventeenth century. Then he disappears from English records, and presently an individual of his name is resident in Dover, New Hampshire.

Were these two Thomas Hansons one person? Some disinterested

genealogists think it probable. We Americans who love Cicely count it as almost a certainty. Indeed, in the Springtime,— when the sap is stirring and the breezes are blowing,— ancestral tides of loyalty and longing have free course and sweep away every doubt.

But even if *we* are not Cicely's descendants, there must be on the ocean's farther side some who can prove their kinship. Or if haply, at this late day, there were none, still it would be worth our while to remember the name as that of a veritable English girl, to believe that it betokened a noble type, and to trust that its bearer was blithe and debonair. So in any event shall it hearten us all.

KATHERINE HANSON AUSTIN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



NOTES BY THE WAY

BOWDOIN COLLEGE—REMINISCENCES BY ONE OF THE CLASS OF '45

In view of Bowdoin's recent acquisitions of income and the present prosperous condition, and considering, too, the striking beauty of the present-day campus, the following extract from a private letter of the sole survivor of the class of '45 is of great interest. It was written by Charles P. Roberts and is printed by the college weekly, the *Orient*. The "new college church" alluded to is the one in which Mrs. Stowe received her inspiration to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin":

"It is particularly gratifying to the older graduates to note the good fortune of Bowdoin in recent years—in its general recognition as in the forefront of the smaller colleges and in the favor it has received from the hands of wealth-distributors from without the State, notably the \$100,000 plum from the Kennedy accumulation. I have vivid remembrance of the straitened situation of the college in my undergraduate days. But though its income was comparable to the barren sands of the campus fringed with Balm of Gilead trees (still fragrant in my memory), it was rich in the lives and devotion of its faculty of six, and of the college treasurer, Joseph McKeen. The aggregate of their service, earnest and faithful, was nearly three hundred years.

The student body shared in the impecuniosity of the times. Clubs of a dozen arranging with some widow for dining-room and cooking, squeezed the weekly board down to seventy-five cents. Board at the 'House of Commons' was \$1.50. Some well-to-do students boarded at "genteel" houses at \$2 a week and were considered aristocrats. In my little book of expenditures and receipts, which I have preserved, I find I earned over \$43 in sawing wood in the college yard. The gymnasium was on a par with other things. Out of doors near the woodyard were parallel bars, a horizontal ladder and a gallows frame higher than Haman was hanged on. From the cross beam a large-sized rope hung down three or four feet from the ground. The gymnasts running from a considerable distance, caught on to this rope swinging to the farthest limit and then with violent contortions seeking to make a record in the final landing. Their anatomy was put to the test and involved a tearing apart at the midriff. My class was graduated while the chapel walls were rising and the interior scaffolding still held the new college church. This building the conservative Cleveland declared could be bowed down to without sin, since it was not like anything on the earth, in the heavens above, or in the waters under the earth.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS INCREASING

The popular idea that the American Indians are increasing in number is dissipated by official figures showing that to-day there are more than three hundred thousand Red men in the United States. The increase in population of about forty thousand during the last two decades is attributed to the Government's constant effort to uplift the attention to the level of contemporary civilization. The Government is not only providing this race with its powerful protection, but is providing every means for the upbuilding and enlightenment of the race and is injecting into the Indian's daily life civilized customs and modern methods. Three and one-third million dollars is being expended by the United States annually for the education of more than 30,000 Indian boys and girls. Looking to the broader and practical education of the Indian, the Government is extending its system of apportioning lands. The cultivation of these allotments by the Indians, or the letting of them for short periods to white persons for farming or grazing, is a matter toward which the Indian service is directing much attention.

To encourage the industry of the Indian the Government has found feasible the plan to cut down the number of approved leases on Indian allotments, and thousands of Indians have become competent to conduct their own affairs free from governmental control. During the present year the leases approved numbered about 2000 less than during 1908. During 1909 about 1000 Indians were given the privilege of handling their own allotments, although the legal title was retained by the Government. The Government officers have not been unconscious of the methods of the land speculators who would take advantage of the Indian's ignorance of business matters, and the Department regards as paramount the problem of fitting the Red-man for managing his own allotments, and for meeting the everyday situations of life in his association with the white man.

Public men whose work has brought them into close touch with the Indians are impressed with the view that the race is progressing so rapidly that eventually the Government will lift its guardianship over them.

YANKEE DOODLE KEEPS IT UP

"Is 'Dixie' more popular than 'Yankee Doodle'?" That is the question that apparently divided the country into two camps and brought about a controversy which promises to become second only to the recent great question of the day: "Who discovered the North Pole?" The innocent assertion of Otto

G. T. Sonneck, chief of the division of music of the Library of Congress, in a publication on American national songs, that "Dixie" was more prominent in patriotic popularity than "Yankee Doodle," has stirred up a hornet's nest, and even resulted in threats of death to Mr. Sonneck. His office in the Congressional Library has been swamped with letters from various parts of the country in which the writers take exception to the statement about "Dixie." Some of these letters threaten Mr. Sonneck with dire punishment. Because the letters have been so unpleasant to him and so numerous, Mr. Sonneck has requested the suppression of further mention in the newspapers of his work on American national songs. "Yankee Doodle's" popularity summed up in 1826 was:

Yankee Doodle is the tune
Americans delight in.
'Twill do to whistle, sing or play,
And just the thing for fighting.

Speaking in his work of "Yankee Doodle," Mr. Sonneck says:

For one hundred and fifty years "Yankee Doodle" has appealed to our people, and the tune shows no sign of passing into oblivion. Surely a tune of such vitality must have some redeeming features. This remark is directed against those who have ridiculed the musical merits of "Yankee Doodle" or treated it with contempt. It frankly appeals to our sense of humor. Critics, pedantic or flippant, have overlooked the fact that every nation has its humorous, even burlesque patriotic airs and that these are just as natural and useful as solemn airs—indeed more so occasionally. As a specimen of burlesque, even slangy musical humor, "Yankee Doodle" may safely hold its own against any other patriotic airs.

MEXICO IN THE STONE AGE

Evidence that Mexico was inhabited during the stone age is in possession of Professors Enguerrand and Urbian, connected with the national government, who have returned from exploring the wilds of Chiapas, on the upper waters of the Usumacinta River, near Guatemala. Just outside the hamlet of Concepcion they discovered a vast quartz field which they believe supplied the material for the arms factory of the people of the stone age. They found all manner of weapons hewn from stone. Many of the samples brought in are entirely new to Mexico's collection of relics.

A NATIONAL MONUMENT

The President's proclamation made a national monument of the Oregon Caves or "Marble Halls" of Josephine County, in southern Oregon. These natural wonders are located in the Siskiyou National Forest about thirty miles south of Grant's Pass in Cave Mountain. They are in marble and other limestones and consist of innumerable caverns, corridors and passageways of various sizes, all decorated beyond description in crystallized carbonates. They have been explored two miles or more, the lowest being about two thousand feet below the summit of Cave Mountain, the highest some seven or eight hundred feet above it. There are many passageways and rooms which have never been opened, and with these distant and unexplored openings the magnitude of the Oregon Caves is practically unknown.

These natural wonders were discovered in 1874 by Elijah Davidson, while bear hunting, and the greater part of the exploration work was done by F. M. Nickerson of Kerby, Or., in 1877, when four floors or levels were practically opened. Many of the old ladders used at that time are still in use.

Cave Mountain, the peak which contains these caves, rises to about six thousand feet, and is of limestone formation. The main openings around which the National Monument has been created are at an elevation of four thousand feet, but the entire mountain-side for five or six miles shows caverns of various sizes, and in all probability is honeycombed throughout its interior like the portion which has been explored. Many small streams are found at different elevation, and larger bodies of running water can be heard in bottomless pits so far as measured. This running water probably accounts for currents of wind that in some of the galleries blow so hard as to extinguish an open light. The lime deposits take many beautiful forms; massive pillars, delicate stalactites of alabaster whiteness with the crystal drop of water carrying its minute deposit of lime from which they are formed, and broad sheets resembling drapery, with graceful curves and waves that were certainly made by varying currents of wind during formation. In past years visitors have broken off and carried away many of the most valuable specimens, and this destruction, as well as a desire to retain these natural wonders, as public property, induced the recommendation to place them in a National Monument.

The Forest Service has rebuilt and improved the trails leading to the Caves from each side of the divide to more easily protect the valuable forest surrounding, and to make the caves more accessible to tourists.

W. E. B.

Transcript, Boston.

OLD RAILROAD STRINGERS

The warehouse of G. S. Mercier in this village (Point of Rocks, Md.), has some curious and historic timber in it. The joists are made from the "stringers" which were used on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad when the cars were drawn by horses, before the days of the locomotive. These "stringers" were oak timbers, about six inches square, laid longitudinally on the track just as the T rails are now laid. Upon these timbers iron straps about two inches wide and a half-inch thick were spiked, and upon these straps the wheels ran. To fit upon these thin straps the flanges of the wheels must have been very slight. Now and then the end of a strap would get loose, the wheels would get under it and the iron would penetrate the floor, and sometimes passengers were severely wounded by them. They were known as "snake heads." To several of the stringers now used as joists in Mr. Mercier's warehouse the straps are still attached, and it is doubtful whether anywhere in the world there is another specimen intact of this kind of "rail" used in the infancy of railroad construction. The warehouse was built about sixty years or more ago, at the time the primitive rails were supplanted by crossties and iron rails. For a year or two, beginning in 1832, Point of Rocks was the western terminal of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, pending the litigation and the settlement by the Legislature of the right of way between the river and the mountain at this place. Large quantities of goods and produce were brought here, and the old warehouse in which they were stored is still standing and in good repair. It is now used as a hotel.

Sun, BALTIMORE.

DORRANCE ATWATER

Dorrance Atwater, who died in San Francisco November 28, was a notable figure of the Civil War, the service which he performed having been the only means whereby the graves of 13,000 Union soldiers in Andersonville prison were identified. Atwater enlisted in a Connecticut cavalry regiment at 16 at the outbreak of the war. He was transferred to the Harris Light Cavalry of New York. While scouting he was captured and sent to Andersonville. He kept records of the dead and the location of their burial places. He managed, unknown to his captors, to make a duplicate record of his work and when released on parole toward the close of the war took the copy with him. The Government demanded a copy, but Atwater refused to give it up unless he was com-

pensated, and he was dishonorably dismissed from the army. This finding was revoked by Congress in 1898 when it was shown that Atwater had finally given the Government a copy of his records and that he had never received any recognition for his services. In 1868 he was appointed United States Consul at the Seychelles Islands, later being transferred to Tahiti, where he served the Government for over twenty years. While in the latter place he married Motea Salmon, a daughter of a well-known island family.

Sun, N. Y.

AN OLD LANDMARK IN MASSACHUSETTS

Since the recent opening to the public by the Wakefield, Massachusetts, Historical Society of its new quarters in the town hall building, renewed interest in its collection of ancient and historic relics of the early years of the town has been taken by old inhabitants and former residents. Numerous offers of old and valuable relics have been received and the exhibit is in a fair way to benefit by a substantial growth. Chief among these offers is that of a huge iron kettle, which was a part of the original furnishings of the old Smith house, which stood on the present site of the town hall. It is now owned by Walter Sisson of Lynn, who lived in the house before it was removed, in 1869, to make room for the municipal building. The house is perhaps the oldest, and certainly the most treasured, landmark of the town, and is famous for having once been owned and occupied by Rev. Samuel Hough, the second minister of old "Redding," who was ordained pastor in March, 1650. After having been occupied for generations by the pastor's descendants, it was sold one hundred years ago by Thomas Nichols to his great grandson, Captain David Smith, and subsequently was occupied by his son, Captain Noah Smith, until 1859. Despite its age, the house seems as sound as ever, and still stands and is used as a dwelling. It is not far from its original location, on Lincoln Street.

A MEMORIAL FOR JOHN FITCH

The case of John Fitch is a sad one. He was the pioneer and was successful. He ran his boat on the Delaware River for months, but he was received with derision. There was then no man in this city, probably not in the whole country—with the prophetic vision of Chancellor Livingston at a later day who possessed the

wealth and influence to impress the fact of Fitch's success on the public. It argues ill for the state of enlightenment at that time that there was no one who could have seen the possibilities of steam navigation. If some Philadelphian had arisen at that moment to do what Livingston did subsequently in New York much of our history might have been changed. We should have had steamboats on the Western waters nearly twenty years earlier than we did, the events of the War of 1812 might have been more decided, and Napoleon might have had his steamers to cross the channel from Boulogne. It is idle to speculate on what might have been, but it is certain that this city owes something to the memory of Fitch, the prophet whom it rejected. The least that can be done is to rear a monument to his memory and to place a headstone over his grave. In the library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society* to-day reposes the combined diary and autobiography of this man. It is one of the most pathetic of human documents. It shows the mighty soul of a man struggling against the stupidity and conservatism of his age. We think the Historical Society should take the initiative in the matter, and we believe that a reasonable sum can be secured for a suitable memorial to a man who was born out of due season, who deserved so much and got the worst.

Inquirer, PHILADELPHIA.

* The Secretary denies the statement.—(ED.)

NATHANIEL NORTON—A PATRIOT OF '76

Captain Nathaniel Norton was born —, 1742, in Southold, Suffolk County, N. Y.; married Elizabeth —. He was lieutenant of the Fourth New York Continental Regiment; captain at Monmouth, and in Sullivan's Expedition. When he died he was the most aged member of the State Society of the Cincinnati (Lineage Book, D. A. R., vii., page 137).

Among the number of nativeborn citizens of Long Island who contributed by their talents and exertions to assert and establish the freedom and independence of their country, and whose best days were devoted to her service, it is to be lamented that many worthy individuals have passed into oblivion, while scarcely anything is remembered of their particular services; however much their efforts may have contributed to success in that dark and trying period of American history. In the rank of this class of patriots may be reckoned the subject of this notice, yet it is evident that he performed much in the sacred cause of liberty and his country. What were the particular circumstances and employment of his juvenile days are not exactly known. At any early age he volunteered as a private in the

provincial corps of the French War (which commenced in 1756) in the force commanded by General Bradstreet, and in the year 1760 was stationed at Oswego. Mr. Norton displayed on all occasions the characteristic of a brave and prudent soldier. In the beginning of 1776 he was appointed and commissioned as lieutenant in the Fourth New York Continental Regiment, commanded by Colonel Henry B. Livingston and continued attached to that body till toward the end of the year 1781, when the five New York regiments were consolidated; and although he was not appointed to a command in those regiments, yet such was the estimate of his services and usefulness that his pay and appointments were continued to him during the remainder of the war, and by a resolution of Congress became entitled to his due succession of rank. In the same year he was secretly commissioned by Governor Clinton to obtain loans of money from the wealthy Whig inhabitants of Long Island for the use of the Government; and thereupon, the better to conceal this object and fulfil its duties, he was appointed to the command of a small national vessel called the *Suffolk*, in which he cruised in the Sound between Sands Point and New Haven. In this business he was very successful, and obtained large sums on the faith of the Government, which he regularly delivered to the governor.

Captain Norton had previously done duty in the reserve corps at the battle of Monmouth on June 28, 1778, and was engaged with the artillery in that action. He afterwards accompanied General Sullivan in the expedition against the Six Nations, but was prevented by sickness from taking an active part in the actions of Bemus' Heights and Stillwater. After the war, Captain Norton retired to his farm in this town, and remained till 1790, when he became an elder and subsequently a minister in the Baptist Church. He was settled for some time in Connecticut, and afterwards at Herkimer in this State. In 1805, age and bodily infirmity made it necessary to relinquish his pastoral duties, and he spent the remainder of his days in retirement which a pension from the Government enabled him to do in a comfortable manner. His mental powers were active and vigorous, his memory retentive and his conversation at all times interesting and agreeable. He died suddenly while on a visit to New York, October 7, 1837, and his funeral solemnities were attended by his surviving brethren of the Cincinnati, of which he was at the time of his death the oldest member. By his own previous desire his body was conveyed to Brookhaven and interred in the burial ground of the Baptist Church at Corum, October 10, 1837. (Thompson's *History of Long Island*, page 284). See "New York in the Revolution." An interesting case, throwing light upon the conditions of the time is that of Nathaniel Norton and Azariah Tuthill of Long Island. Their memorial (see records of Connecticut, 1776-1780, vol. II., page 489), sets forth that the said Norton sustains the office of captain and said Tuthill that of an ensign in the Army of the United States; that on their

return to Guildford to their surprise they found that their families, in their absence, had been under the disagreeable necessity of going on to Long Island; that the memorialists "are very destitute of cloathing and have little or no interest in this State" whereby they might be supplied therewith and are exceedingly desirous to visit their families. This petition was of course granted. (Craven's *History of Mattituck, Long Island*, page 131.)

Nathaniel Norton, at the age of eighteen years, enlisted, April 29, 1760, in Captain Jesse Platt's company of Suffolk County, N. Y. Norton gave his occupation as a laborer; his description, "five feet eight inches high, dark eyes." He re-enlisted at the age of nineteen years in Captain Griffin's company of Suffolk County, N. Y. He is described as being five feet ten inches high, dark hair and eyes, well set" (Annual Report of the [N. Y.] State Historian, 1897, vol. ii., pages 578 and 718). See Archives of New York State, vol. i., page 254. A newspaper clipping of October 19, 1837, says, "Died in New York on the seventh instant, Captain Nathaniel Norton, in his ninety-fifth year." (Fernald's *Genealogical Exchange*, vol. ii., page 96.) The children of Nathaniel (1) and Elizabeth Norton were: George, Elizabeth, Isaac, married Anne Griffin. (Sons of the Revolution, page 615.) G. C. N.

Transcript, BOSTON.

THE NEW JERSEY "SIGNERS"

The New Jersey S. A. R. has appointed a committee to prepare a report on the New Jersey signers of the Declaration of Independence:—Abraham Clark, John Hart, Francis Hopkinson, Richard Stockton and John Witherspoon—with a view to securing the proper marking of their graves, as recommended at the Baltimore Congress of the S. A. R.

THE MARYLAND "SIGNERS"

A recent undertaking of the Maryland Society, S. A. R., has been the restoration of Mount Clare, the oldest pre-Revolutionary memorial in Baltimore to its original design, as built by Charles Carroll, the barrister, in 1756. Carroll was one of the most distinguished men of his time, and the author, in part, of most of the conspicuous State documents the Maryland declaration of rights and the State constitution. The S. A. R. purposes to gather in pamphlet form all available data

regarding the Maryland signers of the declaration, with photographs of the signers themselves, their homes and graves.

THE TREATY OF GHENT

Members of the District of Columbia branch of the National Society of United States Daughters of 1812 have placed a commemorative tablet in the room in which the treaty of Ghent was signed, in the "Octagon House" in Washington.

THE LEXINGTON BELFRY

The Lexington Mass. Chapter of the D. A. R. propose to repair the "old Belfry" (in Lexington) whose bell was rung on the morning of the Battle of Lexington, to call the Minute Men together. It is also proposed that it be restored to its former site on the Common.

THE FRIGATE AUGUSTA

The furniture in the New Jersey room in Continental Hall in Washington is made from wood of the British frigate *Augusta*, which was sunk by the American fire from Fort Mifflin, at Red Bank on the Delaware River on October 23, 1777. The frigate sank upon New Jersey sand, where she has lain for one hundred and thirty-two years. She carried sixty-four guns and was rated as one of England's best vessels. The action of the water has caused the oak to become almost as hard as marble. It has been fashioned into chairs, tables, wainscoting and other furniture which is beautiful. The New Jersey room is one of the most attractive in Continental Hall.

A VARIED WORK

The Colorado Chapter, D. A. R., of Denver, has placed a polished granite marker at El Mora, a historic point on the old Santa Fé Trail, has restored a pew in the historic Polaick, Va. church, and is co-operating with the Seattle Chamber of Commerce in the work of erecting a Lincoln monument in the latter city.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXVI—*Continued*

AT this moment the shrill whoop of the Mohawks rose fearfully behind him. They were near. He spoke a few words to his companion, seized a pendant vine that flourished near the spot, and flung himself out from the face of the cliff, as if determined to drop into the roaring current, and take his chance for escape in its angry bosom. He cast one glance back on the maid ere he let himself drop in the tide below. She had not sprung forward to prevent him, but stood with folded arms and a look of indignant sorrow upon her brow. Was it mingled scorn and pity that he should thus desert his preserver? So thought Greyslaer, as, still holding his grasp on the vine, he permitted himself to swing back by her side. "Surely you can swim, you do not shrink from trying that stream with me," he cried.

"Were my brother an otter, he could not live in that terrible water," replied the maiden.

The whoop was again pealed nearer and more near; it rose, too, this time, from a dozen savage voices. The girl wrung her hands as if in despair, while Greyslaer folded his arms and leaned against a tree, as if moodily resigned to his fate. Suddenly, however, the thought of a new device inspired The Dew. She clambered like a squirrel toward the tree-top from which the vine depended; loosing a long and vigorous tendril from the stem as she ascended, she quickly passed another and a smaller one round it, so as to attach it firmly to a projecting bough; descended a few yards, and, grasping the vine tightly in her hands, darted out from the wall of foliage like a swallow from the face of a cliff, cleared the chasm, and landed safely upon a dizzy ledge opposite.

Greyslaer, who, unappalled for himself, had but a few moments before hung suspended over the gulf below, covered his face with his hands in the instant the daring feat is in the act of being accomplished; and, almost ere he could look again, the maid had recrossed the chasm and dropped nimbly by his side. But why do they still delay? The

sound of pursuit grows nigher, yet Max refuses to take the chance of escape, of which his noble guide has so daringly set him the example, until she herself is in a place of safety. The breath of an instant is precious—and now The Dew again makes the airy passage, and is followed by her friend the instant he can recover the vine as it swings back within his reach. The Dew, with Indian precaution, seized it once more as he was thoughtlessly about releasing it from his grasp, and, winding the end around a heavy stone, she handed it to Max, and signified to him to throw it into a thicket upon the same side of the stream whereon it grew. The two had then barely time to plunge into the bushes beyond them, when the pursuing Mohawks appeared upon the headland opposite, and they soon after hear their baffled howl of disappointment at the broken and lost trail of the fugitives.

CHAPTER XXVII

A NIGHT IN THE WHOOPING HOLLOW

The Whooping Hollow lay now directly in their route to Fort George, and thither the footsteps of the fugitives were directed. The Dew was faint from hunger, and the weary spirits of Greyslaer were anything but cheered by the desolate scene of that swampy-shored lake, with here and there a dead tree waving the long moss from its gray arms as it stood solitary amid the half-floating bog. All concern for himself, however, was forgotten in distressing anxiety for his companion.

They had still eight or ten miles to travel to reach Fort William Henry, and the day was nearly spent. But now a new source of interest presented itself to stimulate his nerves. He heard a distant volley of firearms, followed by a broken but rapid discharge, as of a running fight beyond the hills. It neared him, and he fancied he could hear the rallying shout of white combatants mingling hoarsely with the shrill yell of Indian onslaught. Unarmed as he was, Greyslaer bounded forward, as if to aid those of his own blood, who, it would seem, were borne down in the battle. He turned to give one look at his companion. The languid eyes of the Iroquois girl kindled with new life as she motioned to him to leave her to her fate and rush forward.

But now, again, another volley, another shout, and then the Indian whoop grew fainter and fainter, as of men scattered and fleeing in pursuit. He listened intently, but the sounds of the battle had died away in the distance.

The twilight has come, the night closes in, and again the moon marches up the heavens to cheer the wanderers, if, indeed, her ghastly light, shining down among those haggard trees, and gleaming upon the pool that has settled in that dreary hollow, have aught of cheering in it. The gentle-souled Greyslaer looked often into the deep and languid eyes of the suffering and innocent-hearted girl who had dared and endured so much for him. He blames himself for having permitted her to encounter the perils they had undergone; not the least of which, that of starvation in the wilderness, they were now beginning to realize. The fort, it was true, was not far; but would The Dew have strength to reach it on the morrow?

He made her a couch of fern and leaves, where the cradling roots of an ancient birch supplied her mossy pillow; and now she shrunk not from his ministering care as he sat near, watching till her eyes were closed in slumber. But hark! there are other human sounds in the forest besides the cry of the whooping savage or the distant din of border conflict. Can it be a crew of merry-makers, or is it only the echoes of the place which wake in chorus to the song now trolled along the hillside:

“Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
Oh why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?
Enough in the green wood, if not in the hall,
By the light of the moon there's enough for us all.”

“Hist! halloo there, white man! where the devil do you come from?” cried the foremost of the forest choir, advancing from under the boughs into the moonlight, and levelling his rifle upon Greyslaer as he spoke. “King or Congress! Speak up, my good fellow, if you've got a tongue.”

“De Roos!”

“Whose voice is that? Good God! Max Greyslaer, is it your living self that I hold in my arms?” And the impetuous brother of Alida—

for it was no other than Derrick himself—drew back from the embrace of Greyslaer, into which he had thrown himself, to look earnestly into the wan features of his long-lost friend. Their aspect of suffering filled him with emotions which he could only conceal in part, as turning round he shouted to his comrades:

“Balt, Lansingh, Miller, carry on, men, carry on. Here are more wonders in the woods to-night than those we’ve yet dreamed of.”

But Balt had heard the first joyful cry of recognition between the friends, and was already hugging Greyslaer in his arms with an unceremonious vigor, that sensibly reminded Max of De Roos’s unfortunate speech, assimilating him to a bear, which had once given such deep offence to the worthy woodsman. The salutations of the other hunters, though, of course, less familiar, were hardly less hearty, as Balt stood by and proudly encouraged them to come up and take the hand of his old pupil.

“Didn’t I tell ye, boys,” said he, “that young Max would come to hand the right side up? Alive? eh! only look at the young springald. Thin and raw-boned as he is, there’s life enough in him to squeeze it out of any of us. Law sorts, Capting Max, how your shoulders have spread; and your face, too, is as brown as Kit Lansingh’s here. Kit, you land-lougher, stand up and measure *hathes* with the capting.”

But Greyslaer had turned away, and was bending with anxious solicitude over a figure that had hitherto escaped the notice of his friends. “Some water, Balt; quickly, in the name of Heaven, quickly, old man. She faints, she faints,” said Greyslaer, in tones of almost agonizing solicitude, as he supported the sinking head of the The Dew upon his bosom. “Ah! they’ll be an age in returning from the lake. Your canteen, De Roos; a drop from that may yet revive her.”

De Roos tore the canteen from his side; and, as Max applied the cordial to her lips, the maid opened her eyes.

“Have you no refreshment—a single biscuit in your pouch?” asked Greyslaer.

“Here’s a corn-cake, captain,” said a hunter, handing a fragment of the coarse bread to Greyslaer.

"Yes, and we can soon get you up plenty of venison," cried Lansingh, who now returned from the lake-side with the water, for which two or three of his comrades had simultaneously rushed together.

"Off, then, with you at once. Kit," rejoined Balt, who now came puffing and blowing up the hill. "We must needs camp here, I take it; for the gal's state won't allow her removal to-night. Who'd a' guessed, though, of finding a petticoat here with the capting?"

"Carry on, boys, carry on, then; get up your shanties as soon as may be," said De Roos, while those of the hunters who had not gone off with Lansingh after the remains of the deer upon which they had already feasted, bestirred themselves on every side. Some cut stakes and rafters for the frame of the wigwam; some peeled the heavy bark from ancient hemlocks, which, though prostrate upon the ground, had not yet mouldered; spreading the broad pieces over the roof and adown the sides; while others strewed the floor of the shanty with the fragrant branches shorn from the living tree, after felling it for the purpose of being thus stripped. Some busied themselves in kindling a fire before the opening of this sylvan shed, while the forest resounded with the stroke of the axe, as others felled the hardwood trees, chopped them up, and piled them near to feed the growing flame when wanted.

Greyslaer, in the meantime, now that his anxiety about "The Dew" was relieved, summarily detailed his principal adventures, speaking always of the disinterested and heroic Indian girl in terms that would have deepened even the color of her red cheek could she have understood the language in which they were uttered. De Roos, in return, gave him information of both a public and private nature which claimed his deepest interest. The account which Derrick gave him of Alida's escape from the cavern of Waneonda, though bringing to Max the blessed assurance of her present safety, was anything but satisfactory: for while the hot-headed Derrick inveighed against the whole race of rascally Tories, as concerned in her imprisonment, Greyslaer could not but have his own convictions that this mysterious business was one with which the Royalists as a party had but little to do. This however was not the moment to dwell upon a subject so painful. Nor was De Roos the character with whom he could venture upon any half-formed

surmises, without betraying the confidence of Alida to the full extent that she had entrusted him in her affairs.

"But tell me, De Roos," cried Max, making an effort to dash these bewildering thoughts from his mind, "how came you in these woods with old Balt?"

"With old Balt? Why, an hour since, I believed truly that he was a hundred miles from here, as I did that you, dear Max, were enjoying the hospitality of our refugee friends in Canada. Balt must tell you himself how he came here; for I deferred hearing his story till we gained his camp, whither he was conducting me when I fell in with you."

"But yourself; how came you here yourself?"

"Oh, why, you know, we are only a few miles from the fort; so it's no great wonder that I should be here. Van Schaick sent me yesterday to look after some batteaux at Glen's Falls, which are sent up from below for the transportation of the baggage of the command which, you know, has been relieved."

"I know? How should I know anything about the matter, or imagine, even, that you were at Fort George, or who, indeed, was its commandant?"

"True, ay, true; I forgot how you have been cooped up in these stirring times. Well, you see, as I was about to mention, an incidental part of my duty led me back to the lake by this route, which is only a few miles longer to the fort. Gansevoort, our lieutenant-colonel, got some information from Albany a day or two since about that cutthroat Tory, Joe Bettys, who—"

"Joe Bettys, the cutthroat Tory!" cried Greyslaer, echoing his words in astonishment. "What, not Ensign Joe Bettys, who was so ardent a Whig, albeit a boon companion and crony of the Tory Bradshawe?"

"The same man, Max; and a brave Whig, too, he proved himself under Arnold in Canada. But, either from some disgust from our officers, or an original want of principle, he has been won over to the other side, and commenced his Tory career, in a dashing style, that must make

him long remembered in these parts. He is said to have taken up his quarters here in the Whooping Hollow, and, assuming the disguise of a mongrel mountebank, an outcast Indian vagrant, whom he killed, he has practised so successfully upon the superstitious fears of the people below, that they would make no effort to follow and seize him upon his retreating here after some deed of blood or plunder. So I took an Indian guide, and came poking through here to see if I could beat up his quarters in passing, or, at least, light upon his trail."

"And you fell in with Balt—"

"Just in time to lend a volley which saved him from a devil of a licking; for he and his handful of hunters were mad enough to engage with a score of Mohawks, led on, as I suspect, by Isaac Brant, or Au-neh-yesh, as he calls himself."

"Isaac Brant? Why, I have already told you that I left him upon the shores of a lake far west of this a dying man, as I thought, and—"

"Ay, but that was some six months since, if I understood you rightly; and I assure you he is bloody Isaac Redivivus now. Everybody has nine lives in these times. Isaac I know at least to be alive and kicking; for, with Kasselman Empie and other scoundrelly Tories who fight under the disguise of Indians, he makes as much noise in this neighborhood as his father, with fifty times the number of men, is creating along the Unadilla region. There is, though, a touch of humanity about old Joseph that his son is wholly innocent of."

"And you think, then, that Isaac's tribesmen, who were in pursuit of me, guided him hither to-night?"

"Even so."

"But the friendly Indian who was your pioneer to the Hollow, I don't see him here."

"He loitered behind, where I left my corporal to bury some two or three brave fellows whom I have lost by this night's business. By-the-way, it is our old boyish friend Teondetha. The Tryon county committee sent him as a runner to Albany, whence he was despatched with the

message to the fort, requiring the presence of our regiment to overawe the Tories on the Mohawk. But here comes Miller and his men. You put those brave boys to bed safely, Miller?"

"Safely and snugly, captain; neither wolves nor Indians will trouble them, I reckon," replied the corporal, touching his hat.

"Where's the Oneida?"

"He cleared out as soon as he had taken the hair of the Redskins that fell on the other side. I mistrust he has followed on to see if he couldn't add another scalp to his string."

"It's the natur of all of them," ejaculated Balt; "dog eating dog. He must have had good picking, too, among the dead varmint, Adam; for there they lay on the grass, six big buck Injuns, likely fellows all, besides a withered chap that I clipped over with my hatchet, and left to curl up and die."

"And the boy," said De Roos, without heeding Balt's words, in a slight tone of anxiety; "you saw nothing of the boy, Adam?"

"Nothing, captain! The brat was missing from the moment we came in sight of the enemy. Isaac's people must have swooped him up in a moment; and he doubtless was glad enough to go with them."

"What boy is that you speak of?" asked Greyslaer, with some anxiety.

"Nobody—nothing—only a half-breed brat that we picked up on our march. Near the falls, wasn't it, Miller?"

"Yes, captain, in the shanty at the batteaux landing which you visited when we went down afore, you know. That time, I mean, when you had high words with the old woman, because you said you knew better when she declared that the child ought rightfully to belong to Isaac Brant, whose son he was, and when—"

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be Continued.)

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XIII

JUNE, 1911

No. 6

EXTRACTS FROM THE *PROVIDENCE GAZETTE*

1778—1780

This valuable matter is furnished us by Mr. James N. Arnold, the Rhode Island historian, to whom we have so often before been indebted. It covers the period of the British occupation of Newport, and most or all of it is not to be found elsewhere. As an almost daily chronicle of the Revolution, its value is obvious.

THE PROVIDENCE GAZETTE

The *Providence Gazette* was the first newspaper printed in Providence. The first number was issued October 20, 1762, the last October 8, 1825, when it was sold to the *Rhode Island American* which added "*And Providence Gazette*" to its own title and continued publication until 1832. It was a weekly, publication day Saturday, except from Oct 4, 1780 to Jan. 24, 1781, when it was Wednesday. It suspended publication from May 11, 1765 to Aug. 9, 1766. From 1820 to the last number it was a semi-weekly, publication days Monday and Thursday the first year (1820) and from 1821 on Wednesday and Saturday.

Of these published numbers we have seen all but Nos. 139-149-502. William Goddard was the first Editor and Proprietor, after which Sarah Goddard & Co. were the publishers. John Carter was sole proprietor from Nov. 12, 1768 to Feb. 19, 1814, except for two years, 1797-1799, when he had a partner.

In this newspaper is a large amount of historical matter. It is the only newspaper in the state of which a complete file of the period of the Revolution is in existence to-day. Its position was strongly in favor of the Colonies. Its subjects are handled from a high literary standard and in good style.

WILLIAM GODDARD

William Goddard, printer, son of Giles Goddard, physician and postmaster at New London, Ct., b. 1740, d. Providence, R. I., Dec. 23, 1817. Oct. 20, 1762, he established the first printing press at Providence, where he commenced the *Gazette*; was soon afterwards one of the publishers of the *N. Y. Gazette* and *Post Boy*; removed to Philadelphia in 1766, where with Galloway and Wharton he published the *Pennsylvania Chronicle* and in 1773 went to Baltimore and started the *Maryland Journal*. He was active in organizing the Post Office and was

appointed by Franklin in 1775 Surveyor of Roads and Comptroller. In 1792 he sold his press and retired to a farm in Johnston, but subsequently resided in Providence. His friend, Gen. Charles Lee, bequeathed him a portion of his extensive landed estate in Virginia. He published a History of the Pa. *Chronicle* in 1770. —*Thomas's History of Printing.*

JOHN CARTER

In the *Gazette* of Dec. 15, 1810, he says he has edited this paper since August, 1767; that he was born in Philadelphia, 1745, that he learned the art of printing in the office of Franklin and Hall of that city, and that he came to Providence in 1767. His death is given as occurring Aug. 19, 1814, under the caption, "John Carter, Esq., Editor of the Providence *Gazette* from 1767 to Feb. 1814, aged 69 years."
J. N. A.

Aug. 8, 1778.

Sunday last (Aug. 2) the Marquis de la Fayette arrived here from the Grand American Army, and on Thursday sat out for the Camp at Tiverton.

On Monday Generals Varnum and Glover's Brigades with Two Companies of the Train of Artillery arrived here from White Plains, and have since marched to the Southward.

Thursday last (Aug. 6) a Company of Volunteers arrived here from Salem, to serve in the intended Expedition against the Enemy on Rhode Island. A great number of Volunteers are likewise expected from Newburyport, Boston and several towns in Connecticut.

Yesterday the Honorable Major General Sullivan left this place to take upon him the Command of the Army destined for the reduction of Rhode Island.

Monday last seven prizes taken by His Most Christian Majesty's Squadron arrived safe at this Port: one of them a Sloop of War called the *York*, the others laden with Sugar, Rum, Coffee, etc.

The Fleet have also taken a Sloop laden with Pines, Lemons, Limes, Turtle, etc.

Two Hundred and Forty-five Prisoners taken in the above prizes have been since conducted here by land from Point Judith, and sent on board a Guard Ship prepared for their reception.

Wednesday last (Aug. 5) on the appearance of Two French Men of War on the East Side of Conanicut, the Enemy ran four of their Frigates and a galley ashore on Rhode Island, and soon after burned them with their Stores, Provisions, etc. We since learn that the vessels destroyed are the *Lark*, *Orpheus* and *Juno* of 32 guns each, the *Cerberus* of 28 guns and the *Pigot* galley.

A small Privateer landed a number of men the same day on Rhode Island and brought off four boats belonging to the above mentioned Frigates, having on board small Arms, Clothing, etc.

The *Flora* of 32 Guns and the *Grand Duke of Russia*, a Storeship, are all the vessels of force the enemy have now remaining in this State.

On Wednesday three persons made their escape from Newport. They inform (us) that the enemy have sunk 11 transports between Goat and Rose Islands and that they have destroyed all the farming utensils on Rhode Island.

Nine of the new Levies deserted from Rhode Island on Wednesday last (Aug. 5).

Aug. 15, 1778.

Saturday last Count De Estaing, with 12 Ships of the Line, entered the Harbor of Newport to co-operate with our Army destined for the reduction of Rhode Island. The ships were briskly fired on as they passed the Enemies' Batteries, but received very little damage; the fire was gallantly returned and we since learn by a deserter that several of the Enemy were killed in the North Battery.

On Sunday a British Fleet, supposed to be Lord Howe's consisting of about 30 Sail arrived off Point Judith with intention as is conjectured, of throwing succours on Rhode Island. The wind being southerly His Most Christian Majesty's Fleet could not get out of the Harbor till next morning, when a breeze springing from the northward the Brave Count De Estaing with the 12 Ships above mentioned came to sail. They were again briskly cannonaded from the Enemies' Batteries as they passed, and the fire was returned with great spirit. The dastardly Britons on perceiving the French Ships under way to engage them immediately weighed

their anchors and crowded all sail towards the South East. At Two o'clock P. M. the southernmost of the French Ships were supposed to be within four miles of the British, and in our next we hope to give our readers a good account of them.

A person from New London informs that a Fishing Boat is arrived there, the Master of which says that he was between Block Island and Montauk on Monday last (Aug. 14), and saw some of the French Ships towards evening come up with part of the British Fleet, when a heavy firing commenced, but does not know the event (result).

On Wednesday and Thursday (Aug 12-13) we had a severe storm of wind and rain which has prevented the return of Count De Estaing.

On Sunday and Monday last (Aug 9-10) the Honorable General Sullivan, with the Army under his Command, landed upon Rhode Island with(out) opposition. The Enemy abandoned all their Works and Barracks at the North End, leaving them in good order, and retreated within their Lines, which are about three-quarters of a mile from the Town of Newport. Our Troops have possession of Quaker, Wind Mill and Butt's Hills and a strong detachment is advanced within a mile and a half of the Enemies Lines, near which on Saturday the Enemy burnt several houses.

Our Army, consisting of about 12000 men, are in fine spirits. The advance, composed of the Light Troops, Independent Companies and 50 men from each Brigade, under the Command of Col. Livingston. The Right Wing is commanded by General Greene, the Left by the Marquis De La Fayette, The second Line by General Hancock and the Reserve by Col. West.

Forty-seven Deserters have come over to our Army since their landing on Rhode Island. (See next issue a mention.)

In the storm of Wednesday and Thursday last (Aug 12-13) a Sloop, a Schooner and several Boats were drove ashore near the South Ferry.

Aug. 22, 1778.

Early on Saturday Morning last (Aug 15) the Honorable Major

General Sullivan, with the Army under his Command, advanced towards Newport and the same evening encamped on an eminence two miles from the Enemy's Lines without opposition where the Main Body of the Army now lies. The same night a Detachment took possession of a Height on the Enemy's Right about Half a Mile from their Front Line of Works, which it Commands. On Sunday Morning the 16th the Enemy began a brisk Cannonade though without effect, and in the evening a Battery was opened on the Right which they cannonaded next day, but the Fire was not returned. Tuesday and Wednesday (Aug. 18-19) two other Batteries being opened there was much firing on both sides, and the Enemy were driven from a Work on the Right. On Thursday afternoon (Aug. 29) a brisk Cannonade again commenced, but nothing decisive has yet taken place. Our Troops are in high spirits and eager for Action. Deserters from the Enemy continue to come in daily, and on Sunday (Aug. 16) three Prisoners were taken.

Thursday last (Aug. 24) His Excellency Count De Estaing with 11 Ships of the Line returned from pursuing the British Fleet and came to anchor off Point Judith. The *Caesar* of 74 Guns parted with the Fleet in the late storms, and is hourly expected.

The British Fleet consisted of 22 sail among which were 8 Ships of the Line. The French Fleet came up with them the day after they left Newport, when preparations were made for engaging, but the storm coming on they were compelled to separate, which favored the escape of the Britons. Two only were taken, viz, the *Senegal* Sloop of War, Commanded by Capt. Gambier, and the *Carcass* Bomb Ketch.

The *Languedoc* and one other Ship received some damage in the storm, which came on at a most critical time, as a fair prospect had otherwise presented of capturing a great part of the Enemy's Fleet.

A small Privateer fell in with part of the British Fleet after the storm, the Master of which informs that he observed a 74 Gun Ship and a Frigate to be dismasted.

Certain accounts are received that the Spithead Fleet, of which so much parade has been made in the English Prints, lay snug at Anchor in that Harbor the 9th of June last. The Brest Fleet which is much superior in force, continued to watch their motions.

Since the destruction of the Enemy's Shipping in the Bay, upwards of 30 pieces of Cannon (chiefly 12 Pounders), 4 anchors, a large quantity of rigging, several Boats, etc., etc., have been taken from the Wrecks and brought to this Town.

By a letter from Egg Harbour (N. J.) we are informed that Capt. Ichabod Halloway, with 6 men who were taken in one of the *Marlbrough's* Prizes and carried to Jamaica, after receiving much ill usage, obtained permission to go to New York in a Schooner laden with Rum, on Condition of working to pay their passage; but on the first day of this month on making the land they confined the Captain with his Crew and carried the Schooner safe into Egg Harbour.

Capt. Tyler, in the Privateer Sloop *Dolphin* of this Place, has taken and brought into Port two Sloops, each about 30 Tons burden, which he cut out off Sandy Hook, having on board a number of Muskets, Pistols, Cutlasses, etc. They had been employed in carrying supplies of Fuel, Forage, etc., to the British Fleet and Army at New York.

We learn that the enemy are about to discharge all the American Prisoners in New York, for which a like number in our hands are to be delivered up.

Aug. 29, 1778.

The *Caesar* a French Ship of 74 Guns, mentioned in our last to be missing, is arrived at Boston. Soon after the violence of the late storm had abated in which she was separated from the Fleet, she fell in at 10 o'clock at night with a British Ship of 64 Guns. About Three in the morning a sharp engagement commenced, which continued three hours when Two other British Men of War heaving in sight the *Caesar* quitted her. The British Ship was greatly damaged, Several of her ports being beat into one and her pumps going when the *Caesar* made sail. We learn that 13 men were killed and 19 wounded on board the *Caesar*. The Captain had his right arm badly wounded which has since been amputated and one of the Lieutenants lost a Leg.

Two of His Most Christian Majesty's Ships having been disabled in the late severe storm on Saturday last, they sailed from Point Judith to refit, convoyed by the remainder of the Fleet.

The Operations against Rhode Island continue to be carried on with vigor, and if the Enemy should not receive large reinforcements in the absence of Count De Estaing, whose return is daily expected, there is the fairest prospect that the Expedition will be crowned with success. A brisk fire has been kept up several days this week with very little effect on the part of the Enemy.

Deserters continue to come out daily.

Last Monday night (Aug. 24) a Party of the Enemy from Rhode Island landed on the Narragansett Shore, and with their usual spirit dragged an inoffensive farmer from his house (Mr. Rowse Potter), whom they carried off with one of his negroes.

Capt. Tredwell, in the Privateer Sloop *Hero* of this Place, in Company with the Privateer *Barton* of Dartmouth, have taken a Schooner from Jamaica laden with Molasses, Rum, etc., and brought her into Port.

The above mentioned Schooner, previous to her being captured, took up Capt. John Bell and his Crew, late of the Brig *Roby*, also Capt. John Daggers and three of his men, late of the Ship *Nancy*. The remainder of her crew, 15 in number, being drowned. They were part of a Fleet from Jamaica bound to Engand and were with nine others wrecked on the Bahama Banks in the late violent storm.

The Privateer Sloop *General Stark* of Warren, in this State has taken a Brig with 100 Bags of Cotton Wool and a quantity of redwood, and sent her into Boston.

September 5, 1778.

BOSTON, AUGUST 31.

Friday last (Aug. 28) the Fleet of His Most Christian Majesty, Commanded by His Excellency the Count De Estaing, arrived safe in Nantasket Road, and the day following His Excellency and a Part of the Fleet came up to Town. He was saluted by the Shipping and Forts on his landing.

Sept. 3.—A Fleet of Ships, supposed to be Lord Howe's from the Hook * has been discovered standing off this Harbor for several days

* Sandy Hook, N. J.

past, but disappears this day. The Fleet it is conjectured consisted of upwards of 20 Sail, some very capital Ships.

The Count De Estaing has erected very formidable works on George's Island, in which we hear he has mounted near 100 Cannon of heavy metal, which he took from his Fleet with a determination to defend himself against any invasion from our Enemies while his Fleet are repairing the damage they sustained in the late storm.

PROVIDENCE, SEPTEMBER, 5.

The Fleet of His Most Christian Majesty having sailed for Boston to repair the Damages sustained in the late violent storm, the operations by land against the Enemies Strong Holds on Rhode Island were continued to be carried on with vigor till the evening of the 28 ult., at which time our Army by a Field Return consisting of only 5,400 men; it was unanimously determined by the General Officers in Council to change the Position of the Army from the advanced Batteries before the Enemies Lines and to take Post on Butt's Hill at the North End of the Island till the return of the Fleet. This was effected before Two o'clock the next morning, with the greatest order, the Picket Commanded by Col. Wigglesworth remaining on Quaker Hill in Front of the Main Body and Livingston's and Laurens' Corps advanced on the East and West Roads a mile beyond the Picket. At seven o'clock the advanced Corps were attacked by the Enemy, and after returning the fire briskly retired, skirmishing, to the Picket in Quaker Hill. Here the whole made a stand, and were reinforced on the Left by a Regiment from Glover's Brigade, Commanded by Lieut. Col. Sproat, and on the Right by a Regiment from Varnum's Brigade Commanded by Lieut. Col. Livingston. The action now became severe. Our men were well posted and twice repulsed the Enemy on the Left, but they being strongly reinforced and a general action not intended on this ground, the advance Corps were ordered to retire, which they did with the greatest order and regularity, having 5 killed and 16 wounded on the Left; and bringing off a Lieut. of Grenadiers and 7 Privates Prisoners. The Enemy, about Nine in the morning, began a Cannonade which was returned with great spirit, and skirmishing continued between the advanced parties until near Ten, when their Two Ships of War and some small armed vessels having

got up the River on our Right Flank the Enemy bent most of their Force that way, and endeavored to turn our Right under Cover of the Ships' Fire. They were twice driven back in much confusion, when a third effort was made with greater numbers. General Sullivan now ordered the Right to be reinforced, and a sharp conflict of near an hour succeeded, in which also the Artillery of both Armies played briskly from the hills; the Enemy were at length routed and fled in great confusion to a hill where they had Cannon and Works to cover them, leaving their dead and wounded on the Field. We took about 60 Prisoners. The action must have ended in the ruin of the British Army had not the Redoubts on the hill covered them from a close pursuit. Immediately after the repulse of the Enemy on the Right they appeared advancing on our Left, in consequence of which Glover's Brigade and General Tyler's Militia supported by Titcomb's Brigade were ordered to advance and form in a Cross Road within half a mile of the Enemy. They accordingly took Post and a cannonade with skirmishing ensued, and continued till dark. It was not judged advisable to attack them in their Works, as our Troops inferior in number to the Enemy were much fatigued and had been without Provision or Refreshment of any kind for 36 hours. Too much praise cannot be given to the Officers and Soldiers in general for their exemplary bravery. On the morning of the 30th our Army pitched their Tents on the Front of Butt's Hill, and a heavy cannonade commenced and continued through the whole day. At seven in the evening our Picket was posted in advance of the First Line, and a Chain of Sentinels formed from the East to the West River.

In consequence of authentic intelligence received that Lord Howe with his Fleet had sailed from Sandy Hook, and that from the best information 154 Sail of Transports were in the Western Sound with 5,000 Troops bound to Newport, a Council was called who were unanimously of opinion considering the situation of the Army, the absence of the French Fleet and the momentary expectation of the Enemy's receiving a strong reinforcement of Troops with a number of Ships, that the Island should be evacuated: which was accordingly completed by 12 o'Clock the same night in perfect Order and Safety, not leaving behind the smallest article of Provision, Camp, Equipage or Military Stores. The Enemy's Fleet with the reinforcements arrived off Point Judith at Seven o'Clock next morning.

The number of the Enemy left dead on the Field of Action according to the list accounts was 180, exclusive of those killed in the Engagements with the Light Troops, Picket and Skirmishing Parties, and exclusive of those killed by the firing of the heavy Artillery which played upon their Line through the day with apparent good success. Their whole loss in Killed, Wounded and Prisoners is supposed to be upwards of 700. Return of the Killed, Wounded and Missing of the American Troops in the Action of the 29th of August:

Col. Laurens' advanced Corps, 2 Non-commissioned Officers [and] 8 Privates Killed, 7 Non-Commissioned Officers, 24 Privates Wounded, 1 Non-commissioned Officer, 3 Privates Missing. Col. Livingston's Light Corps: 2 Subalterns, 1 Non-commissioned Officer, 5 Privates Killed, 4 Subalterns, 5 Non-commissioned Officers, 16 Privates Wounded, 9 Privates Missing.

General Varnum's Brigade; 3 Privates Killed, 1 Field Officer, 2 Subalterns, 19 Privates Wounded, 1 Private Missing.

General Glover's: 1 Subaltern, (and) 2 Privates Killed. 1 Subaltern, 16 Privates Wounded, 4 Privates Missing.

General Cornell's: 1 Private Killed, 11 Privates Wounded, 10 Privates Missing.

Col. Commandant Greene's: 1 Subaltern, 2 Privates Killed. 9 Privates Wounded, 11 Privates Missing.

General Lovell's: 2 Privates Killed, 1 Field Officer, 1 Captain, 1 Non-commissioned Officer, 13 Privates Wounded, 1 Non-commissioned Officer, 4 Privates Missing.

General Tyler's: 1 Subaltern (and) 4 Privates Wounded.

Col. Commandant Brewer's: 1 Private Wounded.

Total: 4 Subalterns, 3 Non-commissioned Officers, 23 Privates Killed, 2 Field Officers, 1 Captain, 8 Subalterns, 13 Non-commissioned Officers, 113 Privates Wounded, 2 Non-commissioned Officers, 47 Privates Missing.

Total of Killed, Wounded and Missing, 211.

Lieut. Col. William Livingston received two slight wounds.

Major Sherburne of New Hampshire, wounded.

Lieutenant Lowell of Jackson's killed.

Lieut. Walker of Boston mortally wounded and since dead.

Lieut. Barber of Lee's and Lieut's Henley and Phelon of Henley's wounded.

On Thursday (Sept. 3) last a Large Fleet was seen in the Western Sound near New London; supposed to be the same that brought reinforcement to Newport.

(To be Continued.)



THE ROMANCE OF GENEALOGY.

CHAPTER I

GENEALOGY IN AMERICA

TRUTH is stranger than fiction and by the same token there is often more of romance in fact than in fancy. The novelist of sympathetic temperament finds an endless store of material for his pen, in the migrations and colonial life of our early American forefathers. Their hardships and privations, their heroic sacrifices, so filled with stern reality, had yet a lighter side which one who looks may see.

The birth of a nation, the prenatal influences which contributed to shape its character and its destiny, the daily life of its common people, belong to the skilled historian to describe. He will delight to show that the typical American character is truly a composite creation. He will show how much of optimism was derived from the buoyancy of the Huguenots who, driven from home by religious persecution and indeed anxious to throw off the dust of their native land, yet never lost their natural heritage of light-hearted gaiety. He will show the parts played, during that formative period, by the Dutch, the Germans and the English who severally bequeathed their quiet deliberation, caution and thriftiness, their patient persistence and their indefatigability in the face of the greatest odds. He will show how much or how many of these attributes have been lost, modified or emphasized by later generations, or how they have been adapted to new conditions. Those are realms which the mere genealogist perhaps ought not to invade. He may, however, be permitted to glance, ever and anon, between the branches of an old ancestral tree, to see, about it and beyond, a little of the broad plain of human life extending on every side.

Without any departure from democratic principles, the study of family history in the United States has been approached from many standpoints since our second President, John Adams, expressed his views, too forcibly, in a letter to Hannah Adams, "the author of the first book

written by a woman in America." "You and I," he wrote, "are undoubtedly related by birth, and although we were both born in 'humble obscurity' [she had made this reference to herself in one of her dedications to him], yet I presume neither of us has any cause to regret that circumstance."

"If I could ever suppose that family-pride was in any case excusable, I should think a descent from a line of virtuous, independent New England farmers for one hundred and sixty years was a better foundation for it than a descent through royal and titled . . . ever since the Flood."

These words call to mind those concluding the first chapter of Irving's *Life of Washington*: "Hereditary rank may be an illusion; but hereditary virtue gives a patent of innate nobleness beyond all the blazonry of the Herald's College." Washington, himself, responded at some length to a request for an account of his family, although he had little time or inclination for such research.

"Poor Richard's" autobiography evinces clearly enough that he investigated the genealogy of the Franklin family, but one is a little startled by the fact, developed some years ago, that he made of it a protracted study.

There have been many Americans of undoubted democracy who have undertaken more or less extensive genealogical research or have confessed that pedigree is something more than a word. In the present generation we have had Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," declaring, somewhat facetiously, it is true, in favor of "a man of family," while James G. Blaine has told us that "President Garfield was proud of his blood; and, with as much satisfaction as if he were a British nobleman reading his stately ancestral record in Burke's 'Peerage,' he spoke of himself as ninth in descent from those who would not endure the oppression of the Stuarts, and seventh in descent from the brave French Protestants who refused to submit to tyranny even from the Grand Monarque."

"General Garfield delighted to dwell on these traits, and, during his only visit to England, he busied himself in searching out every trace

of his forefathers in parish-registers and in ancient army-rolls. Sitting with a friend in the gallery of the House of Commons one night, after a long day's labor in this field of research, he said, with evident elation, that in every war in which for three centuries patriots of English blood had struck sturdy blows for constitutional government and human liberty, his family had been represented. They were at Marston Moor, at Naseby, and at Preston; they were at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga and at Monmouth; and in his own person had battled for the same great cause in the war which preserved the Union of the States."

NOTES

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CHAPTER II

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE BRITISH SURNAME PIKE OR PYKE

IT is interesting, instructive and sometimes a little amusing, to study closely the divergent opinions of experts on obscure points of local history or genealogy.

According to one authority, the surname Pyke is derived from the *Flemish* Pycke, a personal name, and by a cross-reference given to Peak, and again (under "Pike") to Peake (all personal names), a connection with other families is at least implied. Peak is given as of Scandinavian or Teutonic origin (Cp. "British Family Names," by Henry Barber; London, 1894).

Indeed, we find a Swedish noun, *pik* = a weapon, and a Swedish verb *pekà* = to point.

An American authority on Irish immigration says: "The name Pike is quite common in Ireland, but I can find no such name as MacPike, and it is an unnatural combination for either Ireland or Scotland. It is

an Irish name *pice*, the weapon, and the English is pronounced as the Irish word and taken from it, the *c* in Irish being pronounced *k*."

In some old Scottish archives ("Calendar of Inner Temple Records," Vol. II., James I., Restoration, 1603-1660), the names Peke, Peyc, Picke, appear. In a subsequent volume the forms Pick, Picke and Pickering occur. However, a preliminary but fairly exhaustive search (in 1910) of certain printed records accessible in Edinburgh, failed to reveal any examples of the names Pike, Pyke, McPike or McPyke, except that a very few quite modern instances of Pike were noted.

Dr. John Milne, writing in *Scottish Notes and Queries* (Aberdeen, 1906) remarks: "There is a Celtic word, *pic*, a point. It is prefixed to many pointed mountains in France, being a remnant of the Celtic tongue once spoken there. It is common in Aberdeenshire in the name Piketillum from *pic*, point: and *tolm*, a hill or hillock. In Kincardine a long piece of slate pencil is called a pike. In the Register of the Town Council of Aberdeen the name of a man who lived at Justice Mill is Thomas of Myll, and Thomas Myll. So a man who lived at or on a pointed hill would be in early times "of Pike," and later simply Pike. Mr. "McPike" would be the son of Mr. "Pike."

Dr. J. A. H. Murray, of Oxford, the famous lexicographer, instituted an investigation in the London *Notes and Queries* (July 23, 1904) to discover the history of the words "Peak" and "Pike," and the relationship between them, in their application to pointed mountains or their summits. In requesting information, he cautioned all readers thus: "May I ask that no one will confuse the matter by information about the Peak of Derbyshire. Etymologists now know that that name can have no connection with *pike* or *peak*, a sharp point; and, in any case, it has no bearing whatever upon my inquiry; so I hope it will be left out of the question."

We come now to the consideration of what should, perhaps, be termed the most deliberate and exhaustive attempt to determine, at least for England, the origin of the surname Pike or Pyke. The Rev. Richard Peek, M. A., Rector of the Church of St. Magnus-the-Martyr, London, during a sojourn in Devonshire and Somerset, some years ago, reached

the conclusion, after much personal research in parish-registers, etc., that the original patronymic was "de Lucie." He showed that the arms of Lesnes Abbey, founded by Richard De Lucie, in the year 1178, were (? are): "Gules, Two lucies (pike) Haurient Argent. In pale. A crosier (or)." The word *luce* signifies a pike full grown (Latin: *lucius*), according to Nuttall's English Dictionary. The Rev. Richard Peek believes that the surname De Lucie was anglicized into Pike or Pyke, *circa* 1275-1325. He found also in the church-registers evidence to indicate that the spellings Pike, Pyke, Peek and Peeke were often interchangeable in the same family. He considers, however, that the family of Peak or Peake, properly so spelt, is entirely distinct and originally descended, probably, from the "Peakmen" of Derbyshire, "the land of Dorothy Vernon and the cradle of the Duke of Rutland's family." Nevertheless, the Pikes of Somersetshire, migrating to London, may sometimes have been transformed, against their will, into Peaks or Peakes, by the carelessness of certain parish clerks. Such a transformation would have been facilitated at that time by the "west-country pronunciation" of Pike (*Peek*). The modern student of London parish-registers, finding the spelling "Peake," cannot safely assume that the bearer of that name necessarily descended from the Peakmen of Derbyshire. He may have been a Pike or Pyke of Somersetshire stock. The Rev. Richard Peek is contemplating the publication of a "*Book of Peeks*" in which this interesting problem will be discussed at length. We may be able, meanwhile, to submit, in our subsequent chapters, some other evidence bearing upon the same subject, at least indirectly.

NOTES

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EUGENE F. McPIKE.

1 PARK ROW, CHICAGO.

JOHN WESLEY'S LOVE AFFAIR

JOHN WESLEY, founder of Georgia Methodism, who had refused the rectorship of his father's parish in England, sailed from Gravesend on October 14, 1735, on the brig *Purisburg*, and reached Savannah February 8, 1736. Four months of ocean travel necessarily makes voyagers well acquainted with each other. Among the passengers on board the *Purisburg* was one Miss Sophia Hopkins, a niece of Thomas Causton, chief bailiff and, therefore, chief justice of the colony of Georgia. Mr. Wesley had been for six years a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and came to Georgia under an agreement with the colonial Trustees, as rector for the parish of Savannah. His stipulated yearly salary was fifty pounds sterling. The Savannah of that time was only a small, gossiping village of five hundred population. It was a very motley collection of poor English and a few Portuguese Jews, with a German Lutheran colony twenty miles above the town.

John Wesley was young; he was gifted; he was exceedingly handsome in person; he had bright prospects. Of Miss Hopkins, we have varying accounts. The Methodist Bishop Stevens, with an evident desire to shield his clerical brother, says in his *History of Georgia*, that Mr. Wesley had allowed his affections to become ensnared by the artifices of a lady who possessed many attractions of mind and person, but whose moral character seemed to lack that modesty and integrity, the absence of which makes even beauty deceitful and vain. He describes her as having studied graces and apparent piety. On the other hand, Col. Charles C. Jones, in *his* History, refers to her in glowing phrases, as "a charming and coquettish young lady." The defects of character so plainly referred to by Bishop Stevens, are not visible to Jones. From what source he derived his information or rather, inspiration, is not apparent. Another Methodist writer says of her: "She was apparently amiable and certainly very attractive." The weight of evidence is that Miss Hopkins was a very beautiful and wholesome English girl, somewhat shallow, and caring very little for the marked attention bestowed on her by the learned Wesley.

It has been truly stated that love makes even a scholar blind. It

matters not whether Miss Sophia Hopkins was frivolous or only a coquette, for the fact remains that John Wesley was head over heels in love with her. He proposed marriage to her several times, but she kept the young rector on the anxious seat and gave him no definite acceptance. She was at this time receiving visits from another young man, one William Williamson. Finally, however, she engaged herself to become the wife of rector Wesley. There are always those who are ready, willing and waiting to obtrude themselves where angels would fear to tread. While Mr. Wesley was engaged to marry Sophia Hopkins, it was whispered to him, probably by the German Lutheran minister, located just above Savannah, that the woman he had chosen was not a proper person to become a rector's wife. This *sub rosa* advice came, it is said, from Preacher Spangenberg, shepherd in charge of the Lutheran flock at Ebenezer. Mr. Wesley was, very naturally, greatly worried and his mental perturbation did not escape the keen eyes of Miss Hopkins. She very promptly released him from his engagement. Eight days later, she was united in marriage to William Williamson, who was a young lawyer practicing at Savannah. This young man was the bastard son of a Mr. Taylor of Bridewell, England, and received his legal education there before coming to Georgia. He was a rather wild individual, and his reputed father had probably sent him over to the new colony of Georgia to be rid of him. He was, however, a courageous person, and some time later soundly thrashed Thomas Jones, the public overseer at Savannah, in the presence of General Oglethorpe, for having criticized his wife's uncle, chief bailiff Causton.

When Wesley heard of the arrangements making for the marriage of Miss Hopkins and Williamson, he went to the mother of the young lady, in great grief and tears, and declared that he himself, desired to be the bridegroom; but "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Miss Hopkins was obdurate and she became the wife of Williamson, at Purisburg, South Carolina, on March 12, 1737. After the marriage, Mr. Wesley appeared inconsolable; sometimes wanting to see Mrs. Williamson and at other times declaring he never would see her. He refused to administer to Mrs. Williamson the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after she had presented herself for that purpose. She was very much mortified by this public rebuke from the rector and rushed home in tears.

From this episode a public scandal arose in gossiping Savannah, and all tongues were set wagging, as was to be expected.

Mr. Bailiff Causton espoused the cause of his niece and bent to it all the energy of the bench. Mrs. Williamson was sworn and signed an affidavit, intimating more than it really asserted. She deposed that Mr. Wesley had many times proposed marriage to her, all of which proposals she had promptly rejected. The affidavit was made the basis of a suit for damages, for defamation of character, in the sum of £1000 sterling the complaint being filed by William Williamson, the husband. A warrant for the arrest of Mr. Wesley was issued by Thomas Christie, Recorder of Savannah, addressed to all constables, tithingmen and others. He was duly arrested by one Jones and carried before Bailiff Parker and Recorder Christie, who released him on his own recognizance to appear at the next court holden for Savannah. Two weeks later a grand jury was summoned, and to that body chief bailiff Causton delivered a long and earnest charge "to beware of spiritual tyranny and oppose the new illegal authority which has usurped over your consciences." Mrs. Williamson's affidavit was read to the grand jury; and after this proceeding, bailiff Causton delivered to that body a paper entitled: "A list of grievances, presented by the Grand Jury of Savannah, this the — day of August, 1737." This paper was changed in some minor details by the grand jury and it was delivered back to the Court in the form of two presentments of ten counts each, which were read to the people assembled. Herein it was asserted by the Grand Jury, upon oath, as follows: "That John Wesley, clerk, hath broken the laws of the realm, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord, the King, his Crown and Dignity:

1. By speaking and writing to Mrs. William Williamson against her lawful husband's consent.

2. By publicly repelling her from the Holy Communion." (The remaining counts of the presentments have no bearing on Wesley's conduct toward Mrs. Williamson and are omitted here.)

The true version of the whole affair, as derived from the Journals of the Earl of Egremont and Stephens and the Proceedings of the Trustees, is to the effect that Mr. Wesley was, at least, guilty of an act of im-

prudence by intimating, to several persons unfriendly to himself, that Mrs. Williamson had been guilty of something very notorious, which in due time he would make plain. Bailiff Causton, on the other hand, had publicly declared that Wesley had repelled Mrs. Williamson from the communion table out of pure and personal revenge for being jilted by her. After the grand jury had returned its presentments against Wesley, Mr. Bailiff Causton obtained an order of court to stay all prosecutions until the Trustees, at London, should become acquainted with the proceedings and their pleasure be known. In the meantime, Mr. Wesley frequently endeavored to secure a trial on the charges preferred against him, but was unable to do so, the magistrates always claiming that the complainant was in the city of Charleston, South Carolina. Williamson had, indeed, carried his wife out of Savannah a day or two after the communion had been refused her by Wesley, and the couple were then *bona fide* residents of the South Carolina metropolis. However, Williamson had been made Recorder of Savannah by the colonial trustees, at their June meeting, and hearing of his good fortune he returned to Savannah the following November to claim his office. General Oglethorpe refused to install him as Recorder, telling him that he was better placed in Charleston and that there was not enough litigation in the whole colony of Georgia to support a lawyer. Williamson was very bitter toward Wesley. He declared to Oglethorpe that if his wife's uncle, Bailiff Causton, ever became friendly toward Wesley he (Williamson) would not stay under the same roof with Causton an hour. His fears of a reconciliation between Wesley and Causton were unfounded, for the chief bailiff of Savannah entertained no thought of relenting in his persecution of the parson.

By this time the proceedings against Mr. Wesley had become the sole topic of discussion among the residents of Savannah, the adherents of Wesley and of Causton keeping the sleepy little town in a fever of excitement. Stephens' *Journal* says: "The partisans of both sides did not stickle to throw plenty of muddy scandal against their adversaries." The henchmen of Causton were, however, more numerous than those of Wesley. In addition to his duties as chief bailiff and chief justice, Causton was also keeper of the public stores. He was therefore in position to cut off the rations of his enemies. He employed this lethal weapon with such signal success that the congregation of Wesley was finally re-

duced to only eighteen persons. No magistrate in all the history of Georgia has ever had one-third the power of Causton. Governor Oglethorpe had gone over to England and Causton, therefore, was free and untrammelled, there being no court to reverse his judicial decisions. The broad Atlantic was between his court-room in Savannah and the office of the Trustees in London, and the chief bailiff, chief justice and keeper of the public stores was, indeed, a dictator of the most powerful sort.

There is plentiful evidence that John Wesley, in Savannah, found himself, like old dog Tray, in bad company. He had never had much contact with men and his student life in England had really been that of the obscure cloisterer. In Savannah, at that time, were only godless adventurers, fresh from London debtors' prisons; many women not good and the majority of the men still worse. Inexperienced in the dark ways and vain tricks of wordly men, it is not at all surprising that he came out second-best in his tilt with Bailiff Causton. The colonial records show several acts of Mr. Wesley totally lacking the prime element of discretion. He should not have hinted at a knowledge of immorality on the part of Mrs. Williamson without making immediate proof. Indeed, he should not have made such intimation at all; for the reason that he had once been engaged to marry her, as was well known; hence anything said or done by him concerning her was sure to be misconstrued, purposely or otherwise, and eventually to place him in an embarrassing attitude. He was utterly impolitic, being too strict in his own conduct and too exacting in his demands upon others. It is reported in the colonial records that he, upon one occasion, attempted to break up a dance in Savannah by conducting a prayer-meeting in an adjoining room; and also that he and some of his partisans entered the court-room of the Recorder, shouting "Justice for freemen and Englishmen." While the upright life of Wesley was an offense and a rebuke to the unprincipled Causton, his sermon upon the text "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's" was certainly ill-timed and served only to bring down upon his head the vials of wrath of the chief justice and bailiff.

It is a fact beyond dispute that certain happenings at certain times and under certain conditions are almost always viewed from the wrong point, and find a permanent place in profane history. Just so this affair between John Wesley and Sophia Hopkins. Miss Hopkins came to

Savannah from England on the same ship with Wesley, in the month of February, 1736. These two were under an engagement of marriage in the latter part of 1736. She released Wesley from his engagement and married Williamson, in March, 1737. She was publicly refused the communion by Wesley in July, 1737. The sequence of all these happenings, doubtless, duly impressed themselves upon the minds of the population of Savannah; and had not Wesley, when sorely vexed and wearied and wholly unable to obtain a trial on the charges then pending against him "shook off the dust (of Savannah) from my feet," as he expresses it in his diary; and had he not thus taken leg-bail of Georgia justice, it is probable that this incident would not now be embalmed in the religious history of the colony.

On the morning of December 1, 1737, Wesley notified Bailiff Causton of his intention of returning to England. Causton attempted to exact bail bonds of him in the sum of fifty pounds each, for his appearance to answer both the damage suit and the presentments of the Grand jury. These bonds Wesley flatly refused to give, saying he had committed no crime. In the afternoon of the same day the magistrates of Savannah, under the direction of Causton, published an order requiring all officers and sentinels to prevent Wesley going out of the colony of Georgia, and forbidding any person to assist him in going. The next night, December 2, 1737, Mr. Wesley, accompanied by one Gough, a tithingman, Coates, a constable, and Campbell, a barber, left Savannah, under cover of darkness. They were rowed up the Savannah river for twenty miles, to Purisburg, South Carolina, on the opposite bank. They landed about three o'clock in the morning and made their way on foot to Port Royal, where they took ship for England.

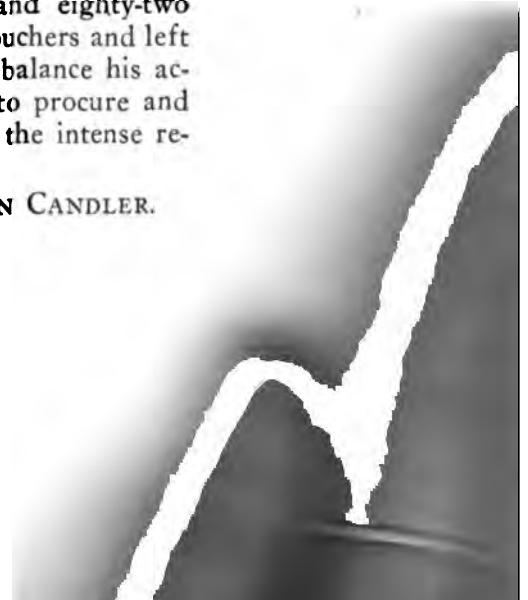
Of the subsequent history of Wesley, Causton, Williamson and wife, it is only necessary to state here the following: Williamson wrote several letters to the London trustees and sent them the affidavit of his wife concerning Wesley. This affidavit and the letters were received in London on December 7, 1737. On February 22, 1738, Wesley appeared before the Trustees and (we quote from the Trustees' own minutes) "delivered into the Board a narrative of his own relating to the complaints of Mrs. Williamson; and three certificates, one signed by

James Burnside, dated Savannah, November 1, 1737; another, of the same date, signed by Margaret Burnside; and another, signed by Charles Delamotte, dated Savannah, October 25, 1737." A better understanding of these three certificates will probably be had if we note here that Delamotte was assistant schoolmaster at Savannah under Wesley; that James Burnside lent Wesley the boat in which he and his companions rowed to Purisburg; and that Margaret Burnside was his wife.

William Williamson was roundly censured by the Trustees for publicly advertising his complaint before submitting it to them for action. John Wesley resigned his appointment to perform religious and ecclesiastical offices in the province of Georgia, on April 26, 1738, and never returned. Williamson was later made Provost Marshal of South Carolina, and he and his wife made Charleston their permanent home. Something remains to be said of the irrepressible Causton. About five miles from Savannah, upon a noble bluff, he had built for himself a mansion, surrounded by cedars, weeping-willows and water-oaks, whose sweeping branches reached to the ground. From the front verandah of this magnificent residence, he looked out over his great estate; and no feudal lord ever viewed his demesne with sterner countenance than did the chief justice and chief bailiff of the Savannah of provincial days. Here he had visions and dreams of *otium cum dignitate*, wealthy old age and absolute dominion over Georgia. He had a rude awakening and his dreams were ruthlessly shattered. While absent from Savannah, doing military duty at Fort Frederica, General Oglethorpe received private instructions from the Trustees to remove Causton from office as keeper of the public stores and to hold him under bond, with real estate security, pending an accounting. The status of his books failing to satisfy the Trustees, Causton was ordered to appear in London before the common council. He went over and the auditing of his accounts showed a slight discrepancy—exactly thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty-two pounds sterling. He claimed to have overlooked some vouchers and left them in Georgia, said vouchers being very necessary to balance his accounts. He was permitted to re-embark for Savannah to procure and produce them. He, however, died at sea—no doubt to the intense relief and satisfaction of his neighbors and constituents.

MARK ALLEN CANDLER.

ATLANTA, GA.



FIFTY YEARS AGO

WITHIN a week of the election of Abraham Lincoln President of the United States, "The Secession Movement" had become a standing headline in the newspapers of the North. Charleston was the centre of public interest, but it was not in that city alone that evidences of the tendency of the more southern of the Southern States cropped out. On Nov. 12, 1860, the Southern medical students residing in New York held a meeting to decide what course they should take: whether they should go back forthwith to their respective States or remain in New York and await developments. Finally it was voted to wait until a Southern State had formerly decided to leave the Union before starting an exodus. At this time the excitement was south of Virginia. The Old Dominion appeared to be strongly Union in its sentiment. Its public men believed they could act as arbiters and persuade South Carolina and its secession sisterhood to listen to reason. Kentucky also frowned on secession, and North Carolina was understood to be willing to second Virginia. Many Marylanders in high places deprecated the "madness of South Carolina." Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and Florida were backing South Carolina. A resolution declaring Georgia no longer in the Union had been introduced in the Legislature of that State, and against its passage conservative men were rallying. Alabama was very truculent, and the temper of Louisiana was evidenced by the mobbing of a New Orleans storekeeper who had thoughtlessly exhibited a picture of Lincoln, simply to gratify curiosity as to his appearance.

Such energetic secession demonstrations took the North by surprise. It could not believe that Charleston had suddenly gone mad, and put down the first press reports as "exaggerated"—so much "newspaper talk." This incredulity was reënforced in Boston by the publication of a letter from a highly respected firm with extensive Southern connections, in which it was asserted that the agitation in South Carolina was a temporary effervescence, deprecated by business men and the substantial classes. Business relations were going on as if nothing had happened, and their correspondents sent them encouraging reports. That the South was not in earnest was the comforting belief with thousands at the North, who clung to this belief in spite of the evidence of their senses. But the steamer *South Carolina* which arrived at Boston Nov. 14, brought a passenger whose experience opened the eyes of our citizens to the intensity of South Carolina's feelings. This passenger was Mr. William C.

Wood, a Massachusetts school teacher who had gone to South Carolina a short time before to become principal of an academy in the Barnwell district. On his way to Barnwell, while within the limits of South Carolina, he had in conversation with a South Carolinian on the train casually admitted admiration of Lincoln. The dreadful news that a Lincoln man was coming was telegraphed ahead. After running the gauntlet of committees of inquiry, he reached Barnwell, only to be told that his services would not be required. He was forthwith escorted back to Charleston, where for his greater safety he was incarcerated in the guard-house. From the guard-house he was taken to the *South Carolina* and put on board with an earnest adjuration to return whence he had come. To demonstrate that those who expelled him desired to minimize the inconvenience of his expulsion, they paid his return fares. When he left Charleston the ladies of South Carolina were preparing a testimonial to Caleb Cushing, in recognition of the "courtesy" of a vessel in which he was part owner in being the first to display and salute the Palmetto flag. It was suggested that the testimonial be a miniature model in silver of the vessel in question, the *James Gray*. On the 14th a Charleston militia company took charge of the United States Arsenal, practically making the military storekeeper a prisoner in his own post.

While the Charlestonians were thus demonstrating, the little garrison of Fort Moultrie were preparing to stand to their arms. The fort had been put in such good repair that it was safe against a coup de main, but could not stand a long siege. As there was much talk in the city of the militia storming the work, Captain Doubleday hit upon an ingenious way for discouraging their ardor. Every day people came down to look the fort over and sometimes a considerable crowd gathered in its vicinity. Under the pretext of trying ranges, Captain Doubleday fired seaward howitzers loaded with double canister. The spray the shots threw up as they skimmed the water gave the onlookers an idea of the perils of the would-be stormers. Some ostentatious torpedo planting, experiments with blank shells which were sprung whenever anyone stepped on a concealed plank, also had its effect when recounted by the eye witnesses to friends in Charleston. Major Anderson, who was to supersede Colonel Gardner as commandant, had not arrived, but was due in a few days, and the officers at Fort Moultrie were wondering what his policy would be, and what attitude he would take in face of the continually increasing aggression to which the little garrison was exposed.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT

34. LUCY. Elizabeth Lucy married William Chandler at Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 22, 1714. When was Elizabeth born? When did she die? Whose daughter was she? *N. R. F.*
35. SURPLUS. John Surplus married Elizabeth Roberts, 1703. When was John born? When did he die? Whose son was he? *N. R. F.*
36. ROBERTS. William Roberts born 1640, died between 1706 and 1715, married Anne Crockett. Was he William the Emigrant? If not who were his parents? When did he marry? *N. R. F.*
37. MANSON. Richard Manson married Esther ——. Was he the emigrant ancestor? When was Richard born? When did he marry? When did he die? What was Esther's surname? *N. R. F.*
38. MANSON. John Manson (son of Richard and Esther) married Lydia — about 1747. When was John born? When did he marry? What was Lydia's surname? When did he die? *N. R. F.*
39. MANSON. Joseph Manson (son of John and Lydia) died after Oct. 1, 1800. He married Mary Leach or Margaret Pettegrew. When was he born? Which of the women did he marry and when? *N. R. F.*
40. WORCESTER. Margaret Worcester, born June 21, 1741, married Feb. 27, 1762, Joseph Manson, and died Feb. 10, 1826, in Kittery, Me. Whose daughter was Margaret? *N. R. F.*
41. PEARSON. Anne Pearson married Richard Sanborn. He was born in North Hampton, May 27, 1708. When was she born? When did she marry? When did she die? Whose daughter was she? *N. R. F.*
42. HARVEY. Jane Harvey, born July 10, 1742, died March 7, 1838, married William Sanborn. Whose daughter was Jane? When did she marry? *N. R. F.*

43. CROSS. Stephen Cross married Peggy Bowen. When was Stephen born? When did he marry? When did he die? Whose son was he? *N. R. F.*
44. BOWEN. Peggy Bowen married Stephen Cross. When was she born? When did she die? When was she married? They had a daughter Peggy, born May 28, 1780. *N. R. F.*
45. THOMPSON. Enoch Thompson (bapt. 12, 1755) married about 1780 — Newington. Was he the father of Benjamin Thompson who married Charlotte Boody? Did he (Enoch) marry Lydia Snow or the daughter of Judge Simmons? *N. R. F.*
46. BOODY. George Boody married Charlotte Tucker. When was George born? When did he die? When were they married? Whose son was he? *N. R. F.*
47. TUCKER. Charlotte Tucker married George Boody. When was she born? When did she marry? When did she die? Whose daughter was she? *N. R. F.*
48. RICHMOND. Edward Richmond (3) (2) John (1), born 1658, married Sarah —, 1682. When did Edward die? What was Sarah's surname?
49. RICHMOND. Benjamin Richmond (4) Ed. (3) (2) John (1), born Little Compton, R. I., Jan. 10, 1695-6, died 1766, married 1719, Mary —. What was Mary's surname. *N. R. F.*
50. POWELL. Elizabeth Powell married Edward Richmond (5) Benj. (4) Ed. (3) (2) John (1). When was she born? When did she die? When did she marry? *N. R. F.*
51. SISSON. Rebecca Sisson, born Feb. 8, 1761, died Aug., 1820, married Judge Stephen Richmond (6) Ed. (5) Benj. (4) Ed. (3) (2) John (1). When did she marry? Whose daughter was she? *N. R. F.*
52. ROOD. Eli Rood born 1762, died in Hillsdale, N. Y., Oct., 1841, married Widow Mary Stevens. When did he marry? Whose son was he? *N. R. F.*

STORM

Dirck Storm (1) a native of Utrecht, Holland, first American an-

cestor from the Maiery of Bosh, arrived Sept. 2, 1662, in ship *Fox*, lived on Long Island, until 1672, and married Maria Pieterse Montfoort of Holland. In 1697, Dirck was living in Westchester County. He and wife Maria were members of the Dutch Church at Tarrytown. He was of the Tappan Church from 1694 until 1704, when he removed to Tarrytown, settled in Harlem later, removed to Bedford, Brooklyn, Town Clerk Flatbush, later of Orange County: died about 1716. Children: Gregoris (2) married Engeltje, daughter of Thomas Van Wyck, he was born 1656; a son (2) married Van Anden; Peter (2) married Grietje, members of Tarrytown Church 1697, he was born 1660; David (2), born 1661, married Hester Sie; Maria (2) married Caspar Springsteen about 1696, lived a while in Westchester County, removed 1700 to Newtown. He died May 21, 1729; Susan (2) married first, John Conkling, (2) — Van Wagnen, (3) Montross Thurston; Antje (2) married Johannes or Cornelius Van Texel about 1697, baptized Oct. 31, 1680; Petranelle (2), baptized June 1, 1673, Brooklyn; Aeltje (2), baptized Oct. 20, 1678, Brooklyn, died young; Joris (2) married Engeltje Thomas. *Ref.* Dutch Records, N. Y. Record, vol. 15. Holland Lineage Book. Holland Society Year Book, 1897. Riker's Annals of Newtown. First Reformed Church of Tarrytown.

Gregoris Storm (2) Dirck (1), Association Dutchess Co. N. Y., 1775, he was born 1656, married Engeltje Van Wyck or Van Dyck, were members 1697, of Tarrytown Church, perhaps died 1711. Children: Garrit (3) married Maria Sickels; Thomas (3), born 1697, married Christina, for second wife, she was the daughter of Adolph Meyer of Harlem, widow of Johannes Sickles, after he died she married Jacques Tournour. His will was proved 1770; Derick (3), born 1695, married Maritje Van Wirt, she was born 1710; Aeltje (3), baptized 1801; Marietje (3), born at Gowanus, married Herman Jeirckse May 15, 1714. *Ref.* Mail and Express. Holland Lineage Book. American Ancestry, vol. 4. First Reformed Church at Tarrytown. Dutch Records. N. Y. Record, vol. 11. S. A. R.

Pieter Storm (2) Dirck (1) married Grietje. Children: Catherine (3), baptized Aug. 18, 1702; David (3), baptized Mar. 21, 1710; David (3), baptized Mar. 21, 1711; Gregorius (3), baptized Mar. 24, 1713; Margariet (3), baptized Aug. 21, 1716; Sara (3);

Antje (3), April 24, 1699; Maria (3), baptized Aug. 20, 1700; Petronela (3), baptized June 1, 1709. *Ref.* First Church Tarrytown.

David Storm (2) Dirck (1), born 1661, deacon 1699-1701, Elder 1743, married Hester Sie, probably daughter of Jacob and Catherine, were members of Tarrytown Church 1697. Children: David (3), born Feb. 10, 1717, deacon 1749-1756; Maria (3), baptized Aug. 2, 1698; Elizabeth (3), baptized May 25-26, 1714; Aeltje (3), baptized Aug. 22, 1705; Catherine (3), baptized Mar. 25, 1712; Catharina (3), baptized Mar. 30, 1708; Petronella (3), baptized Mar. 21, 1710. *Ref.* N. Y. Dutch Church Records, First Reformed Church of Tarrytown.

Joris Storm (2) Dirck (1) married Engelje Tomis. Child: Dirck (3), baptized Oct. 20, 1695. *Ref.* Holland Society Year Book, 1897. Early Settlers of Kings County.

NOTICES OF DEATH OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS

From the *Buffalo Patriot*, dates as given.

Nov. 20, 1821.

FAXON. Died in North Providence, Rhode Island, Mr. Samuel Faxon, aged 63.

CHURCH. Died in Bristol, Rhode Island, Col. Peter Church, aged 84; he was a descendant from Col. Benjamin Church of the French War.

SMITH. Died in Charlestown, Mass., Mr. Daniel Smith, aged 62 years.

MINARD. Died in Monson, Mass., Mr. Amos Minard, aged 62.

Nov. 27, 1821.

EVERETT. Died in Westminster, Mass., Lieut. Peletiah Everett, aged 71 years.

JENNINGS. Died in Whitestown, N. Y., on the 16th inst., Joseph Jennings, Esq., aged 64 years.

LITTEL. Died at St. Charles, Mo., Maj. James Littel, a native of Ireland.

FOSTER. Died in M'Kean Co., Penn., Ezekiel Foster, Esq.

RICE. Died at Windsor, Vt., Mr. Charles Rice, aged 94 years. He also served in the French War.

JENKINS. Died in Maryland, Capt. Thomas Jenkins, aged 71 years.

Dec. 11, 1821.

CARRICO. Died in Beverly, Mass., Mr. — Carrico, aged 78 years.

EDDY. Died in Williamstown, Ontario Co., Mr. Samuel Eddy, aged 79 years.

HUSTLER. Died at Lewistown, Niagara Co., N. Y., on the 13th inst., Mr. Thomas Hustler, aged 68 years.

Dec. 18, 1821.

HARDIN. Died at Hardinsburgh, Ky., Col. William Hardin, aged 76 years.

CHAPMAN. Died at Georgetown, (?) Maj. H. H. Chapman.

Dec. 25, 1821.

HUGHES. Died at Warwick, (?) Maj. Thomas Hughes.

LESTER. Died at Burton, Ontario Co., N. Y., Mr. John S. Lester, aged 73 years.

Jan. 8, 1822.

TALMADGE. Died at Poughkeepsie, on the 21st ult., Col. James Talmadge, aged 78 years.

BUTLER. Died at Columbus, S. C., Maj. Gen. William Butler.

Jan. 15, 1822.

PARKER. Died in Salem, (N. Y. or Mass.?) Mr. Daniel Parker aged 70 years.

CURTIS. Died in Pittsylvania, Va., Mr. Bartholomew Curtis, aged between 70 and 80.

PENDLETON. Died in Watervliet, N. Y., Mr. William Pendleton, aged 73 years.

PARK. Died in Northborough, Mass., Mr. Thomas Park, aged 70 years.

BURRILL. Died in Newbury, Mass., Maj. John Burrill, aged 83 years.

MINOR TOPICS

THE OLD TOWN MEETING

For the Massachusetts-born exile the coming of March inevitably stirs a vivid memory. There is little romantic about the memory. It has nothing to do with vernal poetry or meadow cowslips, but about the time of the first honest thaw he will instinctively say to himself: "It must be about time for town meeting day at home."

What man of forty or fifty, Middlesex or Berkshire born, a native of Worcester or Franklin, or any of the fourteen counties, can forget his youthful impressions of that great day? It began when the school-master put on his hat and went forth to confront the embattled taxpayers of the community, alone of all the village grown small on that occasion when his employers were come to town.

For days in advance the town warrant decorated the elm before the town hall and in solemn and unintelligible language summoned the freemen to the annual village council. The very phrase of the pronunciamiento borrowed from an elder Commonwealth stood forth to puzzle old and young, while beneath the formal language stretched endlessly those "articles" which contained a whole year's programme for the village progress.

And when the town meeting day was come, then from every section of the township, from Nine Acre Corner and the Limekiln road, from the Lincoln Woods and Strawberry Hill, from the four quarters of the world known to the village boy, there came the citizens, clad not merely in their sombre "Sunday best" but also invested with that dignity a Massachusetts freeman puts on so easily when he goes forth to perform a public duty.

Foremost of all the questions to be decided that day was the ever present question, the fatal interrogation to be answered "yes" or "no," the question of license. In earlier and simpler days, when blue ribbons and temperance societies were as common as good government and

shorter ballot clubs now, to be suspected of voting "yes," this was in itself to be recognized as an enemy of the republic, and the small boys gathered to whisper as the traitor passed by, while from pulpit and prayer meeting came prophecies of more dire disaster than would follow the course of an invading army if "yes" prevailed.

In the afternoon, when school was "out," a mockery of school it had been, the big boys ran down the village streets, climbed breathlessly into the gallery, and silent and awestruck looked down upon the village parliament in full debate, looked down upon the moderator who from his lofty platform commanded a reverence they would to-day refuse to pay a governor or bestow upon a President. As for the "selectmen," yesterday the humblest of storekeepers, farmers or livery men, for that day they took on a dignity dimly apprehended in dog-eared school books as the attribute of Roman consuls.

As for the debate itself, doubtless it was devoted to some sublime question such as "shingling" the town barn, replanking the Red Bridge or repairing the sidewalk or the mill dam, but for the gallery it was more impressive than the debates of the Websters, Calhouns and Douglasses upon the floor of the United States Senate. Not infrequently, too, some familiar friend, the blacksmith, or the farmer whose windfall apples were freely bestowed, rose and put to shame the hateful lawyers who daily went down to Boston in trains and returned with smug success written upon their faces. Then the gallery dared even the moderator's wrath, pounded its faint applause, and became silent again under the menace of the gavel.

Last of all, when the East Side and the West, the town and the "Junction" had quarrelled over appropriations and debate had grown so bitter that the delighted gallery looked down in hope of speedy bloodshed, the village oracle, the "judge" or the "squire," rose to close the discussion. As he spoke the village voted, for there still survived a tradition which had outlasted many generations of joyful democracy. And this oracle, this man who had borne the name of the village to the outer world, to Boston, or even to remote Washington, was for the gallery an intimate and living bond between them and the history of the schools books.

Even for the gallery the great day was at last ended, and from the town horse sheds, side streets with convenient fence rails, and from the livery stables, there overflowed into the village square a caravan of farm wagons which gave it for the moment the appearance of a city square and then left it emptier than before. But even after supper, when it was time to "go for" the last mail, there still lingered on the Mill Dam besides the familiar company of regulars the dozen or more new figures who for a single night dared the village censure visited upon "town loafers" to discuss the famous debates of the day.

Town meetings are still being held in Massachusetts; the exile longest away knows that, for nowhere does habit cling so tenaciously or die so hard. But who has taken the place of the "squire" or the "judge"? Who sit in the chairs once placed for those old men who in childhood so remote as to seem fabulous welcomed Lafayette on the village green, who had seen the men who had fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill and never professed great satisfaction in the sight. Certainly no one to-day will dare to wear the old blue coats with brass buttons, the beavers which were not new when Harrison defeated "Old Van" and "Hard Cider" was a moral issue. To see these again would be a reward worthy of a trip around the world and back to Boston Light, to know that they would not be seen is perhaps the only solace left to the exile who knows that Town Meeting Day has come again.

NEW YORK *SUN*.

[The *Sun* man fails to mention the minister among the prominent figures of the Town meeting, and a letter received the very day we "scissored" this account fits in exactly to show how important a part he takes, even now. It comes from the pastor in a decaying hill town in Western Massachusetts:

"Yesterday was town-meeting day. I always go and stay to the end. We did not get through until three o'clock (and had no recess either), and I am happy in the knowledge that I helped the town out of a snarl which the moderator agreed with me would have ended in the courts."—ED.]

BOSTON'S NEW OLD STATE HOUSE

Here, as John Adams in his old age said, "the child Independence was born." Every visitor from abroad has marked that memorable saying and resolved to see the birthplace. Thanks to the Bostonian Society, it is now to be seen as Otis and Adams and Quincy and Warren

and Cushing and Hancock knew it, only more competely allied to the spirit of their time by relics and souvenirs that they might have disregarded as common things, but that mean much to their descendants as typical of uncommon times and men.

It would be idle, of course, to undertake to tell the story of the Old State House. Everybody knows that on the present site stood until it was burned, October 3, 1711, the first Town House of Boston, founded in 1657 by the liberality of Captain Robert Keayne, and that here in 1713 was erected the second Town House, whose walls endure to this day, though reconstructed in 1747, after a second fire had devastated the chambers. Here presided royal governors and here met representatives of the people. From the State House portals Washington reviewed the triumphant entry of the Continental Army upon the evacuation by the British, and four months later from the balcony of the Council Chamber the Declaration of Independence was first read to the citizens of the old town. On the adoption of the State Constitution in 1780 John Hancock, the first governor chosen by the people, was inaugurated in the Council Chamber, and the building continued as a seat of government under its latter title of the Old State House until 1798, when the State transferred its official residence to the present structure upon Beacon Hill.

From 1798 to 1910 is a long time, as it goes in America, and during this century or more the Old State House has undergone strange transformations. After the removal it was for a time unused. Then in 1803, up to which time it had been owned jointly by the State and city, the Commonwealth, seeming to perceive no future for it, sold to the city for \$6000 its own interest in the property, which is probably now worth a million. In these earlier years the city seemed to find it somewhat difficult to dispose of it advantageously and, though some leases were granted, the building did not really present an appearance of activity until 1830-39, when the City Government occupied it pending the completion of the City Hall on School street. After that time, however, in fact for something like forty years after, the idea seems to have been to "work it for all it was worth." An extraordinary print, which might move an antiquarian either to tears or to rage, shows the build-

ing "as it is" in 1876—with a French roof, numerous chimneys and a pillared corridor at the front, and decorated like a country bill board with the signs of all kinds of enterprises. The Western Union Telegraph Company did business in the basement and above it were insurance companies, railroad agencies, attorneys and almost every form of industry ever conceived by the ingenuity of man.

Patriotic sentiment, or rather sentiment for antiquities, was not then so strong as it is at present. The Old State House had become an eyesore, and it seemed to stand squarely in the way of the development of State street and adjacent thoroughfares. It is not to be wondered at that there were many good citizens who saw no hope of mending it and who therefore were more than willing to end it. Fortunately a few men, headed by the late William H. Whitmore, had a larger outlook toward the future. In 1881 he and sympathetic friends who had associated a year or two before under another name were incorporated under the title of the Bostonian Society. Mr. Whitmore was then a member of the City Government and he persuaded his colleagues to see that something at least of the venerable structure should be preserved. The City Government granted the new society a lease of the halls in the Old State House for ten years. Then a beginning was made in the work of reconstruction. The walls of the two great halls, their floors and ceilings, had been altered, except the interior cross wall to each, but an old plan which was fortunately recovered gave the exact line of these walls and fixed the position of the circular stairway. It remained then to reproduce the interior finish from the best remaining examples of contemporary work, guided by such indications as were found in the building. This being done, it seemed safe to say that the visitor of to-day stands in the very room where Adams, Hancock and Otis spoke and gazes through the very windows through which Hutchinson and Oliver viewed the processions of Boston's patriotic citizens.

But this was only a beginning. The first floor was still given over to alien purposes, the basement was a depository of rubbish which threatened at any moment to destroy the building, and the attic, so called, answered no useful purpose. Having gone so far as it had, the Bostonian Society was in honor bound to go farther. Fortunately it found in Governor Guild and in his successor, Governor Draper, both

life members of the society, friends who were willing to aid. It is only fair to add that the municipality showed equal interest with the State. Commonwealth and city agreed upon a joint appropriation of \$15,000 for the restoration of the building, which meant that its bricks should be scrubbed and that, after the last remaining private tenant had been evicted, the interior should resume its former appearance. Some of these projects came a little late. Had not the elevated railroad been granted tunnel privileges, a fine exhibition room might have been saved and the shortening of the rooms on the eastern end of the entrance floor could have been avoided. On the other hand, the construction of the tunnel tended to make the building fire proof and, though it cut four feet from the height of the entrance floor at the eastern end, it partly atoned for that by the concrete floors, which are almost as good as an extra policy of insurance. The controversy over the sign boards may as well be forgotten, perhaps. The Bostonian Society triumphed.

Latterly, things have been coming the society's way. Its lease of the building used to be renewed at ten-year intervals. The lease renewed under the present administration runs for twenty years, and, when the city practically gave \$1500 a year for janitor service and heating, the State capped its generosity with an appropriation of \$1500. Under the new lease the society acquired a new hall on the Washington street front and room in the basement for storage, and the certainty that there was time to plan and to develop plans inspired a thorough rearrangement.

On the entrance floor the offices and the directors' room face the east front. The exhibition hall between them and the entrance has been named William H. Whitmore Hall, in honor of the good citizen who led the fight to save the building. The new hall at the western front facing Washington street has been named for Robert Keayne, a citizen who deserves to be commemorated if only for the fact that his was the longest will which ever went into Suffolk Probate, a document of 150 folio pages, 51,000 words, and "all in his own hand." This, to be sure, was only an incident of Keayne's activities. He is more pleasantly remembered as the founder and first commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and as the large-minded

citizen who bequeathed to the town £300 for a market house, £100 for a "granere" and books for beginning a library, the first public library founded in America.

The Bostonian who knows his Old State House as a Bostonian should, will observe perhaps few changes in Whitmore Hall, except a more effective disposition of the views and maps of Boston which have heretofore been found there. The new Keayne hall develops many novel features in a marine exhibit made up in part from the society's own collection and more largely by loans from the Marine Society's museum and private individuals. Here are pictures, prints, figureheads and models—amongst the most interesting of these last, one of the famous battleship *Ohio*, made by the lieutenant of our ship *Chesapeake*, during his imprisonment at Dartmoor, Eng., in the War of 1812, his only tools being a knife and fork and darning needle and his material being mainly the bones saved from his rations.* Of course, no stranger will overlook on this entrance floor the splendid library, but it is likely that the collection will attract the more attention. Somehow the hat that Daniel Webster wore conveys a larger suggestion of human interest than any printed speech of the god-like Daniel.

In parts of the second floor also the rearrangements have been comparatively few. There are not many changes in the Council Chamber at the east front, or in the Representatives' Hall at the west front, except that they have been brightened and redecorated. Turning from the Representatives' Hall toward the south, one still enters the commissions' room, where are assembled the commissions of governors of Massachusetts and historic autographs, documents and broadsides of prime importance. On the same side, but entered from the Council Chamber, is the Custodians' room, the repository of many volumes of shipping lists, some of which to-day are frequently consulted. On the north side of the floor one finds the so-called Patriots' room, an assemblage of portraits and prints of the men who made our early history, and beyond that the Hastings room, containing a collection which perhaps could not be equalled for interest, variety and completeness.

* Since this paragraph was set up, we hear from our Navy Department that there is no "Lettican" on the *Chesapeake* list; so the ingenious maker was some unknown prisoner.—(Ed.)

It shows models and pictures of ships owned and managed by Henry Hastings & Co. of Boston, the aim being to show the progress in American ship-building from 1847 to 1894. A portrait of Colonel Henry Hastings, who made and established the collection, looks down with justifiable pride upon sets of keel plans, sail areas and other working designs such as were probably never assembled in any other institution.

One might speak of the collection of old china encased in Representatives' Hall, or of the case of Hancock relics, or of many other charming and curious things that will tempt a visitor to linger, but the visitor will find these things for himself or herself and it is to be hoped that after they have been inspected time will remain and opportunity will be open for a study of the attractive things that will ultimately be assembled on the third floor. In Winthrop Hall, on the west front, there will be many pictures of old Boston; in Blackstone Hall, on the east front, almost as many pictures of old Boston, England, presented by that municipality. Between these two one may find a series of souvenirs whose importance is indicated by a single specimen, the press at which Ben Franklin worked.

Transcript, BOSTON.



NOTES BY THE WAY

INDIANS IN THE MAINE LEGISLATURE

There are two Indian Representatives in the Maine Legislature, who represent the Indians of that State. They are assigned seats in the rear of the chamber, but have no vote in the proceedings.

They are selected by their tribesmen because of their prominence, and their purpose in the Legislature is to give the Indians' side when various matters pertaining to their constituents' welfare are under discussion.

These Indians have had recognized Representatives for years. They are treated with courtesy and consideration by the other members, and in all matters affecting the Indians do much good. The two Representatives in office at present are Lola Coly, who lives on Indian Island in Oldtown and represents the Penobscot tribe, and Lewy Mitchell, who represents the Passamaquoddy tribe.

Red Man.

A PATRIOT INDEED

Henry A. May, who died at Roxbury, Mass., on March 31, was well known in patriotic and historic circles, from his research through many years among the last burial places of soldiers of Revolutionary days. Few men had greater or more accurate knowledge in the location of such graves in the old-time cemeteries in and about Boston, and it was due chiefly to his personal efforts that the Massachusetts Society of Sons of the American Revolution, to which he belonged, as a member of Roxbury Chapter, was enabled to designate with its official bronze marker the graves of a large number of the soldiers who, in various parts of the State, have been thus honored. The Old Granary, the Copp's Hill, the Common, the Eustis Street in Roxbury, the Old Dorchester, the Walter Street and other burial places of earlier days were familiar ground to Mr. May and he knew them thoroughly and the situation of the graves of patriots buried there. His services proved of great value to various patriotic societies. He joined the Massachu-

setts Society, S. A. R., by right of descent from Captain Nehemiah May of Woodstock, Conn. For many years Mr. May was the secretary of the Roxbury Historical Society.

[Such men are to be found occasionally, to whom reverence for the forefathers and appreciation of what they did for liberty, is a second nature. Roxbury, all Boston indeed, is the poorer for Mr. May's death.—Ed.]

THE END OF A SHAKER COMMUNITY

The passing away of the picturesque Shaker community in Enfield, Conn., is believed to be presaged in negotiations which have been undertaken by representatives of the Baron de Hirsch fund for the purchase of the property of the north and south "families," which includes twelve buildings and about 548 acres. While an offer of \$150,000 for the property has been refused, negotiations are still in progress. The Hirsch fund of \$2,500,000 was founded to encourage agriculture among the immigrant Hebrews, and if the property is secured it will be cut up into small farms and leased to poor Jews. The community is located near the State line, and tracts extend into Somers, Conn., and Longmeadow, Mass. If the Shakers leave it will be to go to the community in New York State—New Lebanon.

ANTELOPES IN KANSAS

In the summer of 1873, with a companion, I took a river boat at Prairie du Chien and went down to Burlington, Ia. From Burlington I went west to Salina, Kas., on the Kansas Pacific—or buffalo route—thence I went on foot up the Salina River, a long, hot walk of about forty miles to the northward.

I saw great high points of bare rock, with the country rising on either side into great divides. I came to a great sheep ranch, and saw herders sitting about on their horses with rifles in hand, protecting the sheep from coyotes.

As I came out into the more open country I could see thousands of what I supposed were sheep, but could see no herders, and as I wondered at this I saw one of the animals running past at short range, and for the moment it looked like a small deer. Then it came to my mind that it was an antelope.

For me to undertake to give numbers is useless, as there were bands of hundreds as far as the eye could survey, and here in this clear atmosphere that meant many miles. One would suppose that such numbers could never be killed off. Yet like a mist they have faded away before the white man's smoke, and gone with the red man to the plains beyond.—*Forest and Stream*.

HISTORIC STREET NAMES

The Massachusetts Sons of the Revolution, and other similar societies, have protested against the proposed changing of names of historic streets in Boston—such as Court street to State. The D. A. R. has succeeded in gaining the consent of the city authorities to having the old name (where they have been long changed) put on the present signs, under the new name, with the old style of spelling also preserved.

A FORECAST OF 1861-65

There was recently sold at auction an interesting political letter, by William Grayson, member of the Continental Congress, an Aide to Washington, who served with distinction at Monmouth, and one of the first U. S. Senators from Virginia. It was dated New York, Sept. 29, 1789, addressed to Patrick Henry, and was in reference to protective duties as encouragement to manufactures.

He says:

"If I am not mistaken, the Congress will e'er long have abundant cause to conclude that the idea of a difference between carrying States and productive States and Manufacturing States and Slave States is not a mere phantom of the imagination. If they reflect at all on the meaning of protecting duties by way of encouragement to manufactures and apply the consequences to their own constituents, I think they would never agree that we were not totally beside ourselves in the Convention."

THE FORGOTTEN GREAT

Salmon P. Chase, one-time chief justice of the United States, has no stone to mark his grave, and there is a movement on foot to erect a suitable memorial over his remains. John Marshall, the greatest of all American jurists, lies buried in old Shockoe Cemetery in Richmond without thought or care. His grave is sunken, the marble stones over

setts Society, S. A. R., by right of descent from Capt. May of Woodstock, Conn. For many years Mr. May was a member of the Roxbury Historical Society.

[Such men are to be found occasionally, to whom reverence of what they did for liberty, is a second nature. It is the poorer for Mr. May's death.—Ed.]

THE END OF A SHAKE

The passing away of the picture of the field, Conn., is believed to be preserved by representatives of the purchase of the property of the field, which includes twelve buildings and \$150,000 for the property. The Hirsch family has made progress. The Hirsch family has made progress in agriculture among the immigrants. It is believed that it will be cut up.

The community is located in the memory of the Massachusetts Line, at Valhalla, Conn., and Longmeadow. The State appropriated \$5,000 for the monument. The Twentieth Century Club of Boston, and particularly the efforts of Mr. Walter Gilman Page.

AN EVACUATION DAY IN BOSTON

In the month of November 25th, New York's "Evacuation Day" has been celebrated. It is pleasant to note that March 17th, the anniversary of the evacuation of Boston by the British in 1776, is to be made a legal holiday: if the bill introduced by the efforts of the Twentieth Century Club becomes a law.

THE ALAMO TO-DAY

Just now the camp is making San Antonio live only in the present but there's another side to this quaint old Spanish city with its plazas, every foot of which could tell of some forgotten deed of valor, and that side is centred in the Alamo. What Faneuil Hall and the old State House and the scene of the Boston Massacre are to the good Bostonian, all that is the Alamo to the patriotic Texan who traces his ancestry back to the days when all this broad expanse was under Mexican domain.

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THE FORGE MONUMENT

learned the story of the Alamo at school but it does not until you stand within those walls and picture the struggle against the 5,000. It must be because it's all so close that the tragedy comes close, for a few steps to the last stand. Surely one must be callous in the face of the thrill to the dear old lady now in charge of the Texas society, as in her indescribable story of the fight, dramatic enough in its loyalty and devotion back of it. And Travis drew a line with his sword and held out till death to come over. And Bowie (she calls it Boowie) because he was killed and he called out to be carried over, and was carried across into this little room and there he was killed in the door that Davy Crockett defended, with dead men in front of him until he was killed. And here's where Evans was shot, trying to throw a torch into the powder magazine when all was over. And then Santa Anna's men came in and put the bodies of the dead Americans on their bayonets and carried them all in the square. "And, sir," she concludes, "I should turn right over in my coffin if Texas let this Alamo decay."

Transcript, Boston.

it are unkept and have been chipped and defaced by the hand of vandal. By consent of the city the ladies of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities will take charge of the John Marshall residence and will make of it a monument to his memory for all time to come. So far, so good. Now, Shockoe Cemetery is owned and controlled by the city of Richmond; then would it not be a patriotic and proper thing for the city to put the Marshall square in first-class condition, and restore the monument which is modest, indeed, for the greatness of the man, to its original beauty?

Indeed, its neglected condition speaks poorly for the city, and causes much remark from the visitors who seek his burial place.

Richmond Journal.

[And in all Massachusetts there is no statue or monument to John Quincy Adams. Are republics grateful?—Ed.]

VALLEY FORGE MONUMENT

The monument to the memory of the Massachusetts Line, at Valley Forge, will be dedicated this Fall. The State appropriated \$5,000 through the efforts of the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, and particularly through the efforts of Mr. Walter Gilman Page.

AN EVACUATION DAY IN BOSTON

Now that November 25th, New York's "Evacuation Day" has fallen into neglect, it is pleasant to note that March 17th, the anniversary of the evacuation of Boston by the British in 1776, is to be made a legal holiday: if the bill introduced by the efforts of the Twentieth Century Club becomes a law.

THE ALAMO TO-DAY

Just now the camp is making San Antonio live only in the present but there's another side to this quaint old Spanish city with its plazas, every foot of which could tell of some forgotten deed of valor, and that side is centred in the Alamo. What Faneuil Hall and the old State House and the scene of the Boston Massacre are to the good Bostonian, all that is the Alamo to the patriotic Texan who traces his ancestry back to the days when all this broad expanse was under Mexican domain.

Of course, we all learned the story of the Alamo at school but it does not get its grip on you until you stand within those walls and picture the 175 holding out for days against the 5,000. It must be because it's all so small and bare and grim that the tragedy comes close, for a few steps cover all the ground of the last stand. Surely one must be callous indeed if he can listen without a thrill to the dear old lady now in charge of the Alamo for a patriotic Texas society, as in her indescribable Southern accent, she rehearses the story of the fight, dramatic enough in itself and doubly so with her thrilling loyalty and devotion back of it. "And right there," she cries, "Colonel Travis drew a line with his sword and said for all who would hold out till death to come over. And all crossed except Colonel Bowie (she calls it Boowie) because he was sick on a cot in that room and he called out to be carried over, and they went in and carried him across into this little room and there he was killed. And there's the door that Davy Crockett defended, with dead Mexicans heaped up in front of him until he was killed. And here's the door where Evans was shot, trying to throw a torch into the powder magazine when all was over. And then Santa Anna's men came in and carried out the bodies of the dead Americans on their bayonets and burned them all in the square. "And, sir," she concludes, "I sure would turn right over in my coffin if Texas let this Alamo decay."

Transcript, BOSTON.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXVII—*Continued*

“**S**ILENCE, sir,” commanded De Roos, who seemed both irritated and annoyed by the loquacity of his non-commissioned officer. “There was no child there at the time, you know well, Miller.”

“*Certing!* there was not, captin; but you know you asked when next he would be there, or his mother, I forget which.”

“Well, well, it’s no matter what you forget, so you don’t forget your duty, which no one can accuse you of, my brave fellow. And now let your men build another fire for themselves, for here come the hunters with something to make a broil of.”

Greyslaer, in the meantime, had listened to this dialogue with an interest much beyond that of ordinary curiosity. The early dissipation of Mad Dirk de Roos, as his friend was universally called when they were college mates together, was not unknown to him; for, though younger than Derrick, yet, being of a graver and more earnest character, he had often taken upon himself the duty of an older person in lecturing his hair-brained chum. He recollected well that, during one of their vacation visits to the Hawksnest, the scandal of the country people had associated De Roos’s name with that of a beautiful squaw, whom those connected with the Indian office at Guy Park said was betrothed to Isaac Brant. He remembered, too, that, one Christmas morning, Guy Johnson rode over to the Hawksnest with a magistrate, who was at the Park enjoying the hospitality of the season, and closeted themselves with his guardian, De Roos’s father, upon business which, though deemed by the family to be of a political nature, had filled him with anxiety for his friend, who was absent at the time. And more facts and reminiscences equally linked together, and having the bearing of strong circumstantial evidence upon this delicate matter, might have suggested themselves to Greyslaer’s mind, had he not suddenly been startled from his painful musings by a wild cry of joy from The Dew as Teondetha suddenly presented himself in the light of the fire before her.

The maid recoiled abashed and agitated the instant she had uttered this nocturnal outbreak of her feelings, while Teondetha, who, with noiseless step, had approached to light his calumet by the fire, started erect from his stooping posture, and gazed with eagle glance around. But the girl had sunk back upon the pile of brush upon which she was reclining in one corner of the shanty, and the tall spire of flame which shot up between them prevented her for a moment from being seen by her lover. De Roos, in high spirits, as usual, was busy superintending the preparations for supper at the different fires, and joking with the men grouped around them as he restlessly moved to and fro from one to the other. Greyslaer alone had his eye upon the Indian pair, and, as he now fully understood their language, he was not a little amused with the cool generalship with which the Oneida made his advances.

"My sister," said Teondetha, seating himself on a log near the opening of the shanty, the moment he discovered the vicinity of his lady-love; "how is it with her?"

"As with the bird that has wandered from its nest, and knows not where to alight. As with the sunbeam that drops into the forest, and finds no sister ray to receive and mingle with her beneath its chilling leaves."

"Teondetha is the tree whereon the bird would alight.* His heart is the fountain that would send back a ray to mingle with the sunbeam. Teondetha is a great warrior. He must build a lodge of his own, wherein to hang up the scalps of his enemies. Who will be there to light the pipe of the young chief?"

The girl, so far from shrinking at sight of the gory trophies at his belt, gazed now admiringly upon them as her half-savage lover held them up to her eyes.

"The young chief has earned a right to smoke before the women," she said. "The Dew will not extinguish his pipe when he lights it."

"Good!" said the copper-colored gallant; and, bending over the coals, he carelessly swept up one with his hand, and dropped it into the

*The meaning of Teondetha is "a fallen tree."

man, a likely man, capting, and it was some comfort to me to give him Christian burial. I sent home his watch, and what little money he had about him, to his family; and the two or three papers I found in his pocket I kept till you should come back to tell me what to do about them. What else could I? I never had book-larnin enough to read written hand, and I didn't know but what the papers might hold political matters of some valu to our friends; yet I was afeared to give them to strangers to read, lest there might be private things in them about Mr. Fenton's folks that the family would not like to have go abroad."

"Where are the papers now?" asked Greyslaer.

"Miss Alida sealed them up for me, and put them away in the old brass beaufet at the Hawksnest; but she looked, oh! so sad when I told her that they must stay there till you come hum, that I was sorry I had not still continued to carry them about in my shooting-pouch with me. But how did I know but that I should leave my pouch and scalp both among these wild hills?"

"You did most rightly, Balt," said Greyslaer, not untouched by these proofs of the just sense of propriety which seemed to govern the simple woodsman. "But see, that tired girl has already dropped her head upon her arm, as if sleep had overtaken her. Let us withdraw from the neighborhood of the shanty to the other fire, and see what disposition of us Captain De Roos proposes for the night."

"Yes, and there's the Oneida stretched like a hound upon the edge of the ashes, so that no one can enter the shanty without stepping over him. It is but judgmatical for us to look for a snoozing-place elsewhere."

De Roos, however, when they joined his party a few yards off, seemed to have no idea of any one's seeking their rest so soon. He had just relieved the sentinels who had been posted here and there in the woods around, and the rest of his half-disciplined followers were ready enough to unite with Balt's hunters in the chorus, as the mad captain again broke out in the song with which he had first waked the echoes of the forest round, and which he had originally learned from old Balt himself. Greyslaer, however, borrowing a blanket from one of the soldiers, was permitted to forego a part in this midnight saturnalia of the

forest; for his plea of excessive weariness was admitted when De Roos remembered that they must reach Fort George early on the morrow, if they would have a place in the column when his regiment took up their line of march. The wayworn heir of the Hawksnest was soon plunged in deep slumber; but the words of the following song ever and anon mingled in his dreams, as the woodland revellers bore down merrily in the chorus.

SONG OF BALT THE HUNTER.

I

There was an old hunter camped down by the kill,
Who fished in this water and shot on that hill;
The forest for him had no danger nor gloom,
For all that he wanted was plenty of room.
Says he, "The world's wide, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood, if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

2

He wove his own mats, and his shanty was spread
With the skins he had dressed and stretched out overhead;
The branches of hemlock, piled deep on the floor,
Was his bed as he sung when the daylight was o'er,
"The world's wide enough, there's room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood, if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

3

That spring, half choked up by the dust of the road,
Through a grove of tall maples once limpidly flowed;
By the rock whence it bubbles his kettle was hung,
Which their sap often filled, while the hunter he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood, if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

4

And still sung the hunter — when one gloomy day
He saw in the forest what saddened his lay,
'Twas the rut which a heavy-wheeled wagon had made,
Where the greensward grows thick in the broad forest glade —
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood, if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

5 .

But he whistled his dog, and says he, "We can't stay;
I must shoulder my rifle, up traps, and away."
Next day, mid those maples the settler's axe rung,
While slowly the hunter trudged off as he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood, if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued)

BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH GENEALOGIES IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. 4to. 805 pp. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1910. Address Superintendent of Documents. Price \$1.05.

This volume was prepared under the direction of the Chief of the Catalogue Division, J. C. M. Hanson. It contains a complete list of genealogies published in separate form which are found in the Library of Congress. The arrangement is alphabetical by surnames and under each family the publications are arranged chronologically. This is the system which has been used for some years in the New England Historical Genealogical Register and which meets the approval of the best genealogical scholarship of this century.

While the volume does not show the local history and collective works relating to any given family it does show at a glance what the Library of Congress contains and what one may seek to find in other large genealogical libraries. The volume shows care in its preparation and convenience in its arrangement. Here and there are cross-references for further search.

PRACTICAL MEMORY AID TO THE STUDY OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By William D. Gold. 16mo. 39 pp. Carthage, Tenn. 1911. Price 25 cts.

A metrical rhyme of the English sovereigns from William the Conqueror to George V. inclusive.

PARSON WEEMS. A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL STUDY. By Lawrence C. Wroth. 16mo. 104 pp. Illust. Baltimore: The Eichelberger Book Company. 1911.

A biographical and critical study of the life of Mason Locke Weems (1759-1825) best known as the author of the earliest published *Life of Washington* which he brought out in 1800.

This volume shows that Parson Weems was the author of divers works which had a wider distribution and were more frequently reprinted in America during the first half of the nineteenth century than the work of any other American writer of that period.

It contains an interesting account of the clergyman — author — bookpeddler — fiddler who travelled over the Southern States with his wares and his fiddle, now sleeping at a wayside inn, now again enjoying the hospitality of some fine old plantation mansion, fiddling, talking, preaching, writing and selling his volumes as he journeyed, filling his pockets with cash and his mind with field-lore which by wit and wisdom he was able to crystallize in his early volumes of Americana.

The author regards the Parson as the "Livy" of the South, and thus accounts for the continued re-publication and sale of his books for a generation after the peddler's death.

The element of interest embellished with anecdotes and incidents teaching loyalty to American ideals, did more to popularize Parson Weems's books than the historical accuracy required in this century can bestow.

However, the author considers both the merits and defects of this early American writer. The volume is a contribution to biography as well as a critical review of the historical ideals of America a century ago.

NARRATIVES OF EARLY CAROLINA, 1650-1708. Edited by Alexander S. Salley, Jr., Secretary of the Historical Commission of South Carolina. 8vo., XI+388 pp. Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-7 Fifth Avenue. 1911. Price \$3.00 net.

Another of the *Original Narratives of Early American History* reproduced under the auspices of the American Historical Association, General Editor J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D., LL.D.

In this volume are reproduced *The Discovery of New Brittain*, 1650; Francis Yeardley's *Narrative of Excursions into Carolina*, 1654; William Hilton's *A Relation of a Discovery*, 1664; *A Brief Description of the Province of Carolina*, 1666; Robert Sandford's *A Relation of a Voyage on the Coast of the Province of Carolina*, 1666; *Letters of Early Colonists*, 1670; Henry Woodward's *A Faithfull Relation of my Westoe Voyage*; Thomas Ash's *Carolina, or a Description of the Present State of that Country*, 1682; Sam-

uel Wilson's *An Account of the Province of Carolina*, 1682; Thomas Newe's *Letters*, 1682; Elder William Pratt's *Journal*, 1695-1701;; Edward Randolph's *Letter to the Board of Trade*, 1699; Rev. John Blair's *Mission to North Carolina*, 1704; Daniel Defoe's *Party-Tyranny*, 1705; John Ash's *The Present State of Affairs in Carolina*, 1706; John Archdale's *A New Description of That Fertile and Pleasant Province of Carolina*, 1707; and John Oldmixon's *History of the British Empire in America* (chapters on South Carolina), 1708.

These early and rare items of Americana are well reproduced with valuable historical foot-notes and a copious index.

The editors and publishers have rendered accessible to a growing class of students of our early colonial history a valuable historical collection relating especially to the Carolinas—their topography and their beginnings, their explorations and their settlements, their resources and their early government.

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NARRATIVES OF EARLY CAROLINA, 1650-1708. Edited by Alexander S. Salley, Jr., Secretary of the Historical Commission of South Carolina. 8vo., XI+388 pp. Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-7 Fifth Avenue. 1911. Price \$3.00 net.

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